



ANCHORS AWEIGH!

OLIVER G.
SWAN



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ANCHORS AWEIGH

Tales of Wooden Ship Days

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George Morton.

Christmas 1938.



WHENEVER A SHIP WAS BOARDED AND ROBBED OR WHENEVER A FISHING-VESSEL
WAS LAID UNDER CONTRIBUTION, BLACKBEARD WAS KNOWN TO
BE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BUSINESS

ANCHORS AWEIGH!

... Tales of Wooden Ship Days ...



Edited by

OLIVER G. SWAN

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*"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."*

—LONGFELLOW

CONTENTS

<i>Contents</i>	7
<i>Illustrations</i>	9

PART I

FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS

Men and Masts upon the Sea

THE COMMANDER OF THE <i>Essex</i>	<i>Irvin Anthony</i>	15
PRIVATEERS AND PRIVATEERSMEN	<i>Edgar Stanton Maclay</i>	43
SOME CELEBRATED NAVAL BATTLES	<i>John Frost</i>	55
WHAT IS TOLD BY THE BELL	<i>Lieutenant John M. Ellicott,</i> <i>U.S.N.</i>	63
BOARDING AT NIGHT	<i>Captain George Little</i>	68
EQUIPMENT OF AN OLD-TIME SHIP	<i>Louis F. Middlebrook</i>	75
THROUGH THE DEVIL'S GRIP	<i>James Fenimore Cooper</i>	81
AN 1812 PRIVATEER CAPTURES A BRITISH LETTER OF MARQUE	<i>Captain George Little</i>	94
THE MEN OF THE <i>Mastico</i>	<i>Robert B. Duncan</i>	99
PRIVATEERING	<i>Edgar Stanton Maclay</i>	114

PART II

SPUME AND FLYING SPRAY

More Men and Ships

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"	<i>Robert B. Duncan</i>	121
LOG AND LEAD	<i>E. F. Knight</i>	137
"OLD IRONSIDES"	<i>Rupert Sargent Holland</i>	140
OLD IRONSIDES	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	148
THE CHASE	<i>Hermann Melville</i>	149

THE SEA	<i>Barry Cornwall</i>	177
KIDD THE PIRATE	<i>Washington Irving</i>	179
OUTWARD BOUND ON THE <i>Cachalot</i>	<i>Frank T. Bullen</i>	197
FARRAGUT AND THE WEST INDIAN PIRATES	<i>John R. Spears</i>	219
<i>Acknowledgments</i>		239



ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR

WHENEVER A SHIP WAS BOARDED AND ROBBED OR WHENEVER A FISHING VESSEL WAS LAID UNDER CONTRIBUTION, BLACKBEARD WAS KNOWN TO BE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BUSINESS

Painted by N. C. Wyeth

frontispiece

THE CONVICTS FLED ON REACHING THE SHORE, AND THE *Anawan* WAS PUT ABOUT HER BUSINESS OF TRADING

Painted by Charles Hargens

facing page 97

THEY WERE TAKEN TO THE GANGWAY AND THE MASTER-AT-ARMS PREPARED A FLOGGING FOR THEM

Painted by Charles Hargens

facing page 112

CAPTAIN BARRY ORDERED THEM TO HAUL DOWN THEIR COLORS, WHICH, NOT BEING COMPLIED WITH, A WARM ENGAGEMENT IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED

Painted by Stanley M. Arthurs

facing page 209

THE SHIP, SHATTERED AND HARDLY MORE THAN A HULL, FELL INTO A TROUGH OF THE SEA

Painted by Manning deV. Lee

facing page 224





THE BLACK AND WHITE DRAWINGS IN THIS BOOK HAVE BEEN
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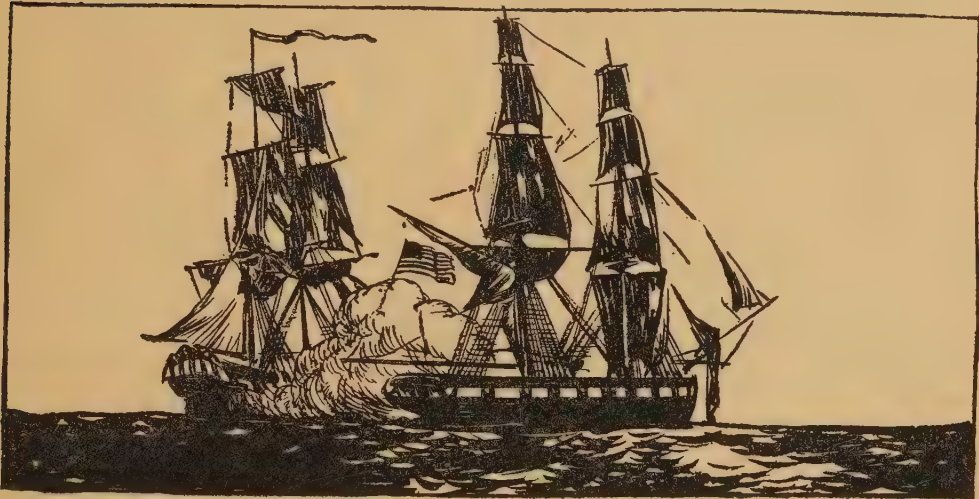


ANCHORS AWEIGH

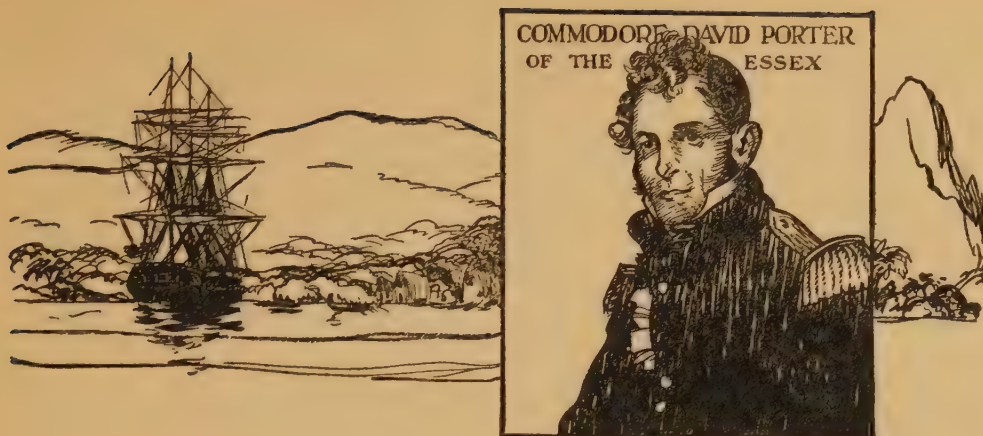
Tales of Wooden Ship Days

Part I

FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS



Men and Masts upon the Sea



THE COMMANDER OF THE *ESSEX* Commodore David Porter

By IRVIN ANTHONY

DAVID PORTER was of heroic stuff from the first. Born to an American naval family before the colonies could be quite sure whether they were to be a nation or disheartened, punished rebels, his youth was passed in stormy years. His father served stalwartly against the British. His uncle died in the Jersey hulk, a captured seaman, an English prisoner of war. The awful chances of an unequal conflict shadowed the lives of those who reared him, but left untouched the youngster's mettle.

The Revolutionary War over, the elder Porter still went to sea for a living, and David was left with his mother. She knew the hardships of life afloat, of the curse of salt water that was already reaching shoreward for the heart-strings of young lads. To protect him she trained him as best she might, seeking to keep the sea from his mind. She might have succeeded with another boy, but not with her son. He was all restless energy, intensely quick almost from babyhood. He grew into a reedy, dark lad with great black eyes that showed fire on provocation, and that were always alive to the

experience of the moment. He was often unwell, but he managed to weather several bouts of sickness that would have finished a boy of less heroic mould. His mother was very close to him and was able to give him an ideal of personal integrity and honor that stood by him to his dying day, but she was not able to keep him from the sea.

At intervals, the elder Porter came home. The sea was then no place of quiet trade. The world was large and distances were frequently only guessed. The father brought home tales of the tropics, experiences with wind and tide, all the yarns of the older seamen, and the son was his for the asking. Mightily the mother objected, but in the end the lad sailed in his father's vessel, the *Eliza*, bound in 1796 for West Indian ports.

David Porter had no reason to love the British. They had recently been at war with his people. They had killed his uncle by neglect and had almost beggared his father, who had also been made a prisoner of war. When the *Eliza* reached the port of Jeremie in the island of San Domingo an armed boat rowed alongside her. She had been sent from an English man-of-war stationed nearby, to impress into Great Britain's naval service such seamen of the *Eliza's* crew as they chose to claim as subjects of their king, a common enough practice at the time. The United States had no navy to protect its rights and so its seamen possessed none. There was nothing to appeal to, but there was still the elder Porter and his crew. They had their own vessel under them, and no man of them wanted to face the senseless rigor and brutality of life in the English navy. Captain Porter armed his men. He ordered the boat to keep off. The officer laughed and ordered his men to pull alongside smartly. Young David heard his father's voice low and crisp, "Repel boarders." A shot whistled overhead. A man beside him in a blue and white skull-cap paused, dropped his cutlass and crumpled against the bulwark. Another, just about to climb up out of the boat, changed his mind and, with a strange kicking step, turned about and fell flatly over the gunwale into the water. Then a musket went off beside him and the smoke made him cough. When he could see again the decks were clear and the boat had drifted away. He had passed through his first glimpse of bloodshed and had ac-

quired a hatred for the British. Still more important, he had been, in a few minutes, broken to daring action, decisive, swift, clean.

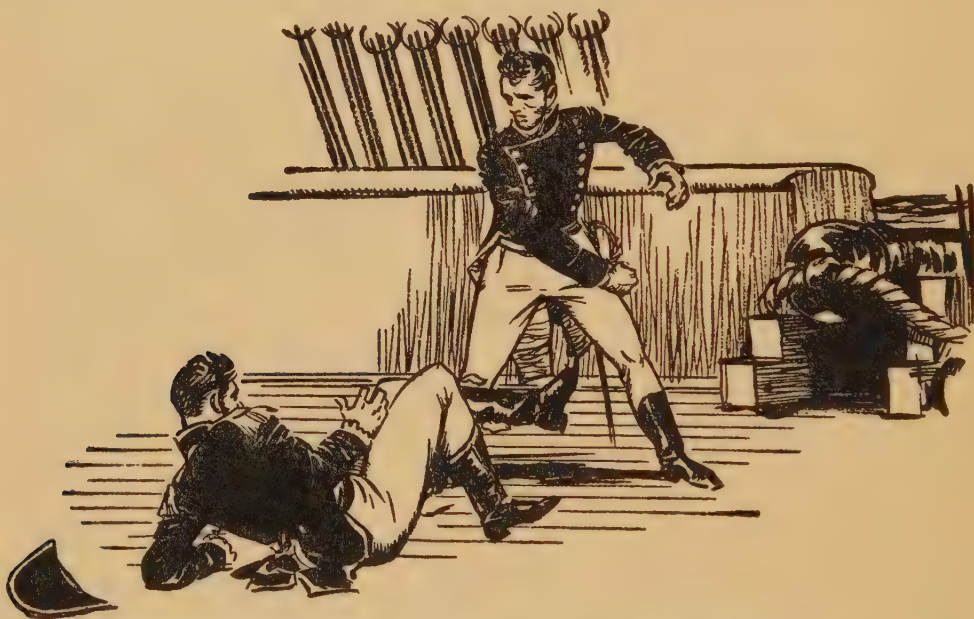
And now he knew he belonged to the sea clan, that mighty horde who have from the earliest chosen for their mission the keeping safe of ships, and whose faith is but dimly seen by landsmen. David Porter made a second voyage to San Domingo, as first mate. He was slim and sallow, in no sense yet a man, but his spirit was good. Again the British came to impress; but this time the master of the brig was not like the elder Porter. His crew was taken from him without any resistance on his part. Once on board the Britisher, by way of encouraging them to enlist quickly, they were taken to the gangway and the master-at-arms prepared a flogging for them. Young David broke away when he saw what they were about and ran below into the darkness of the hold. There he lay hidden until nightfall. As soon as it was dark he dropped over the side and swam to a Danish brig which lay near at hand. In concealment, he waited until the British ship left port. It was hard work, that trip to Europe as a seaman, in the Danish ship, but he did it cheerfully to escape a term in the British navy. His kit had been lost, and he had neither comforts nor necessities. Once landed, he struggled with a strange language without money to ease the way, but finally shipped on a vessel bound home, and made the passage in spite of having no sea chest and only the clothes on his back to keep out the weather of the North Atlantic.

He made a third voyage to the West Indies. Again he was impressed and again he escaped. It was enough. He despised the English to his dying day and he abandoned the American merchant service since it was the unprotected prey of the British press gangs.

At eighteen he received a warrant as midshipman in the navy. The appointment was obtained through the efforts of friends, but it was not undeserved. He had already spent two years at sea. His father had grounded him in navigation. The hard knocks he had met had developed him physically and he had become a good seaman. He had found a profession, and the navy had acquired a man out of whom could be built tradition.

This was in 1798, a significant year for our navy. The French helped us in the Revolutionary War. Resting upon the influence their country had with the mass of the American people, they pre-

sumed upon our good nature and on our naval weakness. During the war with England they captured British ships within the waters of the United States. Next, they took American ships when they fell in with them and Congress fitted out vessels to defend our rights. French vessels on our coast were to be taken. A navy department was organized and found itself with a most shadowy force at its command. Six frigates were being built, twelve vessels of eighteen to twenty guns were planned, and the President could accept twelve more if they were offered by individuals. As usual in our history



there was much for the navy to do and few ships to do it with. As usual, also, officers and seamen turned to with a right good will to make the most of the little Congressional economy left them to fight with. The frigate *Constellation* was the second ship to sail, and in her, under Thomas Truxton, sailed David Porter.

In that frigate the midshipman met his first clash between duty to himself and duty to the navy. He had for an officer a man who was frequently drunk on duty and usually abusive. There was no Court of Appeal for young Porter; he could only put up with it as best he might. One night the officer was at first terrifically

abusive, then he struck Porter across the face. Now, by every sense of personal integrity and honor, the midshipman could but let his leaping blood have its way. He knocked the officer to the deck. Rising, the enraged officer drew his cutlass and started after the boy with murder flashing in his eyes. Into the midst of this stepped Captain Truxton. David Porter was arrested, but later was restored to duty. Truxton could not openly approve the boy's striking his superior, but ever afterwards he regarded him with favor and interest.

The first action the vessel saw was with *L'Insurgente*. Midshipman Porter commanded the foretop. Perched aloft with his men it was his duty to harass the enemy by musketry, to keep the cut and wounded gear of his own ship from getting into absolute confusion, and to inform the deck of anything that might affect the general issue of battle. The French gun fire cut up the rigging badly. David saw the fore topmast above him well-nigh shattered by the enemy's shot, hailed the deck to get permission to send down the topsail yard, the weight of which threatened to carry away the wounded mast, and send all aloft hurtling into the sea. On deck he could not be heard. He knew the mast would not hold many minutes. Amid the thunder of guns, the quiver of the spars, the parting of slashed rigging, he climbed aloft, cut the stoppers and lowered the yard. It is possible that his act saved the battle.

When *L'Insurgente* had surrendered, Lieutenant Rodgers, David Porter and eleven men were put on board of her. While they were transferring the prisoners to the *Constellation* by boats it came on to blow so quickly the two ships parted. One hundred and seventy-two Frenchmen remained on board, to the handful of Americans.

The spars and rigging of the prize were badly cut up. Dead and wounded men lay about the decks. The weather threatened. The prisoners showed every intention of undertaking the recapture of the ship. Even the gratings to cover the hatches had been thrown overboard, and there were no handcuffs to be found. Lieutenant Rodgers took charge of the decks with seven men. A gun was cast loose, loaded with grape and cannister, and pointed down the hatch. Muskets and pistols were loaded and laid upon the deck. Two men stood ready with battle-axe and pike. Then Midshipman Porter went below with his four men to take care of the Frenchmen, while

his commander worked the ship toward St. Kitts. The prisoners, convinced of the resolution of the prize crew, contented themselves with thoroughly wrecking the ship below decks. It was an anxious four days before *L'Insurgente* sailed into harbor and anchored under the guns of the *Constellation*. Porter was glad to see the sun again, and to hear something other than a flood of unceasing jargon in a foreign tongue.

After three years of varied experience against the French, and against the lesser pirates, known as Picaroons, David Porter at the age of twenty, found himself first lieutenant of the *Experiment* with Lieutenant-Commander Stewart in command. This officer was later to be known as Old Ironsides when he was given the *Constitution*, and even in these days he was known as a sterling seaman. They fell in with a French privateer *Deux Amis* mounting eight guns and carrying forty men. She was captured and Porter again became a prize master with four men under him to take her into the same St. Kitts to which he had taken *L'Insurgente*. He had a revolt, but he won and gained at a bound the friendship of Stewart. It was always so. David Porter had the brave for his friends; they knew him for his worth. He did not escape unscathed for hard knocks were common in such irregular service as befell him. He was twice wounded, but slightly compared with his later injuries. By the end of his naval service he had a disabled arm, a bullet through each thigh, and a shattered constitution which made him eligible to a government pension of ten dollars. He needed to be of heroic mould.

The United States in 1800 was used to paying tribute in money, ships and naval material to Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli. The bashaw of Tripoli decided that since the bey of Tunis had been given a frigate, and he had received no such present, he was unfairly treated. He therefore cut down the flagstaff at the American Consulate and waited to see if his frigate would come sailing in. It came four-fold, but not as a present. Three frigates and the *Enterprise*, with David Porter still as first lieutenant, entered the Mediterranean. There was some fighting in which Porter learned something about the harbor of old Tripoli, had every opportunity to take stock of his courage, and was enabled to compare the Tripolitan armament

with his own. It was the fashion of 1802 to mount on the American vessels short cannon, firing shot of heavy calibre at close quarters. These were called carronades and however effective they were in an engagement close to another vessel, at a distance they were useless. To batter the stone walls that comprised the Tripolitan defenses, the American ship should have had long guns of the heaviest calibre. To further protect their forts, the enemy had a number of gunboats, each mounting a brass gun, eleven and a half feet long and weighing sixty-six hundred pounds, with a bore to receive a twenty-nine pound shot. The gunboats could be moved by sweeps and were able to stop the American fleet from taking Tripoli. The fighting for that time ended in a deadlock.

In 1803 David Porter was transferred to the *Philadelphia* as first lieutenant under Captain Bainbridge. She was sent at once to Tripoli. At her arrival within five leagues, a strange ship was sighted and the *Philadelphia* gave chase, both vessels bowling along beautifully with the wind astern. The American vessel opened fire, but had not the luck to stop the unknown craft. Almost immediately, with three leads going and a reported depth of seven fathoms under her keel, she ran upon a sunken ledge while traveling at a speed of eight knots. They tried to drive her over, but she was hard and fast. Captain Bainbridge took his first lieutenant into conference, and David Porter recommended a council of the ship's commissioned officers. As a result, after deep water had been found astern, following the united decision of her officers, the sails were braced aback, the guns run aft, and the anchors cut from her bow, but she would not move. Most of the guns were thrown overboard, a few being kept for defense. But still she would not budge. Then the enemy gunboats came, nine of them, and took up a position where the *Philadelphia's* stern battery could not reach them. They opened fire at once and kept it up until sunset, cutting up the frigate's rigging badly. Then Captain Bainbridge surrendered, his force helpless and his position untenable.

The gunboat crews rushed in on them, boarding like pirates. The Tripolitans went to war for profit, and they had a keen eye for booty. They stripped the clothing from the unfortunate Americans and took them ashore to the bashaw.

The bashaw was delighted to see them. They would be profitable, he felt. It was a good stroke of business, and he was highly satisfied. The ransom would come high. The frigate could be salvaged. The American fools thought they had destroyed their pumps by dropping shot into them, that the carpenter had scuttled her properly, that all the guns and anchors thrown overboard were lost. It was like the presumptuous Christian dogs. He had the frigate plugged, pumped out, and gotten off the reef. He had the guns and anchors restored to their places. The *Philadelphia* floated



under the Tripolitan flag. Thinking he could use the three hundred and fifteen prisoners, including twenty-two quarter-deck officers, to make his own terms of peace when he saw fit, he grew arrogant. War was his cry. Commodore Preble hearing of the resurrection of the *Philadelphia*, and receiving letters from Bainbridge urging her destruction, sent in Decatur with the *Intrepid*, a little ketch, to undertake the matter. Seventy men went over the rails into the *Philadelphia*, alongside which the *Intrepid* carried them, in spite of every challenge. Two heavy land batteries opened with grape and round shot but the *Philadelphia* was afire. From

below decks the flames leaped out from the burst hatches and up the tarred rigging. Masts burned like torches, the guns had been shotted and the heat exploded them so that they fired into the town and the forts. The *Intrepid* escaped unharmed, but not so Captain Bainbridge, nor his first lieutenant, nor his captured men.

In the morning the bashaw was furious. He longed to strangle them, to flay them, but he was not quite insane. He put the sailors to work carrying stones to repair the fortifications. Their food was cut, and for them there was no shady noon of Allah; nothing but the blazing sun of the unbelievers. Camel's meat was given them, and bread of beans instead of wheat. The officers were closely caged, and suffered from lack of food. For nineteen months they paid for Decatur's success. Captain Bainbridge lived apart and was much depressed. Porter set himself the task of lightening the long captivity. He established a school of instruction for the younger officers. All joined in making life endurable. David Porter added to his own knowledge of Mathematics, French, History and English. In addition he worked at landscape drawing. All these things he felt to be a necessary part of an officer's training.

Many attempts at escape were made. The seamen of the lost *Philadelphia* passed the officer's room on their way to work on the fortifications. Through a hole, made in the wall by the prisoners, notes were passed. The Tripolitan officer on duty detected this and in a rage burst in upon the captive officers demanding who had pierced the wall. Lieutenant Porter faced him, and took the blame, whereupon he was marched off to the bashaw's presence. There he repeated his admission, and took the occasion to complain of the treatment afforded them. The bashaw, who bore the fulsome name of Josef Caramelli, was of uncertain humor, but instead of flying into an instant rage, he dropped the matter of the breached wall and promised to give the plight of the Americans his consideration. The hole was stopped, and the treatment of the men from that time on was much improved.

The United States at last decided to hear Commodore Preble's plea for at least a dozen large ships, and another dozen gunboats, to help settle the Barbary threat. The fighting went on quite merrily for a time, but Tripoli at last saw that the United States was determined, and in 1805 peace was made.

Even in peace times there was no dullness. Porter was compelled to have an abusive British seaman flogged for insulting the flag. This was at Malta and the Governor ordered him not to sail, commanding the forts to prevent him if he tried. Defying them all, Porter manned his guns, set his sails and left, leaving the Governor to report the matter to the American government, which he never did. On the same cruise, at Gibraltar, in the sight of the whole British fleet, twelve Spanish gunboats attacked him without warning, but he beat them off handsomely. The times were unsettled, and the Mediterranean was a good place to discover just how spotty they were. Porter was ordered home in 1806 and given his commission as Master Commandant, a rank corresponding to that of commander in the navy of our day.

While ashore, for a short tour of duty, and stationed at the Washington Navy Yard, he fell in love with a young lady visiting his commander, Commodore Tingly. She was extremely pretty although only fifteen years of age. In the course of time he wooed her, first asking her hand of her host, who referred him to the lady's family. Porter at once, with his customary energy, set off to see Mr. William Anderson, the girl's father, but the family had been already advised of his coming. David Porter was a naval officer, a roving man, poor, and, in the eyes of the Andersons, an unsuitable match for their daughter. A son, Thomas Anderson, was delegated to receive the suitor with appropriate iciness. He undertook the affair in good form. He inquired what might be Porter's business. Young David was not used to being opposed, so he said bluntly that he had come to see Mr. William Anderson in relation to his daughter, and that he would speak to no other. Thomas Anderson then informed him he had wasted his time. In fact, he said, Porter was upon a fool's errand. The father would not see him. He could not marry the lady. He could never be connected with the family. David Porter blazed in an instant.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "you are meddling in a matter that does not concern you. I have come here about marrying your sister. I didn't come to marry you, and damn you if you don't leave the room I'll throw you out the window."

Thomas Anderson withdrew to inform his father that there was a pirate downstairs who intended to marry his sister; that he was

certain the rogue would cut the throats of all of them if he didn't get her, and he, Thomas Anderson washed his hands of the matter.

The matter, so dismissed, pursued its way more naturally. He married Miss Anderson in 1808 and they were given a waterfront house in the borough of Chester, Pennsylvania, as a wedding present from Mr. Anderson.

Almost immediately Commander Porter was ordered to New Orleans to take charge of all the naval forces present there on land or afloat. The city was in chaos. Desperate pirates, claiming to sail under the flags of England, Spain and France, had made it their headquarters. So many strains of blood lived with difficulty in one city. There had been several frays between American sailors and the seamen of French, Spanish and Italian ships. Once the American naval men had clashed with the townspeople over the beating of a female slave. Under such conditions, Porter took charge. Three pirate vessels came into the Mississippi, to a place now called Pilot Town. One was the *Montebello*, a vessel for the capture of which both America and Spain had offered a reward. Another was the *Intrepid*, a Spanish schooner sailing under false papers, once granted to a piroque. The third was an evilly known vessel, the *Petite Chance*. Porter discovered that the District Attorney was in league with the rovers. He at once moved his gunboats into a position of advantage and notified the privateer captains to surrender or he would open fire. The vessels were superior to Porter's but the crews would not fight, so they were surrendered and the crews put ashore. Then began a disgusting and involved affair. Porter tried to get the prize vessels sold and the money distributed to his men. The District Attorney at once involved the matter in red-tape and threw the affair into protracted law suits. The Spanish Government had offered to pay sixty thousand dollars for the capture of those three ships. They complimented him on the service he had rendered to Spanish commerce, but paid not one cent of the reward. Porter, disgusted with his country's legal system, the management of naval affairs, and the kind of duty he was forced to perform, tried to resign, but his resignation was declined in a complimentary letter from the Secretary of the Navy asking him to remain in the service, for shortly

he would be called upon in earnest "to resist the wrong and protect the rights of the country." This was in July 1810.

David Porter weighed the Secretary's words. He had seen war with England drawing steadily nearer. American seamen were everywhere impressed into the British service. The English frigate *Leander* fired into a merchant vessel and killed an American citizen just outside of New York harbor in 1806. A British squadron had acted as if there were already war between the nations, and its commander had repeatedly insulted the people of Norfolk and Hampton. Master Commandant Porter checked his disgust, reconsidered his resignation and virtually demanded relief from further service at New Orleans, which was speedily granted. He left the city with his family on board a gunboat and, sometimes sailing, sometimes under oars, or by towing, at a rate never faster than thirty miles a day, they finally reached Pittsburgh. It was the first war vessel ever to pierce so far into the great midland of our country. Porter reached his Chester home in January of 1811 and waited for developments with what patience his spirit would permit.

It is interesting to see with what we hoped to meet the British navy of more than a thousand vessels. The entire American navy at the opening of the war of 1812 can be listed thus:

Constitution—forty-four guns.

President—forty-four guns.

United States—forty-four guns.

Congress—thirty-eight guns.

Constellation—thirty-eight guns.

Chesapeake—thirty-eight guns.

New York—thirty-eight guns.

Essex—thirty-two guns.

Adams—twenty-eight guns.

Boston—twenty-eight guns.

John Adams—twenty-eight guns.

Wasp—eighteen guns.

Argus—sixteen guns.

Oneida—sixteen guns.

Vixen—fourteen guns.

Nautilus—fourteen guns.

Enterprise—fourteen guns.

Viper—twelve guns.

Only three of our fleet carried forty-four guns, as compared with more than two hundred fifty of the British ships-of-the-line that carried seventy-four guns each. And the British had more than seven hundred smaller ships! Not one of the American frigates had been built later than 1801 yet David Porter was overjoyed at the chance to command the *Essex*, and worked night and day to get her ready for sea. She carried a battery of carronades which her new captain tried to have exchanged for her old battery of long twelve-pounders, but the Department would not hear of it. At last he cleared and got to sea.

For honor he stood to the southward, took several prizes, sank them and imprisoned their crews. Doubling in his tracks he worked to northward, cut out a transport from a convoy, and the next day drew his first real British blood by capturing the *Alert*, the first ship of war to be captured by the Americans. The first cruise had ended and the crew of the *Essex* had shaken down and had caught the spirit of success. As for Master Commandant Porter, he was dreaming of a very long cruise, and although he spoke about it to no one, he prepared thoroughly for it, even to a full extra set of sails and new standing rigging for the *Essex*. When he slipped out of the Delaware River it was as though the sea had swallowed him. No one heard of his ship for months.

He sailed first to the West Indies, then to Porto Praya in the Cape Verde Islands. He proved himself a master at keeping his crew fit by making port with only three on the sick list. He was to have met Commodore Bainbridge here, but seeing nothing of him, sailed for the island of Fernando Noronha near Cape St. Roque, in Brazil. On the way he captured a ten-gun packet, the *Nocton*, with \$55,000 in specie in her hold.

As they neared Fernando Noronha the guns were run in and secured, the ports lowered and the smart frigate *Essex* undertook the impersonation of a British merchant vessel. She sailed under the British flag and Lieutenant Downes was sent ashore to inform the governor that the ship making port was the *Sally*, one of London's own. The governor was glad to see him. He hastened to tell the disguised officer that the *Acosta*, forty-four guns, and the *Mor-*

giana, twenty guns, had quitted the island within the week. Lieutenant Downes nodded and recognized that the two reputed British vessels could be none other than those of Commander Bainbridge. The Governor went on to say that the two ships had left a letter for Sir James Yeo to be sent to England whenever possible. Lieutenant Downes returned to the *Sally*, with the news. Porter at once sent to the Governor saying he knew Sir James Yeo, that the *Sally* was bound straight home to England, once they touched in Brazil, and that he would be glad to deliver the letter. The Governor sent it on board. It was found to be from Bainbridge as Porter had expected, and read:

My dear Mediterranean Friend:

Probably you may stop here, don't attempt to water, it is attended with too many difficulties. I learned before I left England that you were bound to the Brazil coast. If so, perhaps we may meet at St. Salvadore or at Rio Janeiro. I should be happy to meet and converse on our old affairs of captivity. Recollect our secret in these times.

Sir James Yeo of H. B. M. ship

Southampton.

Porter knew their secret well. It was the employment of sympathetic ink which when exposed read in addition to the letter above:

I am bound off St. Salvadore, thence off Cape Frio, where I intend to cruise until the 1st of January. Go off Cape Frio to the northward of Rio and keep a look out for me.

Your friend etc.

Making sail on the *Essex* at once Captain Porter got under way. Then began a weary time. Porter fell in with an English schooner named the *Elizabeth* from which he gathered some news and shortly afterwards with a Portuguese ship which gave him conflicting word, and while he weighed the one against the other the wind went north and racked the masts and rigging of the *Essex*, but brought no union with Bainbridge and his ships. Food ran short, mutiny threatened when it was necessary to cut the rations in two, but at last they made for St. Catherine's to renew supplies. There he fell in with a friendly Portuguese captain. From him he learned that an Ameri-

can ship of war had been captured, that an American frigate had sunk a British vessel, that a British convoy and packet had been captured by the American, and that a considerable British squadron was assembled at Rio.

Porter lost no time in making up his mind. It took careful, rapid thinking. The American frigate that had been sunk was the *Hornet*, he decided. The one which had sunk the English would be the *Constitution*, with Bainbridge on board. Such an engagement would probably force the American to seek a port in the United States as the vessel would be badly battered by gun fire. Porter could only count upon his being in command of a lone American frigate on a coast where England's influence was all-powerful. Within a few days the British at Rio Janeiro would know the *Essex* lay at St. Catherine's. Although the supplies had not been fully replenished, Porter at once called his crew on board and at the loss of one anchor and two men left behind, he stood out to sea.

Alone, released by force of circumstances from further orders to follow Bainbridge, he sailed south. He had decided to round the Horn into the Pacific, there to carry out a dream he had often thought upon. The passage was rough, but the foresight of Porter was equal to every need of his ship. He raised the latitude of the Straits of Magellan, kept along the coast of Terra del Fuego to pass through the Straits of Le Maire when a storm struck him and forced a passage round the Horn at last. She entered the Pacific and sailed sharply north until she met her first touch of fair weather on February 24, 1813. The crew's health was good, the ship fit, and the menace of the British squadron behind them at Rio Janeiro a forgotten thing. Porter was off upon an adventure to his liking.

He fetched up off Valparaiso, his provisions exhausted and his water casks almost empty. There were many ships anchored in the roads and the long line of white buildings were inviting to sea-weary men. Porter could not be sure of his reception. Long years before the Chilean coast had been settled by people of the north, central, and western portions of Spain. Spanish Goths they might have been called, for they were related to the old invaders of Rome. They were an enterprising and warlike people, very proud and difficult. What might be their attitude toward an American ship in

need of assistance? There was no way to fathom that, but by trying, and at last they sailed in and anchored off the town. Before the frigate had settled to her cable the captain of the port came aboard offering every aid and civility that Valparaiso could afford. It was a crisis in the cruise. Porter felt assured now that he would live to wipe British whaling from the Pacific, and teach the South Americans respect for the American flag. The reason for the Chileans' surprising willingness to help the Americans was not far to seek. They had just renounced their allegiance to Spain and looked toward the United States for example and assistance. The *Essex*, they felt too, would be able to punish the Peruvian corsairs sent out to capture all American vessels bound to Chilean ports.

One week the Americans spent at the city. A week of work and pleasant relations ashore. They had had a long, rough time with the Horn, but the men recovered rapidly and Porter was anxious to be about his work. The landsmen were hospitable, the entertainment alluring, but the *Essex* had a mission: she was the lone representative of the American navy in the Pacific.

The day after she left port she captured the Peruvian privateer *Nereyda* of fifteen guns. She had been capturing American ships in the interest of the British. Two American crews were then held prisoners on board her. Her captain confessed as much. Porter had her guns and ammunition thrown overboard together with her light sails. He then sent her back to Callao, the Peruvian naval base, with a letter to the viceroy stating that such action had been taken "to ensure the good understanding which should ever exist between the government of the United States and the provinces of Spanish America."

The Peruvians took the hint and while the *Essex* remained in the Pacific, American ships were unmolested.

The *Essex* worked along the coast but had no luck, so she sailed for the Galápagos Islands where she came up with her first British whalers. She snapped up three in a morning after some little resistance. All three had good cargoes of whale oil, and were worth more than half a million of dollars. They were the first prizes in five months at sea and the captain of the *Essex* saw fit to issue a statement to honor the occasion.

"Sailors and Marines:

Fortune has at last smiled upon us, because we deserve her smiles and the first time she enabled us to display free trade and sailors' rights, assisted by your good conduct, she put in our possession nearly half a million of the enemy's property.

Continue to be zealous, enterprising and patient and we will yet render the name of the "Essex" as terrible to the enemy as that of any other vessel, before we return to the United States. My plan shall be made known to you at a future time.

April 30, 1813.

D. Porter."

A little ship of thirty-odd guns, thousands of miles from home, needed a deal of heartening to keep quiet the grumbling and bury the discontent. No man felt the loneliness more than the captain, no man rose better to put spirit into his crew so that they might take the other twenty English whalers still in the Pacific. He relieved the wants of his men from the supplies of the prizes. Two of the ships they had taken were ordinary, but the *Georgiana* had been built for the East India Company. She had small arms and cutlasses, and mounted sixteen guns. Lieutenant Downes was given command of her, and she sailed on a cruise of her own after giving the *Essex* a seventeen gun salute. Thus was the government provided with a cruiser whose equipment had cost the United States nothing. Half a million dollars had been lost to the enemy, a smart brig [the *Nocton*] had been sent home to join the naval forces. Meanwhile the *Essex* was once more filled with provisions and stores that British money had bought, and the sailors had plenty of cash from the \$55,000 they had captured in the *Nocton*. The *Essex* was fairly under way at last.

At Albemarle Island they fell in with and took the *Atlantic*, another Britisher, and from time to time the little squadron added a prize to its string. The fleet drew in upon the mainland to a port in what is now Ecuador, called Tumbez. While the *Essex* waited there, Lieutenant Downes sailed in with three more captured ships. The fleet now had nine vessels, two of them, the *Essex* and the *Atlantic*, very fast. The division of the original crew gave each officer a chance to show what was in him. In preparation for such

fortune David Porter had set Chaplain Adams to teach every midshipman mathematics and navigation. The lads were now sent out as sailing masters of the prizes. David Farragut was one of the fortunate ones. True excitement, such work, with few men for the crews, strange ships, unknown and almost uncharted seas—there was hard-fisted adventure.

The little argosy was now divided into prizes, being sent in to South American ports for sale, saving the high seas fleet of the *Essex*, the *Seringpatam*, a fine ship, the capture of which Porter was justly proud, the *Greenwich*, and Lieutenant Downes in the *Essex Jr.* These now were determined to sail into the South Seas. The English Pacific whale fishery had been destroyed, save for one vessel, which had been laid up to avoid capture. There was a merchant ship or two to be picked up in the Western Islands. More important still, Porter wished to give his crew a chance for play, and wanted to get the ship ready to weather the Horn again, and so reach home. He knew the British must ultimately come up with him. Letters had come over the Andes from the American consul at Buenos Aires announcing the departure of the British frigate *Phæbe* and the sloops of war *Raccoon* and *Cherub* to seek and take the *Essex*. David Porter had attained his mission; it now remained for him to extricate himself and get the *Essex* and her people safely back to the United States. So he went to the Marquesans to refit.

He landed on the Island of Nookaheevah, in the Washington group, built a camp, careened the *Essex* to caulk and overhaul her, and found himself in a curious predicament. In order to be friendly with any of the many tribes that lived upon the island he was expected to undertake the quarrels of that tribe against all the others. Instead, he picked out one tribe which was particularly threatening to the safety of his camp, hoping by thrashing them soundly to win the other tribes to neutral behavior.

The Marquesans were not easy to frighten. To a warning from Porter they responded that they would come down to his camp in a few days and take away his sails. There were about nineteen thousand fighting men upon the island, and the tribe which had grown so bold possessed three thousand of them. They were called Happahs. Lieutenant Downes with a party of marines went against their stronghold and entered it by a bold charge. Once there, fire-

arms won the day, not by striking terror into the Happahs, for they fought to the last instant, but because of the greater execution of which the muskets and pistols were capable. Only two Americans were wounded, but the island had never seen so many dead as the number of Happah warriors stretched low. Nevertheless the Happahs became friendly, but the Typees at once told the Americans they desired no friendship, having gotten along so far without it. Porter refused to heed the urging of the other tribes that he chastize the Typees. He had the possibility of a mutiny on his hands,



thanks to a man whose time had expired and who insisted on being sent home. He also had an attempt at escape on the part of his English prisoners which took stiff handling. Dealing with his difficulties in the order of their danger he got all these matters in hand. Next he annexed the Island of Nookaheevah in the name of the United States. Then he decided to teach the natives respect for their new parent country.

The moment to attack the Typees had come. Every tribe waited to see who would win. Everything hung upon Porter's efforts. Should he fail, not a native in the island would support him. They

would come about him like a cloud. The destroyers of British whaling in the Pacific would be buried beneath an avalanche of primitive, vainglorious natives. The stronghold of the Typees was a fort forming a segment of a circle, built out of stone. It was intended to be a last resort, a keep from which they could fling back the foe when they no longer dared fight in the open. Porter found he could force the fight, moving swiftly from objective to objective. Frequently he offered peace. He told them he would cease fighting when their resistance ended. The Typees were brave and did not give up until their valley was completely ruined. By that time Porter's men were close to collapse themselves. Many of the strongest had given out completely and Corporal Neaham of the marines died of over-exertion. Then came the collapse of the Typees. They were ready for peace. They desired the friendship of the Americans and paid for it gladly in provisions.

All the tribes were free to roam where they would in the island. The *Essex* was fully supplied and in splendid condition. David Porter turned his back upon these very interesting island people with evident regret. His men were stirred close to revolt. They did not want to leave the islands. It was not often a sailor passed so pleasant a time ashore. Porter left behind three ships, sent one home to the United States and, with the *Essex Jr.* and the *New Zealander*, made for Valparaiso.

Scarcely had he made the port when in sailed two British ships of war under Captain Hillyer. Since they were in a neutral harbor they exchanged compliments but it was scarcely an occasion for good feeling. The neutrality of the port would be respected; so much both agreed, and beyond that there were many threats and counter threats. They put sail on and took sail off and browbeat and abused each other all within a strained politeness very fitting to the time and the manner of their falling in with each other.

On March 28 the *Essex* dragged her anchor in a gale of wind. Her port cable parted, and her starboard anchor alone could not hold her. She drifted out to sea where the two British vessels were waiting for her. In a sudden squall her maintopmast carried away, and Porter, knowing he was still in neutral water, made for a cove to repair the damage. In a flash the English came down upon her. They could not sail well enough to escape, so Porter prepared to

fight. The gongs clanged, the drums beat to quarters and the fight began. The *Essex* was raked from bow to stern. Unable to bring her guns to bear she fought badly. Whole gun crews were wiped out by the British fire that swept her. One gun was manned three times during the action, fifteen men dying to serve the one cannon. Porter tried to get alongside his enemies in order to board but the wind had fallen light and what there was of it was fickle. They lay on a sea as smooth as glass. The British bored her through and through at every shot. Badly hulled, with the cockpit and steerage filled with the wounded, without an officer in sight with whom to confer, and rigging cut to pieces, David Porter surrendered in the evening at twenty minutes past six. The *Essex* was captured, Porter and his survivors were compelled to disarm the *Essex Jr.* and promise to proceed with her to the United States, but neither of these things occurred until Porter had put an end to Pacific whaling, and had cost the British between three and five million dollars.

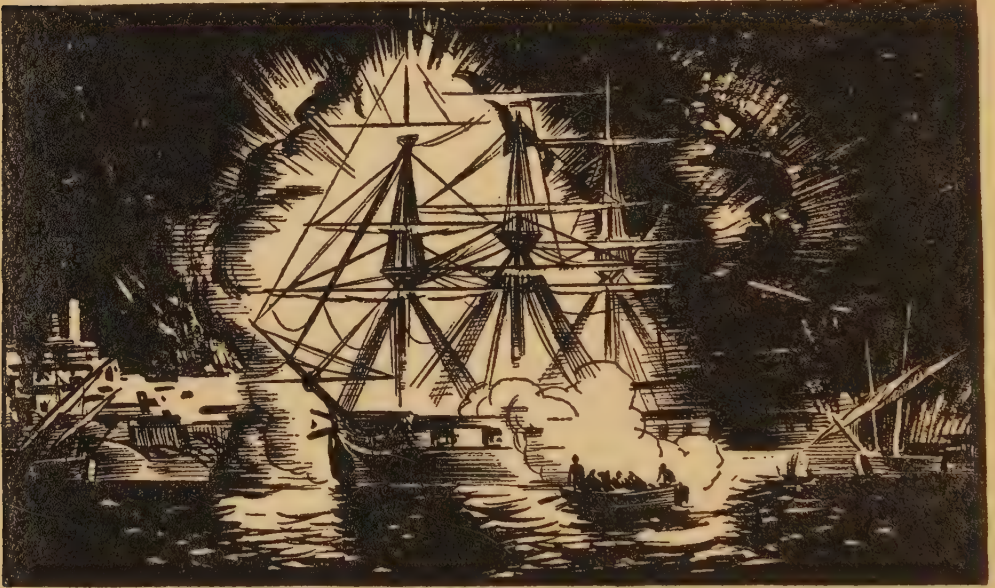
The *Essex Jr.* on her way home fell in with H. M. S. *Saturn* off Sandy Hook. The captain refused to accept Captain Hillyer's safe conduct, but ordered Porter to stand by the *Saturn* all night. Porter told the captain that he thought he could no more keep faith with him than Captain Hillyer had kept faith with the Chilean neutrality. He notified the Britisher that he owed him nothing and would act as he chose. In a fog he escaped in a small boat, rowing sixty miles to Babylon, Long Island. There he had trouble to prove he was not a British officer in disguise, but at last he succeeded.

He was carried into New York in triumph, passed on to Philadelphia and was everywhere hailed as a conqueror. The odds he had played against had been so great that none had expected to see him come home alive. He saw the British retreat from the burning of Washington and helped to make it as difficult as possible, but had no adequate force to stem them. A little later he served as naval commissioner, but it was not until 1823 that he got back into active naval life.

In that year he was given command of the West India squadron and sailed to cruise in the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico. The wars between Spain and the new governments, her late provinces in this hemisphere, gave pirates in those waters a chance to flourish. Neither the young republics nor the mother country had any force

to curb the rascals, who captured ships of all nationalities which chance threw their way. There were Spanish privateers as well, to reckon with, and the annoying circumstances that any port in the islands was neutral, and hence either pirate or privateer could only be boldly faced on the open sea, or hunted down in unsettled, out of the way, islands.

Commodore Porter knew what he needed for the work. He had authority to purchase vessels of light draft, able to work over the shoals and into the lairs of the pirates themselves. At Balti-



more he purchased eight bay boats, fast sailers, schooner-rigged. These he had fitted out at Norfolk. He purchased a supply ship in New York and a steam vessel. These together with the vessels then on the West Indian station, gave him a total of sixteen vessels, a generous force, but not a ship too many for the arduous task set for him. The expedition had bad fortune. The ships that went to Porto Rico, then under Spanish colors, were fired upon on their arrival, which made relations with the officials difficult. They gave him no real help against the pirates. The Governor of Cuba did instruct his commanders afloat to give every facility to Commodore

Porter, but offered no other practical help. The expedition succeeded in driving the pirates ashore, leaving them only able to make a sudden sortie upon an unfortunate merchantman before they were again ashore and in hiding. They did more in three months than a British squadron, acting with a few American vessels, had done in three years.

Then came yellow fever, and Commodore Porter fell ill with it, but not for long. Even while recuperating he moved north to Norfolk and from there directed the pirate hunt with his best energies. It was shortly after his return to active service, that one of his officers, Lieutenant Platt, while seeking out a thieving pirate, who had broken into and stolen from an American resident's house, was stopped by Porto Rico authorities, subjected to insult and prevented from performing his duty. Porter at once landed his men. He had been expected and the batteries were manned to fire upon him, but the Spaniards fled at his approach. He spiked the guns so they could not be fired, if they should take him from the rear, then he advanced through the town to where the Spanish were waiting for him outside. Under a flag of truce he demanded they apologize to Lieutenant Platt. This they did and promised to respect all American officers who might thereafter visit them. The Commodore then returned to his vessel after a stay of three hours, and wrote home his report of the matter, beginning with the pirate who stole from the American merchant.

In six weeks he was relieved of his command by the Secretary of the Navy, ordered to report at once to Washington and then kept two weeks unnoticed. Clearly the Department was incensed over his independent action in the affair at Porto Rico. A Court of Inquiry was appointed to weigh the matter, and when it had finished Commodore Porter was tried by Court Martial. The President of the Court was his greatest enemy. Captain Biddle and Captain Elliot were not friendly to him, nor was the Judge Advocate. He was accused of disobedience of orders and conduct unbecoming an officer. He was accused of disrespect to the Secretary of the Navy. He was convicted on all the charges and sentenced to six months suspension from duty. And all because he had been protecting American interests and standing manfully behind his guns! He was the father

of eight children, and had but slight means to support them. The trial had cost him nearly a year's pay.

From youth his life had been given to the navy. He had been a strict officer, and a believer in the dignity of his service. In his day affronts were still occasionally settled by duels. Every man tended his sense of honor, and every officer believed himself set aside from the mob. Pride was everywhere in the service and pride made Commodore Porter's sense of grievance doubly strong. He resented the unfairness of the court. Even more, he resented the relief from duty and suspension for six months. It was necessary that he support his family. It was also necessary that he preserve his pride in the face of an unjust punishment for upholding his country's honor.

He had an opportunity to go to Mexico. The Mexican minister offered him command of the young navy. He secured permission to sail to Vera Cruz in a new brig, the *Guerrero*, just built for the Mexicans, and with two sons, aged ten, and twelve, he turned his back upon his country's naval service, a victim of the professional jealousies of his fellow officers.

Before many days the Spanish Government heard that he was about to take command of the insurgent naval forces. They remembered his capture of the *Petite Chance*, the *Montebello* and the *Intrepid*, sixteen years before. Again they complimented, and this time they remembered the \$60,000 reward they had owed him then and never paid. If he would not join the Mexicans they would pay it. He scorned their offer. His hatred of them was too old. They next tried to capture him at sea before he could reach Vera Cruz, but they failed. From Vera Cruz he went up to Mexico City. The government offered him command of the navy, promised \$12,000 a year by way of pay, and turned him loose upon their half dozen vessels. This was in 1826. With the new navy he had his fill of trouble. The Mexican officers smoked everywhere, played monte on the quarter deck, wore dressing gowns on duty, or sat in the channels in their shirt sleeves gossiping. There was no vestige of real discipline. There were no dock-yards in which to condition the fleet, nor any naval stores. Yet the new Commander-in-Chief got that fleet in shape and to sea. The old officers missed their noon *siesta*, and the young ones their pleasures ashore, while both regarded this new régime as tyrannical. Yet Porter took them to

Cuba, captured prizes to the value of \$400,000 and came to rest in Key West where the whole Spanish fleet blockaded him and left his other ships to cruise at will. Finally, he stood out of the harbor and the Spanish fleet promptly crowded all sail on their vessels to escape, and presently both fleets were back in their old places, Porter in Key West, and the Spanish blockading. At last he slipped away by the north passage and took his ships to Vera Cruz.

By 1828 David Porter had had enough of the Mexican navy. The authorities had not kept their word with him. He had been paid irregularly and been sadly hampered by the general disinterest of all concerned. The Mexicans were not a naval people. They tried to murder him after luring him up to the mountains, under false orders and attacking him with evident intent to kill. He managed to fight them off, but his happiness in Mexico was over. What at best had been but a crude naval undertaking had died away completely through the fault of the government, not of its Commander. To finish his distress, his son Thomas was taken with the yellow fever and died.

Middle age was upon him. His life had been a rigorous one, cramped to fit naval discipline it had been without relaxation. In four years he had spent only forty-eight hours with his family. By one stroke fortune favored him in those years, and that was in the election of President Jackson who almost at once, after his inauguration, invited the Commodore to come back to the United States, assuring him he should receive full justice for all wrongs done to him under President Adams. Meanwhile Porter retired to his estate in southern Mexico on the peninsula of Tehuantepec. There he saw a chance for an Atlantic-Pacific canal within four hundred miles of the United States border. In his distress he gave himself to the dream of this canal which would use the Rio Guatzacualeos as part of the great highway. The river was there, a harbor, protected by a bar that had not changed since the memory of man, was there. The digging of the canal proper would be mostly through flat country. All this he established by a survey undertaken to put aside thoughts of disappointment and grief. The particular attraction of this route to him was that it would do wonders for the commerce of the United States, because its closeness to the country would give our own people an advantage over all competitors, while, Panama,

which we finally built, is so much further away that it belongs as much to the rest of the civilized world as it does to us. We could always have controlled the Tehuantepec Canal, had it been dug, for it would have been almost under our own guns.

The affairs of David Porter grew steadily worse. His subordinates were directed to disobey his orders. His letters on public matters were unanswered. There was no pay sent him, nor any prize money. The Mexican Government owed him nearly \$40,000. Meanwhile, they were always polite. His fleet lay moored in the harbor of Vera Cruz, veritable hulks, rotting from neglect. Returning to the city from the south, he took a house and had lived ashore about a month when, one night, his door opened and someone stole into his room. The Commodore drew his sword and challenged, "who is there?" Waiting in the dark, he heard deep breathing beneath a center table. He thrust his sword point under the table and into the body of his visitor. The table was overturned. The intruder tried to come to grips but the Commodore cut him down. A second man then rushed out of the dark and a knife missed its mark by a foot, thanks to the cotton padding of the officer's robe. This second man then sprang through a glass door, carrying the frame away with him in his escape. Porter stayed in Mexico after that just long enough to dare the Mexicans to try it again. Then he went home to President Jackson.

He was almost a broken man when he came home. He refused to associate with the men of the navy who had sentenced him for upholding his country's honor. With that President Jackson agreed. He was offered the job of Marshall of the District of Columbia or the Navy Agency at Gibraltar. Both he refused which seemed to make President Jackson like him the more. At last he was appointed Consul General to Algiers in 1830. He sailed at once and visited all the consuls in his district. Then in his later days came a position close to his desire. He was made Chargé d'affairs to Turkey.

With all pride he carried the American flag to the Dardanelles and demanded that the ship of war, the *John Adams*, that carried him, should be given every privilege of the most favored nation. She was allowed to go through the straits without dismounting her guns, a thing not often permitted. The diplomats of the other coun-

tries at the court wrote home full dispatches about this fearful breach of diplomatic etiquette, but the Sultan Mahmoud was a strong man and cared not a fig for their writing. He liked David Porter, and the Commodore in turn liked the monarch as a man, and knew his mettle. He smoked pipes with stems of jasmine, and drank his coffee from diamond studded cups in the manner of the Turk (which is to lift to the lips both the cup and saucer in the hand without letting either slip through the fingers). The Sultan honored him, so the rest of the dignitaries invited him to their palaces. Mahmoud was interested in naval affairs, especially in naval construction. He walked about his dock yard with Porter and closeted himself afterward with the American. Again the foreign ministers talked for a week, attributing every reason to the interview but the real one: Mahmoud was dreaming of a new Turkish navy.

It was a genial life after the rigors of years spent under discipline. There was the wonder of the Arabian Nights on every hand. Porter came to like the Turks. The climate troubled him, but he spent now a summer at Scutari on the Asiatic shore, and in San Stephano, a Greek town that lies directly on the Sea of Marmora, a place of a mild, clean climate. He even tried Princess Islands, a place of beautiful summer residences both European and Turkish. But in the end he liked San Stephano best. He bought a house that looked out upon the island of Marmora where the Turks quarried marble for their palaces. Beyond lay the Asiatic shore, bald mountains, green graves, and here and there the dotted pattern of a burial ground or the grey-white walls of a hamlet topped by the usual rusty red. Farther in, snow-capped Olympus rose nine thousand feet above the sea, the home of the gods, frozen now, and dead. To the left lay the islands of the Seven Princesses and beyond the dark red houses of Scutari, relieved by the cypresses of the Greek cemetery. Just up the shore, abreast this pleasant spot of San Stephano, lifted the tracery of minarets and towers; fanciful, mystical in its beauty. There, in sight of every passing vessel he flew the American ensign, having it tended with ceremony, man-of-war fashion. It was a beautiful place in which to grow old, a snug harbor where the wrongs of Spaniard or Mexican did not reach, nor the malice of an antagonistic Court Martial darken the strong, high sun.

He was a favorite of Mahmoud, and they who are loved of the Sultan live long in Turkey. Occasionally, a shadow of the old days would cross his sky, as on the day when Commodore Eliott, who had sat at his trial, called at Constantinople; but steadily to the end, his life grew more kind and placid. This cleanly little town of San Stephano where he had made for himself and his nation a position of honor, pure as even his determined pride, was destined to be the scene of his passing.

With his death, his deeds assumed their true, gigantic stature. The Court Martial verdict was forgotten at last, and he was the hero of Tripoli, the Commander of the *Essex* again, the man whose pride had never let him down into cynicism and self-reproof. His body was brought in state to Philadelphia on the *Truxton*. In majestic cavalcade a procession escorted it to St. Stephen's church where it was interred in a vault with all military honors. Recognition had come to David Porter at last.

PRIVATEERS AND PRIVATEERSMEN

By EDGAR STANTON MACLAY

THE privateer, as understood at the outbreak of the war for American independence, was a ship armed and fitted out at private expense for the purpose of preying on the enemy's commerce to the profit of her owners, and bearing a commission, or letter of marque, authorizing her to do so, from the Government. Usually the Government claimed a portion of the money realized from the sales of prizes and their cargoes. The owners, of course, had a lion's share, though a considerable portion was divided among the officers and crew as an additional incentive to securing prizes. In fact, it was this division of the spoils, rather than the wages, that induced many of our best seamen to enter this peculiarly dangerous service. It frequently happened that even the common sailors received as their share, in one cruise, over and above their wages, one thousand dollars—a small fortune in those days for a mariner.

This opportunity to get rich suddenly gave rise to a peculiar class of seamen, who became known as "gentlemen sailors." All seaports sending out privateers were thronged with these tars of exalted degree, and, in many cases, of long pedigree. Usually they were of highly respectable parentage, and in some instances belonged to well-known families. They went to sea, not as common seamen, but as adventurers to whom the chances of making prize money were sufficient inducement to undergo the hardships and perils of the sea. Being better educated and well trained to the use of arms—especially excelling the ordinary sailor in the latter accomplishment—they were welcomed to the privateer, and the commander was glad to give them unusual privileges. They were not assigned to the ordinary work of the seaman, but formed a sort of marine guard, standing between the officers and the regular crew. This arrangement came to be understood when the "gentlemen sailor" shipped. The

common seamen were to do the real drudgery of ship work, while these privileged tars were to be on hand when fighting was to be done.

It seems that the "gentlemen sailors" were not confined to the male sex, for when our schooner *Revenge* was captured by the British privateer *Belle Poole* the American prisoners were ordered to Portsmouth prison, upon which one of the prisoners announced "himself" to be a woman. Her love for adventure had induced her to don male attire, and she had been serving many months without her sex having been known.

The officers and crews of our Government warships also received a proportion of the money resulting from taking a prize, and even when they failed to bring the vessel to port, and in some cases where they lost their own ship, they received their share of prize money. According to a law made April 13, 1800, the following rule for distribution of prize money was made for Government cruisers; "When the prize is of equal or superior force to the vessel making the capture, it shall be the sole property of the captors. If of inferior force, it shall be divided equally between the United States and the officers and men making the capture." The act regulates the proportion in which the officers and men shall divide the prize money. "All public ships in sight at the time of making prize shall share equally. Twenty dollars to be paid by the United States for each person on board an enemy's ship at the commencement of an engagement which shall be burned, sunk or destroyed by any United States vessel of equal or inferior force. All prize money accruing to the United States is solemnly pledged as a fund for payment of pensions and half pay should the same be hereafter granted. If this fund is insufficient, the faith of the United States is pledged for the indeficiency; if more than sufficient, the surplus is to go to the comfort of disabled mariners, or such as may deserve the gratitude of their country."

By an act made June 26, 1812, the prize money from captures made by private armed craft was to go only to their owners, the officers and crew, "to be distributed according to any written engagement between them; and, if there be none, then one moiety to the owners, and the other to the officers and crew. Two per cent on the net amount of the prizes to be paid over to the collectors as

a fund for widows and orphans and disabled seamen." The Government also paid twenty dollars bounty for every man in the captured vessel at the beginning of an engagement.

Congress voted fifty thousand dollars to the officers and crew of the *Constitution* when they captured the *Guerrière*, and the same amount when she took the *Java*, notwithstanding the fact that each craft was destroyed at sea. The same sum was given to the captors



A HOY ★★ 1700-1750 ~

of the *Macedonian*. The rule for distributing prize money in the navy was to divide the total amount into twenty equal parts. Where the sum was fifty thousand dollars the result was as follows: Three parts, or seven thousand five hundred dollars, to the captain; two parts, or five thousand dollars, to the sea lieutenants and sailing master; two parts, or five thousand dollars, to the marine officers, surgeon, purser, boatswain, gunner, carpenter, master's mates, and chaplain; three parts, or seven thousand five hundred dollars, to the

midshipmen, surgeon's mates, captain's clerk, schoolmaster, boatswain's mates, steward, sailmaker, master-at-arms, armorer, and coxswain; three parts, or seven thousand five hundred dollars, to the gunner's yeomen, boatswain's yeomen, quartermasters, quarter gunners, coopers, sailmaker's mates, sergeants and corporals of the marines, drummer, fifer, and extra petty officers; seven parts, or seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, to the seamen, ordinary seamen, marines, and boys. As the last item, seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, was divided among some two hundred men and boys, it gave about eighty-seven dollars to each man, or nearly an equivalent to a year's wages. To the commander, whose pay varied from six hundred dollars to twelve hundred dollars, the sum of seven thousand five hundred dollars was a snug fortune. Each of the sea lieutenants got a little less than one thousand dollars, their regular pay being four hundred and eighty dollars.

In case of actions between sloops of war Congress generally allowed twenty-five thousand dollars to our officers and crews if victorious, even in the case of Master-Commandant Jacob Jones, where he lost not only his prize, the *Frolic*, but his own ship. For the battle of Lake Erie Captain Chauncey, being the superior officer on the Great Lakes—although taking no part in the action—received twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars; Master-Commandant Perry, twelve thousand one hundred and forty dollars, his pay being only seven hundred and twenty dollars; Master-Commandant Elliott, seven thousand one hundred and forty dollars; each commander of a gunboat, lieutenant, sailing master, and lieutenant of marines, two thousand two hundred and ninety-five dollars; each midshipman, eight hundred and eleven dollars, the pay of a midshipman being only two hundred and twenty-eight dollars; each petty officer, four hundred and forty-seven dollars; marines and sailors each two hundred and nine dollars.

There, however, were comparatively insignificant instances of prize moneys. In a cruise lasting only a few weeks in 1779 the United States cruisers, *Queen of France*, Captain John P. Rathbourne; the *Providence*, Captain Abraham Whipple, who was in command in the first overt act of resistance against British authority in America; and the *Ranger*, Captain William Simpson, brought eight merchantmen into Boston, their cargoes being valued at over

a million dollars. One of the boys in the *Ranger*, fourteen years old who less than a month before had left a farm to ship in this cruiser, received as his share one ton of sugar, from thirty to forty gallons of fourth proof Jamaica rum, some twenty pounds of cotton, and about the same quantity of ginger, logwood, and all-spice, be-



sides seven hundred dollars in money. In many instances during the War of 1812 American cruisers took prizes valued at over a million dollars. The *Chesapeake* has been credited with being one of the unlucky cruisers in that war, yet in the cruise just before her meeting with the *Shannon* she captured one ship, the *Volunteer*, the cargo of which was valued at seven hundred thousand dollars, and in the same cruise she took the *Ellen*, whose cargo was sold in Boston for seventeen thousand five hundred and sixty dollars. The little sloop *Peacock*, Master-Commandant Lewis Warrington, in one cruise took prizes valued at six hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars.

The Government usually allowed a bounty for each prisoner brought into port. This bounty amounted to about twenty dollars

a head, but in most cases the privateersman preferred to rid himself of prisoners at the earliest possible moment. There were several reasons for this. Even had the bounty been as high as one hundred dollars a man, it would not have paid the successful privateersman to accumulate prisoners, especially when on a long voyage—and there could be no telling how long a cruise would last—for the cost of feeding amounted to a large sum. Then the danger of having too many prisoners was shown dozens of times when the captured rose on their captors, and not only recovered their own vessel, but made prisoners of the privateersman. On August 2, 1813, a law was enacted providing a bounty of twenty-five dollars on each prisoner.

The first and greatest element of success with a privateersman was audacity. Without that, above all other things, he was doomed to ignominious failure. The regular man-of-warsman might go and come on his cruises without meeting an enemy or taking a prize and yet suffer little in the estimation of the department. In fact, in our first essays against the mistress of the ocean, both at the time of the Revolution and the War of 1812, the naval commander who put to sea and regained port with a whole skin was regarded, by our then overtired naval administrators, as being a singularly fortunate and capable officer. Not so with a privateersman. To return to port empty-handed was to commit the greatest sin of the profession. Hence we find that the privateersman was preeminently a bold and daring man, and when such qualities were combined with skillful seamanship we have the ideal privateersman.

A good illustration of the "audacious impudence" of our privateersmen is had in the case of the *Paul Jones*, of New York. This vessel put to sea at the outbreak of the War of 1812 with a complement of one hundred and twenty men, but with only three guns. Almost her first prize was the heavily armed British merchantman *Hassan*, carrying fourteen guns and a crew of twenty men, while her cargo was worth some two hundred thousand dollars. The *Paul Jones*, though carrying only three guns, was pierced for seventeen. It is said that the commander of the *Paul Jones* sawed off some spare masts to the length of guns, painted them black, and, being mounted on buckets, rolled them out of his empty ports as effective imitations of heavy ordnance. Then filling his rigging with his superfluous

force of men, so far overawed the enemy that they surrendered as soon as the privateer, with her dummy guns, got fairly alongside. The Americans then helped themselves to such of the *Hassan's* guns and ammunitions as they needed and went on their way rejoicing.

In general, the conduct of American privateersmen on the high seas was most commendable. They showed themselves to be not only daring, but gentlemanly. When the schooner *Industry*, Captain Renneaux, a prize to the privateer *Benjamin Franklin*, Captain Ingersol, of New York, reached that port, August 24, 1812, it was learned that the craft belonged to a widow whose only dependence was on the earnings of that vessel. Although the *Industry* had two thousand dollars' worth of goods aboard, the American restored her and her cargo to the widow. Many of our privateersmen were men engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries, and a hardier or more daring set of men would be difficult to find.

Soon after the outbreak of the War of 1812, Niles, in his Register, notes: "The enemies of the United States have used many efforts to discredit the business of privateering in proclaiming, magnifying, and reiterating, under many new shapes, any enormity that may have been committed by any of our private armed vessels, and some must be expected. But it confounds these wretches, and affords great satisfaction to the people at large, to observe that our privateers, in general, have conducted themselves with remarkable propriety, in many cases receiving the public thanks of the captured. We trust this good name will be sustained, though the enemy, through his friends here, may strive to blast it."

The humanity of Americans who were engaged in the "business of privateering" early in the century is amusingly brought out in a notice which appeared in a London paper, published in December, 1814: "Mr. Editor: You will please a great number of your readers in Great Britain, who are zealous in spreading the Divine Gospel all over the earth, by showing them that there are some American citizens who are willing to unite with us in sending missionaries to all parts of the globe. The Rev. Mr. Benson read the following note, which was transmitted to him by one of his brethren in Wales: 'A few weeks since a trading vessel laden with corn (wheat) from Cardigan, in Wales, was taken in the channel by an American privateer. When the captain of the latter entered the cabin to survey

the prize he espied a small box with a hole in the top—similar to that which tradesmen have in their counters through which they drop their money—on which the words ‘Missionary Box’ were inscribed. On seeing this the American captain seemed not a little astounded and addressed the Welsh captain as follows:

“‘Captain, what is this?’ pointing to the box with his stick.

“‘Oh,’ replied the honest Cambrian, heaving a sigh, ‘’tis all over now.’

“‘What?’ said the American captain.

“‘Why, the truth is,’ said the Welshman, ‘that I and my poor fellows have been accustomed every Monday morning to drop a penny each into that box for the purpose of sending out missionaries to preach the Gospel to the heathen; but it is all over now.’

“‘Indeed,’ answered the American captain, ‘that is very good.’

“After pausing a few minutes he said: ‘Captain, I’ll not hurt a hair on your head, nor touch your vessel,’ and he immediately departed, leaving the owner to pursue his course to his destined port.’”

Another instance of the gallantry of the American privateersman is had in the following:

A Mrs. Elizabeth Bell of Nova Scotia happened to be a passenger in the schooner *Ann*, Captain Kelly, of Halifax, when captured by the American privateer *Dolphin*, Captain Endicott. Reaching Salem Mrs. Bell caused a notice to be published in a newspaper acknowledging “with much gratitude the gentlemanly and humane treatment of the captain and prize master of the *Dolphin* in returning her nine hundred dollars, together with her personal effects.”

A still more forcible illustration of the humanity of American privateersmen is had early in 1782, when the private armed sloop *Lively*, Captain D. Adams, of Massachusetts, rescued the officers and crew of the British frigate *Blonde* which had been wrecked on a barren and desolate island. The treatment which all American prisoners, and especially privateersmen, had received at the hands of the British would have almost justified the commander of the *Lively* in leaving these shipwrecked mariners to their fate. But the American jack tar is a generous fellow, and nothing appeals so strongly to his compassion as a fellow-seaman in distress, and on this

occasion the people of the *Lively* extended every assistance to their enemies and brought them safely into port.

So widespread had become the practice of privateering that by the outbreak of the Revolution merchantmen had two, and only two, well defined methods of going to sea: First as part of a fleet conveyed by a suitable force of war ships, or as strongly armed "running ships." Fleet sailing with the British was the favorite practice and grew to enormous proportions, a fleet of one hundred merchantmen not being unusual, and it is recorded that as many as six hun-



* ~ A TEA CLIPPER ~ *

dred have sailed at one time. On some occasions several months were spent in collecting the fleet at a port convenient to the English or Irish Channels—generally at Portsmouth or Dublin—and on a stated day they sailed for the East or West Indies, escorted by a number of war ships.

Of course, in the case of such a large fleet sailing its departure and destination were widely advertised in England several months before, so that American agents had every opportunity to inform their friends across the Atlantic of the facts. The result was that as soon as a fleet sailed American cruisers or privateers were in waiting on the course the fleet must take, and were ready to pounce upon

any stray merchantman that had the ill-luck to be separated from the convoy. If it was a large fleet, the flagship of the convoy usually was a line battle ship commanded by an admiral, and was accompanied by one or two frigates and a number of sloops of war or brigs. If a small fleet, a frigate with one or two sloops of war was considered sufficient. When ready for sea the admiral signaled for all commanders to come aboard, when written instructions or "sailing orders" were given as to the meaning of the various signals that might be used in the course of the voyage, and also such other information as might conduce to their safety.

On leaving port the flagship usually took the lead, and was known as the vanship, while a fast-sailing frigate took her position in the rear so as to tow up any dull-sailing merchantman that otherwise might be left behind. The sloops and brigs of war did guard duty on each flank. One of the most rigid rules of fleet sailing was that no merchantman should go ahead of the vanship, which vessel was to be constantly watched for signals. Another equally rigid rule, and the one most frequently enforced, was for the headmost ships to shorten sail when signaled to do so by the flagship, and for the sternmost vessels to make all sail to catch up; and frequently a frigate or a sloop of war was ordered to tow up some dull sailer so as to keep the fleet as compact as possible. In order to do this a hawser was made fast to the foremast of the merchantman, and she was towed ahead of all the other merchantmen, or just under the vanship's stern. At nightfall the signal "close order" was given for the flagship, and the merchantmen huddled together as closely as possible under the stern of the vanship and did not spread out again until daylight.

This cumbersome arrangement of fleet sailing had its disadvantages. When such a fleet homeward bound was being collected in the West Indies, it was impossible to keep the fact concealed from the vigilant privateersmen, and they took advantage of it by placing their vessels in the course the fleet was obliged to take. These merchantmen usually were laden with sugar and coffee, the most desirable cargoes for privateersmen, who not infrequently dogged a convoy across the Atlantic in the hope of picking up some stray craft. On such occasions two privateers acting in concert stood a much better chance than one—especially if it was a small fleet, escorted by

only one vessel; for, while the "bull-dog" was furiously chasing one of the swift-sailing privateers, the other managed to pounce upon the prey unseen by the escort. In such cases the quickest kind of work was necessary, for although the prizes were rich and easily made, the "bull-dog" might be back at any moment. For this reason prize crews were ready, at the word, to be thrown aboard the prize, run her to leeward, and then steer in different directions so as to divide the enemy's attention.

In these attacks the privateersman operated almost without danger of capture, for the war ships dared not pursue too far away from their convoy. It has happened on more than one occasion that captured merchantmen have been so hard pressed by the escort that the prize crew was obliged to abandon the prize and return to the privateer in their boats, the war ship usually being content with recovering the prize. In dogging a merchant fleet across the Atlantic the privateersman usually can do nothing in the way of taking prizes if the weather is fine, but should it come on thick, or a strong gale, he has a golden opportunity. At such times the merchantmen become widely scattered, and the deft privateer runs from one to the other, making easy capture. As a rule, the specie and most valuable goods are hastily transferred to the privateer, a prize crew placed aboard the merchantman and ordered to some port, while the privateer hastens to other conquests.

The second method of sailing in war time was to procure swift-sailing vessels, heavily armed and manned, which could rely on their own speed or strength to avoid the clutches of a privateer. These vessels usually had rich cargoes, and several American privateers were fitted out for the express purpose of capturing them, with a result that many a hard-fought action took place.

Early in the War of 1812 most of the American privateers were small pilot boats, but it was soon found that they were too weak to capture the average trader, as most of the English merchantmen were heavily armed. This led to the construction of powerful, swift-sailing craft, mounting 12-, 18-, 24-, and even 36 pounders, and manned by one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty men—veritable corvettes—which were sent to sea at private expense. Of this class were the privateers *Paul Jones*, *Rosamond*, *Saratoga*, *General Armstrong*, *Yorktown*, *Anaconda*, *Revenge*, *Volunteer*, *Rossie*,

Reindeer, *Avon*, and *Blakely*. Perhaps the most formidable of all was the frigate-built ship *America*, a privateer which was purchased in France in 1795 by George Crowninshield and was commissioned as a privateer in 1802.

Many of our merchant vessels, transformed into privateers, proved to be formidable craft. In fact, a large proportion of them were built with a view to speed; for, thanks to British interference in our mercantile affairs, the American shipowner had found it preferable to sacrifice a little carrying space in his ships to additional speed, as it would enable him to outsail the British cruiser and thus avoid disastrous delays and degrading impressment. Speed in the American merchant marine had been fostered also by the forced running trade to France and the West Indies, so that when the War of 1812 broke out the American merchantman found himself abundantly supplied with swift-sailing vessels. It was just this circumstance that proved to be the foundation stone of the marvelous success of American privateers in this War. The ordinary channels of commercial enterprise being closed by hostilities, the American merchant was quick to turn his energies to mounting his fast-sailing vessels with a few cannon, and after manning them with a large complement of officers and seamen, sending them out in quest of his cousin's ships. Thus it was that aggressive British impressment on the high seas, several years before the war, had caused the development of a fleet of American merchant ships which soon proved to be a terrible scourge in the hands of the daring and skillful American skipper.

SOME CELEBRATED NAVAL BATTLES

By JOHN FROST

EARLY in the Revolutionary War, Captain Murray was appointed a lieutenant in the navy of the United States; but during the first two or three years of the war, he served in the land-army, in which he obtained the rank of captain. He afterwards successfully commanded several letters of marque from the port of Baltimore.

In these voyages, he had to pass through the British squadron in the Chesapeake Bay. He seldom left port without having an engagement. One of the most remarkable of these is the following:

The *Revenge*, which he then commanded, carried 18 guns, and had a crew of 50 men. A number of merchantmen, upwards of thirty, and many of them well armed, collected to go out to sea in company. Of this fleet, Captain Murray was, by the merchants, appointed to act as commodore. In his first attempt to get out of the bay, he met with a superior force, and was compelled, with his whole fleet, to run up the Patuxent, where they remained for some days. Being informed that the British vessels had departed, he again made an attempt to proceed on his voyage with his fleet, which had increased to 50 sail. Terms of agreement were entered into by the armed vessels of the fleet, to support each other in case of an attack. Signals were agreed upon, and it was determined to fight their way out. As this fleet approached the sea-board, a fleet of privateers hove in sight, close under the land. A signal was made for a superior force, and all the unarmed vessels of the fleet were ordered to return, and the others to rally about Captain Murray. One brig and a schooner only obeyed this last signal; the remainder bore up for Hampton Road. The British vessels consisted of a ship of 18 guns, a brig of 16, and the three private schooners. They all stood in for the body of the fleet. Captain Murray, to prevent a general capture, resolved to give them battle. In order to gain time

for the merchantmen to escape, he waited the approach of the privateers, and was soon placed between the fire of the British ship and brig. But he returned their fire with spirit and effect, keeping up an incessant discharge from both his broadsides, for more than an hour, when he had the satisfaction to see his adversaries haul off, after they had sustained considerable damage. The American brig and schooner that remained with Captain Murray behaved well,



* * **ARMED LUGGER 1825** * *

and succeeded in beating off the privateers that attacked them. After this engagement, Captain Murray returned to Hampton Roads, whither all the fleet had retired. His vessel was much injured in her sails and rigging, but no lives were lost; only a few, including himself, were wounded: for his good conduct in this affair, he received the thanks of the merchants of Baltimore.

As soon as his vessel was repaired, he again put to sea. On the banks of Newfoundland, he fell in with a strongly-armed English

brig, a letter of marque. She immediately engaged Captain Murray, but after a few well-directed broadsides from him, she hauled down her colors. He kept her several days in company, intending to take her on with him until it should be convenient to send her into a French port. When near the coast of Europe, he found himself, early one morning, in the midst of an English fleet of 150 sail of men-of-war and transports bound to New York. He was pursued by a frigate, and, after a long chase, overtaken and captured. After being exchanged, he entered on board the *Trumbull* frigate, as a volunteer lieutenant.

In the year 1781, Captain Barry commanded the *Alliance*, frigate of 32 guns. In February, he sailed from Boston for l'Orient, having on board Colonel Lawrence, then going on an important embassy to the French court. On his passage he captured the *Alert* of ten guns. This privateer had captured a valuable ship belonging to Venice. Captain Barry, out of respect for the laws of nations and rights of neutrality, immediately released the Venetian ship. On the 30th of March, he sailed from l'Orient on a cruise. On the 2nd of April, he fell in with and took two privateers from Guernsey. One, the *Mars*, of 20 twelve-pounders, 2 six-pounders, and 12 four-pounders, with a crew of 112 men; the other, the *Minerva*, of 10 guns and 55 men. On the 28th of May, two sail were discovered on the weather-bow of the *Alliance*, standing towards her. After having approached sufficiently near to be seen during the night, they hauled to the wind, and stood on the same course with the *Alliance*. At day-break on the 29th, the weather was quite calm. At sunrise, American colors were displayed on board the *Alliance*; and the drums beat to quarters. The strange vessels were discovered to be a ship and a brig, with British colors flying; and having, by the assistance of their sweeps, got within hail, the ship proved to be his Britannic majesty's ship of war *Atalanta*, Captain Edwards, carrying 20 guns, and 130 men; and the brig, the *Trespassey*, of 14 guns, and 80 men, commanded by Captain Smith.

Captain Barry ordered them to haul down their colors, which, not being complied with, a warm engagement immediately commenced. So dead a calm prevailed, that the *Alliance* lay like a log upon the water; while her opponents, by means of their sweeps, could select their position. They lay on the quarters and athwart

the stern of the *Alliance*; in consequence, but few of her guns could be brought to bear upon them. About 2 o'clock, Captain Barry was wounded in the left shoulder by a grape-shot. Notwithstanding his wound was very dangerous and painful, he remained for some time on the quarter-deck; but the loss of blood at length obliged him to submit to be carried below. Soon after this, the American colors were shot away. As this happened during the interval of loading the guns, the enemy concluded that they had been struck, and cheered in exultation. The flag, however, was soon again hoisted. A broadside from the *Alliance* obliged the crews of her opponent vessels immediately to resume their quarters. About this time a light breeze fortunately sprung up, and enabled the *Alliance* to bring her broadside to bear with effect. Great execution was done thereby; and at 3 P. M. both the British vessels struck.

When Captain Edwards was conducted to Captain Barry, he presented his sword, which was immediately returned to him as a testimonial of the respect entertained for this valor; Barry at the same time observing, "that he richly merited it, and that his king ought to give him a better ship."

Soon after Barry had received his wound and had retired from deck, one of his lieutenants went to him while in the cock-pit. He represented the shattered state of the sails and rigging, the number of killed and wounded, and the disadvantages they labored under for want of wind; and desired to know whether the colors might be struck. "No," said Barry, "and if the ship can't be fought without me, I will be carried on deck." As soon as the lieutenant made known to the crew the determination of their commander, their spirits returned, and they all resolved to "stick to him manfully." When his wound was dressed, he insisted on being brought on deck; but before he reached it, the enemy had struck.

The *Alliance* had 11 killed and 21 wounded; among the latter, several of her officers. Her rigging and spars were much shattered; and she sustained considerable injury in her hull. The enemy had 11 killed and 30 wounded.

In September the British sloop of war *Savage*, of 20 guns, and about 150 men, sailed up the Potomac, and plundered General Washington's estate. On the 6th she was met off Charleston by the privateer *Congress*, of the same force as herself, commanded by

Captain Geddes. Major M'Lane, a very distinguished partisan officer of the American army, had, with part of his command, volunteered to serve as marines on board her. As the crew of the *Savage* were all seamen, she had considerably the advantage of the *Congress*, the greater part of whose crew were landsmen. At 11 o'clock, the action commenced with musketry, which, after much execution, was followed by a severe cannonade, on both sides. In the beginning of the action the *Savage* had the advantage; as she then lay on the *Congress's* bows, and completely raked her: but the latter succeeded in getting alongside of the *Savage*, and soon disabled her so effectually so she could not manœuvre. About an hour after the commencement of the action, all the braces and bow-lines of the *Savage* were shot away; not a rope was left to trim the sails with; and her decks were cleared by the musketry of the Americans. The *Congress* continued alongside, until accident obliged her to drop astern. The *Savage* was then almost a wreck; her sails, rigging, and yards, were so much injured, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could change her position in time to avoid being raked. The cannonading soon recommenced with greater vigor than ever. The quarter-deck and forecastle of the *Savage*, were, in a short time, again nearly cleared, almost every man stationed in these places being either killed or wounded. The two ships were so close together, that the fire from the guns of each, scorched the men opposed to them in the other. The mizzen-mast of the *Savage*, and the colors of both vessels were shot away, when the boatswain of the *Savage* appeared forward with his hat off, calling for quarter. The *Savage* was found a complete wreck; her decks being covered with blood, and killed and wounded men. This victory was in a great measure due to the exertions and activity of Major M'Lane and his brave soldiers. The prisoners were treated with the greatest humanity and attention. Major M'Lane even accompanied Captain Sterling to Pennsylvania, and carefully protected him from insult; for his conduct to American prisoners had excited much resentment in the minds of the people.

Soon after the *Savage* struck, Major M'Lane went forward to look for Sergeant Thomas. He found him with both legs broken, lying on his back in the netting, near the foot of the bow-sprit, with his musket loaded. He was jubilant over the victory, and exclaimed,

"If they have broken my legs, my hands and heart are still whole." Major M'Lane took particular care of this truly brave man, who recovered the use of his legs, and afterwards entered on board the *Hyder-Ally*, commanded by Captain Barney. The *Savage* soon after the action was recaptured by a British frigate, and carried into Charleston. The British captain threatened to hang the American lieutenant, for daring to take charge of one of his majesty's vessels, and treated the prisoners very ill.

On the 8th of April, Captain Barney, in the *Hyder-Ally*, of 16 guns and 110 men, sailed from Philadelphia, to convoy a fleet of merchantmen to the capes of the Delaware. While the fleet was lying in Cape May road, waiting for a fair wind to take them out to sea, two ships and a brig, a part of the enemy's force, were discovered standing in for them. Captain Barney immediately made the signal for his convoy to get under way and proceed up the bay; which orders they were not slow in obeying, with the exception of one ship, which had a few guns on board; and her commander very gallantly determined to abide the issue. He was no great help to Barney, for as soon as the action commenced, he, in his haste to get to sea, out of reach of the enemy's fire, ran his ship aground, and escaped with his men, by climbing out to the end of the jib-boom, and jumping ashore, while the ship was taken by the enemy.

Captain Barney kept astern of his convoy, watching the motions of the British vessels with great earnestness. He saw that the brig and one of the ships were following him up the bay through the Cape May channel, while the other ship was manœuvering to run ahead through the other channel and prevent the convoy from proceeding up the bay. The brig was the first to come up. She gave the *Hyder-Ally* a broadside and passed on; Captain Barney did not return the fire, reserving his shot for the ship, which was coming up rapidly. She advanced within pistol-shot, without firing a gun, probably thinking that Barney would not dare to oppose her progress. At this moment, however, the *Hyder-Ally* opened her ports and gave a well-directed broadside, which told her determination in sea-terms, which were not easy to be misunderstood. The enemy then closed in and showed a determination to board; but Barney, perceiving immediately the difficulty of his situation, and knowing that if they succeeded in boarding him, he would have to face a

vastly superior force, instantly walked up to the man at the helm and told him to interpret his next order "by the rule of contrary," to do exactly that which is opposed to the command. Soon after, when the enemy was ranging alongside, preparatory to boarding, Captain Barney called out, in a voice intended to be heard on board, the adverse ship, "Hard *a-port* your helm—do you want him to run aboard of us?" The seaman immediately understood the order, and put his helm hard *a-starboard*, by which admirable manœuver the enemy's jib-boom caught in the fore-rigging of the *Hyder-Ally*, and there remained entangled during the short but glorious action which followed. The *Hyder-Ally* thus gained a raking position, and such was the terrible quickness and effect of her fire—having fired twenty broadsides in twenty-six minutes—that in less than half an hour from the firing of the first broadside, the ship was obliged to strike her colors. But the other ship was now coming rapidly up, and Captain Barney had only time to send on board a lieutenant and thirty-five men, with orders to proceed up immediately after the fleet, while he himself covered the rear. The brig, seeing that the ship had struck, ran aground to avoid being captured. The ship continued to work her way up the river, as the taking possession of the first was so quick and unexpected, that the captain had not time to destroy his book of signals, and Captain Barney having ordered his lieutenant to hoist the British flag on the prize, while he pulled down the American, on board the *Hyder-Ally*, the ship thought that the American ship had struck; she, therefore, towards evening, dropped her anchor, making a signal as she did so, to the prize-ship, which she did not expect to be under other orders—and believing that she was then working her will among the defenceless convoy.

After the ship had given up the chase, and dropped her anchor for the night, Captain Barney hailed his prize, and enquired what her name, character, and force were. He was answered, "The *General Monk*, of twenty guns, and one hundred and thirty-six men, under the command of Captain Rodgers of the Royal Navy." The *Hyder-Ally* had only 4 men killed and 11 wounded, while the *General Monk* had 20 men killed and 33 wounded. Among the former were five of the officers—and among the latter were Captain Rodgers himself, and every other officer on board except one midshipman!

The Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a vote of thanks to Captain Barney, and ordered a gold-hilted sword to be prepared for him; which was soon after presented to him, in the name of the State, by Governor Dickinson.



WHAT IS TOLD BY THE BELL

By LIEUTENANT JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.

NOTHING in a ship becomes so closely identified with her throughout her whole career as the ship's bell. Officers and crew come and go; masts, decks, engines, and boilers become old, and are replaced by new ones; but from the day that she first glides into the water the same ship's bell remains always a part of her, marking her progress all over the world, and finally going down with her to a lonely grave at the bottom of the sea, or surviving her as a cherished souvenir of her existence and achievements. On a man-of-war the bell is usually inscribed with her name and the date of her launching; and as it is probable that it may some day become a memento of a glorious history, the bell is often the subject of special care in casting or selection. Sometimes the hundreds of workmen who have built the great ship contribute each a silver coin to be melted and molded into a bell which shall be the token of their love for the object of their creation and their interest in her future career. Often the people of the city or State after which a man-of-war is named may present to her a magnificent bell appropriately ornamented and inscribed with words of good-will and good wishes. Such a bell is usually presented with ceremony after the ship goes into commission.

Ships' bells in general are made of bronze, like other bells. The addition of silver in their composition gives them a peculiarly clear and musical tone. They are placed in such a position on the upper deck that they may be heard from one end of the ship to the other; and are usually near the mainmast or at the break of the forecastle. One peculiarity exists in a ship's bell which is necessary on account of her motion at sea. The tongue is hung so that it can swing in only one direction. If it were not so the bell would be continually ring-



ing as the ship rolled and pitched. The direction in which the tongue can swing is another important point. If it were athwartships the bell would ring at every heavy roll of the ship; and if it were fore and aft the bell would ring at every deep pitch; so the direction in which the tongue can swing is nearly half-way around between these two.

The ship's bell is the regulator of all her daily routine. It rings out to her officers and crew that the time has come for them to do certain things. It tells when it is time to make the ship tidy for inspection, and when it is time to go to drills; it tells the navigator when to take his sights, and the watch-officers when to go on watch; it tells the portion of the crew below decks when to come on deck, and those on deck when they may go below to rest or sleep. It is struck by hand whenever the ship's clock marks the hour or half-hour; but it is struck in a peculiar way.

On board ship the twenty-four hours of the day are divided up into periods of four hours each, called *watches*. Beginning at eight

o'clock in the evening, the four hours from then till midnight make the *first watch*; the four from midnight until four o'clock in the morning make the *mid-watch*; the four from four until eight o'clock in the morning make the *morning watch*; the four from eight o'clock in the morning until noon make the *forenoon watch*; the four from noon until four o'clock in the afternoon make the *afternoon watch*; and the four from then till eight in the evening make the *dog-watch*.

The crew of a ship is usually divided into two parts, also called *watches*; and at sea one watch is on deck and on duty for four hours while the other is below, resting or sleeping. At the end of four hours they exchange places. They are named for distinction the *starboard watch* and the *port watch*. When not at sea all hands are on deck, and each watch does the work during the day on its own side of the ship, except a few special men who stand in watches as at sea.

You can easily see that, since there are six watch periods in a day and two watches of men, the same men would have the same periods of watch every day. This is prevented by dividing the watch from four in the afternoon to eight into two equal parts called the *first dog-watch* and the *second dog-watch*. That makes an odd number of watches in each day, and changes the rotation for the men.

The day being divided into watches, the strokes of the bell tell off the hours and half-hours of the watches. Thus at the end of the first half-hour of the watch the bell is struck once, at the end of the full hour twice, at the end of the next half-hour three times, and so on until at the end of the fourth hour it is struck eight times. Then it begins over again for the next watch. You will notice that all the odd numbers of strokes are on half-hours, and all the even numbers on the hours. If you ask a sailorman on board what time it is he will not tell you in hours and minutes, but in bells. Thus if he says, "It has gone seven bells, sir," you will be pretty sure to know what portion of the day it is in, and can tell at once whether he means half-past eleven, half-past three, or half-past seven. The bells are struck from one to eight through the dog-watches, the same as in any other watch.

On a war-ship the bell is struck by the messenger-boy of the officer on watch. He takes the clapper in his hand and makes the

strokes in groups of two, struck quickly, with a slight pause between, and the odd bell, if it is a half-hour, is struck last. Thus five bells are struck *ting-ting, ting-ting, ting*; six bells, *ting-ting, ting-ting, ting-ting*; and so forth.

Only once a year do they strike more than eight bells on board ship, and that is at midnight on New Year's Eve. When twelve o'clock is announced that night the officer of the watch calls out, "Strike eight bells!" then, "Strike eight more for the new year!" Sixteen bells then ring out in loud vibration, arousing every soul by their unusual number, and announcing to everybody, from the captain down to the ship's cook, that the old year is gone and they have entered upon a new year.

The ship's bell is sometimes used for other than routine purposes. When a ship is lying at anchor in a fog the bell is struck frequently as a warning of her presence, so that vessels under way may hear, and keep clear of her. On a man-of-war three strokes each time are given, the odd stroke being made first in order to make the ringing different from the third half-hour of the watch. Thus the fog-bell of a war-vessel rings out *ting, ting-ting* every two or three minutes while the fog lasts. Merchant vessels simply ring the bell rapidly five or six times, then stop, then ring the same way again after a few minutes' pause; but on board of a man-of-war this would mean "Fire!" and would bring her whole crew rushing on deck, leading out hose, grabbing buckets, and starting pumps. This fire-signal is rung on our naval vessels at least once a week for drill, and all the officers and men have regular stations at hose and pumps, to which they go as fast as they can, and start streams of water flowing just as if there were a real fire. In these drills officers' servants usually formed a line with buckets to take water from a deck-pump and throw it on the fire. Of course when there was no real fire the streams from the hose were pointed over the side, and the buckets were passed along and emptied overboard.

On a certain man-of-war on the Pacific station a number of years ago the officers had Chinese servants; and although they could scarcely speak a word of English, they were quick to learn what was shown to them, and soon did like clockwork the fire-drill with buckets. One day there was a real fire. Volumes of smoke poured up from the fore hold, and it took several streams of water nearly

an hour to put out the flames. When the fire was under control some one thought of the Chinamen; and behold! there they were, ranged in line and in plain sight of the smoking hatchway, rapidly passing their buckets along, but *emptying them over the ship's side* as they had been taught to do!

On Sundays when divine service is held on board a man-of-war the bell is tolled slowly, one tap at a time, before the service begins, to let the officers and men know that it is churchtime. During the service a long white pennant on which is a blue cross is kept flying over the ship's flag. The bell is also tolled in the same way during burials at sea.

Other bells which give information to those who navigate ships at sea are the fog-bells of lighthouses. Nearly every lighthouse has its fog-bell, so that when the coast is hidden by fog in the daytime, or the rays of the lighthouse lamp are shrouded by fog at night, the great bell is set going by clockwork to ring out a warning to passing vessels and make them keep clear. Some lighthouses have a big steam fog-horn instead of a fog-bell. When one of our men-of-war passes near a lighthouse in the daytime, its keeper strikes the fog-bell three times as a salute, and the man-of-war returns it by blowing three whistles.

At the entrance to harbors there is often a buoy with a bell on top which rings incessantly with every lurch as the buoy is rocked by the waves, so that in a fog or in the darkness of the night vessels can find it by the sound, and then know that they are at the mouth of the channel which leads to a safe anchorage.

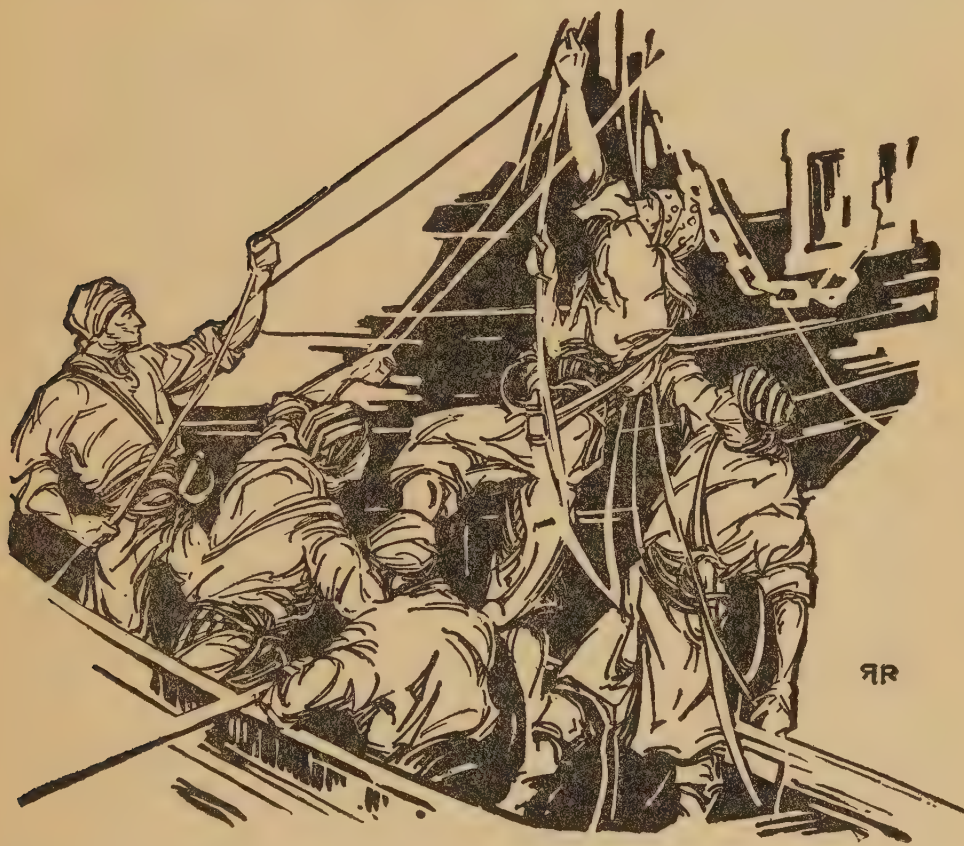
Bells thus play an important part at sea.

BOARDING AT NIGHT

By CAPTAIN GEORGE LITTLE

HERE is no service connected with naval warfare that is attended with so much peril and hazard as two vessels in collision, boarding; but when this service is executed in the night, it is infinitely more hazardous, because the assailed has the advantage of concealment; and further, if the actual force of the enemy is not correctly ascertained, it is always considered rashness to attempt it unless the assailants consist of a much greater force than the repellants. Many instances during the war will serve to illustrate the position here advanced. The following is one instance among many others. It will be recollected that the privateer *Prince de Neufchatel*, Captain Oudinot, was chased into Nantucket Roads by the British frigate *Endymion*. As it fell calm, the privateer, by the aid of the sweeps, pulled into the Roads beyond the frigate's guns; she determined, however, to carry the privateer by boarding. Perceiving the disposition of the frigate, Captain Oudinot made every preparation for a determined and spirited resistance, and although there were but twenty men on board of the privateer, (as they had sent off many of the crew to man the different prizes,) yet the undaunted courage of Captain Oudinot and his men did not quail at the very superior force of the enemy. Seven boats from the frigate, including the launch, were manned with one hundred and fifty of their choicest seamen, and despatched for the awful conflict. Captain Oudinot took the precaution to have the privateer well greased all round, his boarding nettings triced up, and every port closed in; he then cut holes sufficiently large through the ports, to point a musket at the assailant. A match was then lighted, and it was unanimously agreed to blow up the privateer, rather than to let her fall into the hands of the Englishmen.

The boats of the frigate came boldly up to the conflict, receiving a heavy fire of round, grape, and langrage from the privateer's guns, which completely disabled two boats with the loss of many lives. Not in the least daunted by this severe check, and now reduced to five boats, they pulled gallantly alongside of the privateer, where a most desperate and sanguinary strife ensued. The Englishmen



fought furiously, but every attempt to gain the deck was met and repelled with great loss on the part of the British, while the assailed were comparatively secure under the shelter of the bulwarks, which were impervious to the musket balls and pikes of the attackers; many of them were shot down through the holes made in the ports, and others, in attempting to climb up the sides, were either piked, or from their inability to hold on, (from the quantity of grease on

the sides,) met their fate by drowning. I had this report from a seaman composing one of the crew of the privateer, who assured me that he, himself, had shot and piked seven Englishmen in the encounter. This bloody battle lasted nearly two hours, and with the exception of two boats belonging to the English frigate, which made their way back, all were literally cut to pieces, and the loss of life on the part of the British was fearful, while that of the Americans was comparatively small.

On another occasion a cruiser of the United States was sailing peacefully on the broad Atlantic, when without warning the exciting cry of "Sail ho!" was heard from the mast-head, and soon the boatswain's pipe sounded "A-l-l h-a-n-d-s m-a-k-e s-a-i-l a-h-o-y!" In a very short time the Cruiser was under a cloud of canvas, and her course on the trail of the stranger. The necessary inquiries were now made, such as, "How far is she off?" "What does she look like?" etc., to all of which interrogatories the mast-head man replied, that she was scarcely discernible from the top-gallant-yard, and as to her character or her course, he could give no definite answer. As the day had now advanced, and as the hour was one o'clock, it was a matter of great uncertainty, unless there was great disparity in the sailing of the two vessels, whether they could overhaul her before night.

The greatest anxiety prevailed throughout the Cruiser, for an hour had passed away, and no perceptible difference was discovered in the relative distance of the chase, and hope, which had animated the countenances of the crew, now settled into a kind of despondency, for the most sanguine on board well knew that it would be impossible to ascertain her character before night, consequently fears were entertained that she would elude the vigilance of the Cruiser under its cover. Added to this, the wind now blew stiffly at W. S. W., and the weather wore a very threatening aspect; heavy clouds rose up in enormous piles in the western board, and the scud was driven rapidly to the eastward by the increasing gale, while the mist and rain were driven along by fitful gusts, which ever and anon blew with violence. The sea, which until this time had been comparatively smooth, rose to a considerable height, heaving up heavy black masses of water, while the crested billows on the top broke, and the dashing foam, with silvery light, sparkled amid the angry element. The light sails

were all taken in, and the Cruiser bounded over the waves, with the rapidity of a fiery courser that had been urged to his utmost speed, and the spars groaned and bent, as if unequal to the torture of bearing the immense press of canvas, and threatened every moment by their overburdened weight, either to capsize the Cruiser, or go by the board.

The mist had by this time enveloped the Cruiser, and the violence of the wind had driven it far to leeward, so that the stranger could not be seen. Sail after sail was taken in, as the gale increased in violence, and all hopes were now at an end of overhauling the chase, as it became a matter of necessity to get the Cruiser away before night, and even should it clear away, it would be impossible to range alongside of the stranger, as the collision would endanger both the vessels and the lives of the crews. Hour after hour rolled away, while the tempest increased in fury, the rain fell in torrents, and the vision was entirely obscured by the heavy mist which had now completely surrounded the vast expanse of waters and the whole horizon. After the canvas had been reduced, and the light spars sent down from aloft, and the Cruiser nearly stripped of her dress to bear up under the contending elements, a consultation was held by the commander and first lieutenant in regard to the best method of proceeding, so as to keep (if possible,) within sight of the stranger, and be prepared, should the mist clear away, and the gale break, to renew the chase, and ascertain her character. As the Cruiser was that day in the latitude of the Capes of Lisbon, and as the stranger was steering away to the eastward, it was thought by the Commander, that she might be a licensed vessel bound to the south of Europe with supplies for the troops on the Peninsula. His counsel, therefore, was to keep the Cruiser on the same course that she was steering when she lost sight of the stranger. The first lieutenant dissented from this opinion, intimating that she must be some running ship, well manned and armed, and the truth of this position, he affirmed, was scarcely to be doubted, from the fact of her superior sailing.

After various opinions had been given, it was resolved to steer away to the eastward, keeping as near as possible on the same course, as when the stranger was last seen. Night now came on, and brought with it no cessation of the tempest; the wind blew in strong gusts, and with frightful intonations that shrieked through the blocks

and rigging, as if proclaiming the funeral dirge of the Cruiser and her crew. It was just as eight bells were struck, before the commencement of the first watch at night, that the wind shifted suddenly to the northwest, and blew with redoubled violence. The cross sea occasioned by this sudden interruption of the southwester, had well nigh proved fatal to the Cruiser. As it was, the reefed sail, (which was the only sail set,) was blown away from the bolt-rope, and the craft was kept before the wind to the southeast, while the dashing foam, from the effect of both winds, broke with a violent concussion over the Cruiser's decks, and for four hours she sped along before the fury of the tempest, at the rate of twelve knots. The hopes that were entertained a few hours before the commencement of this gale of taking a fat prize, were now entirely banished from every mind, and unless the stranger had taken the same squall in the same way, and its violence obliged her to keep before the wind, there did not seem to be any probability that the Cruiser would fall in with her again. As soon as the violence of the northwester had abated, and a new foresail bent, the Cruiser was hauled up again to the eastward. The heavy cloud, which until this time had risen up in the western board, now lifted from the horizon, and a long line of blue sky stretched far away, and the northwestern scud rolled along rapidly, settling away to the eastward. At midnight the wind lessened to a moderate gale, the sky was perfectly clear and cloudless, and the heavens were dressed with innumerable glittering stars and planets, the whole scene presenting a widely different aspect from the former part of the night.

At daybreak the sea was comparatively smooth, although the wind still blew stiffly from the northwest. As soon as the mist cleared away, and the horizon was well-defined, the look-out at the mast-head sung out, "Sail ho! far away on the starboard beam." Whether this was the same vessel or not which was seen the previous day, could not be determined from the immense distance. The Cruiser, however, was immediately hauled on the wind in chase, and sail after sail was packed on, and such was the rapidity with which she flew over the billows, that in less than an hour, it was clearly ascertained the stranger was a ship standing to the eastward. Nothing could exceed the joy and excitement of the crew, for although the stranger forereached rapidly, yet from her appearance and

manœuvres, the practised eye of a seaman could not be mistaken as to her character. The appearance of her canvas, however, did not indicate her to be an Englishman, and the general opinion was the same as that expressed by the Commander on the previous day, viz. that she was a licensed vessel bound to the South of Europe. At meridian, although the relative distance of the two vessels was somewhat lessened, yet it was not sufficient to warrant the belief or hope that she could be either overhauled, or so near a proximity as to ascertain her character. This opinion was corroborated at sunset, as she was then judged to be five miles distant. Before darkness had overspread the hemisphere, the bearings of the stranger were correctly taken, and the night being perfectly clear and cloudless, and the horizon being well defined, objects could be seen at considerable distance, especially with the aid of a night glass, and they did not fail to put this in requisition. At ten o'clock, the indefatigable gaze was rewarded by the sight of the stranger holding on her course to the eastward. As the wind had now fallen off to a moderate breeze, and the sea was smooth, it was determined by unanimous consent, to risk an action, or board her in the night, lest under its cover she might again take advantage and slip out of their hands. Every preparation therefore was made for action, and all were resolutely determined to capture this ship, if she proved to be an Englishman.

A stern chase is a long chase, and it was not until after midnight that the Cruiser was in speaking distance with Long Tom. This message had the desired effect, for she immediately rounded to, with her topsail to the mast. The Cruiser ranged up boldly, (her topsails and top-gallantsails being furled, and the yards braced fore and aft, so that they might not lock in with the yards of the ship,) under the lee of the vessel, which was immediately grappled. After hailing, and receiving an indistinct answer, the Commander of the Cruiser shouted,

“Boarders, away!”

A young lieutenant, with his faithful aide, the boatswain, led on, followed by thirty desperate men. They were, however, much astonished to find themselves on the deck of an unarmed vessel, without encountering any opposition, and this astonishment was increased, when they learned that it was an American ship, bound, as was conjectured previously, to the south of Europe. The crew were

immediately remanded on board of the Cruiser, with the exception of the second lieutenant and a few men, who were ordered to remain on board during the night, and keep within hail of the Cruiser.

It may not be amiss to state here, that during the war with England, the peninsula of the south of Europe was the great theatre of war between the French and allied armies of England, Portugal and Spain. The loss of the great resources of supplies from America, from the fact that the two powers were in collision, was severely felt, and in consequence, the British Government issued licenses to American vessels, for the purpose not only of receiving supplies of provisions, but also to protect them from capture by their own men-of-war. Now as this licensed trade on the part of the British was not recognized by the American Government to be lawful, all such vessels were good prizes in the event of its being ascertained that they sailed under the British license.

Now this ship was strongly suspected by the Commander of the Cruiser to be of this character, although the captain roundly affirmed that no such license was on board, and that his merchants chose to incur this great risk. In the examination of the ship's papers everything appeared to be correct, as the captain had stated, but the Commander of the Cruiser was not satisfied, and immediately instituted a diligent search for the license. After a long and most tedious investigation of some hours in every part of the ship, it was at length found, concealed between the upper and lower parts of the anchor-stock. Every doubt, therefore, was now dispelled as to her true character, and of course she was taken possession of, manned, and ordered to the United States. The capture of this ship, the indefatigable, long chase, the daring act of boarding in the night, and the correct opinion of the Commander in regard to the character of the ship, and whence she was bound, all conspired to induce a respect of the opinion of the Commander, as well as to reassure him in a great degree of the confidence of the officers and the crew.

EQUIPMENT OF AN OLD-TIME SHIP

By LOUIS F. MIDDLEBROOK

IN ORDER to unveil some of the nautical mechanics of an old-time ship, it would seem appropriate perhaps to offer an interlude concerning the elementary technique, including construction and equipment of a craft such as the *Defence* was.

To find the tonnage, or "tons burthen" of a vessel of that period the usual method employed by ship-masters, was to multiply the length of keel by the breadth at broadest point, and the product by half the breadth, or depth of hold. The ship *Defence* measured about 230 tons burthen. The broadest point was naturally amidships, but not necessarily on the spar-deck, because most vessels possessed what was known as a "tumble-home," or a curve from the mid-ship section inward, so that the beam would be narrower at water-line and bulwarks than at the bulge of the berth-deck section. To find the tons displacement, would be another operation, namely—multiplying length by breadth by depth and divide by 35, would equal approximate displacement, because 35 cubic feet of salt water would weigh a ton. The displacement of the *Defence*, therefore, would have been about 600 tons normal measurement. Most of the vessels of this class during the Revolutionary War had their batteries on the spar-deck, where the bulwarks were anywhere from 3 to 6 feet high, depending on the size of the craft. The gun ports were cut through the bulwarks and were provided with hinged casement shutters, swinging outboard from the top, and were closed in time of storm. Some of them were in two lateral pieces with a semi-circle cut out in the center of each piece to fit over the gun when closed; while others were in one solid piece and the gun hauled inboard and made secure by block and tackle to deck rings when the ports were closed. A vessel of 200 to 300 tons would be planked

and decked with 2-inch timber. The screw-bolt with nut and washer as a holding power was not standardized or used, because no standard of screw threads had been successfully contrived or invented, and also because there were no lathes of reliability for this purpose yet devised. The blacksmith's split-bolt, straight hand-made spike, and bolt with hole, and cotter-pin with washers to take up the slack, were therefore more universally used as a fastening power. Sail-



~ SHIP OF THE LINE ~

cloth came from Europe and the East, because there were no mills in the Colonies, until the first one at Beverly, Massachusetts in 1788, that could furnish ships' clothing. Rope and cordage, however, were produced here, and iron was in process of manufacture at various places. White oak, birch, hackmatack, and the other resinous timbers were plentiful, both for spars, masts, and hull construction. Paints and paint brushes were available locally, lamp-black, yellow ochre, red and sienna, also linseed or flaxseed oil, were

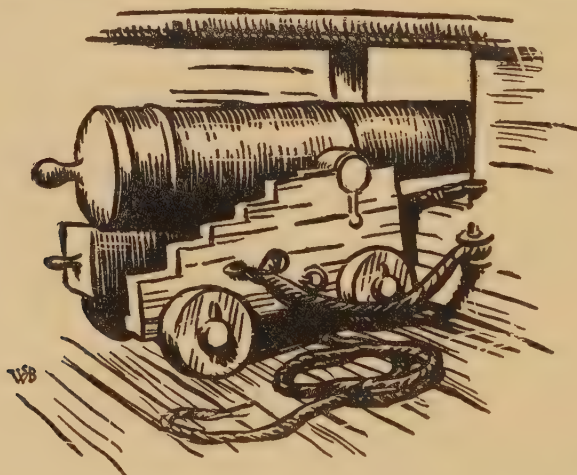
fairly plentiful. The strata of color pigment found at Whateley and Hadley, Massachusetts, along the western bank of the Connecticut River, were responsible for many a painter's material and stock-in-trade, while hogs' bristles furnished good brushes for rough work. An exceptionally fine de luxe brush usually contained camel's hair, and once in a while a brush made of rats' whiskers was considered the apex of luxury in the painter's trade. Gilt was essentially a real imported thing of extravagance.

The length of a mainmast from step to top would be three times as long as the breadth of beam. The main yard or spar was two-thirds as long as the mainmast plus one-twelfth. The length of bowsprit was a matter of variety, depending somewhat upon what the vessel was to be used for. A privateer brig would have a bowsprit, jib-boom and flying-jib-boom sometimes nearly as long as the hull itself; while a West India merchantman would carry a moderate sprit and a single jib-boom merely sufficient for bracing and to provide for the bob-strays and head-sail rigging. There was a scarcity or dearth of dry-docks, and vessels had to be pulled out by means of a wooden crab-winch, or else the craft was careened, or hove down on one side by a strong purchase attached to the masts. The ship's bottom was braved with a mixture of tallow, soap and brimstone to preserve the caulking of oakum or hemp between the strakes, and also to make her slip through the water fast. If ships were damaged by gun-fire below the water-line, the wounds were topped with salt hides, sheet lead and wooden plugs, until the carpenters could make the proper repairs. The head room between decks rarely exceeded 5 feet 10 inches, or 6 feet at most. Men for a ship's crew were usually taken if small in stature; a six-footer was not wanted. The intricacies and knowledge of marlinspike seamanship were of the utmost importance. Knots, splices, braids, seizing, selvidging and sennets were truly and wonderfully made. The sailmaker's trade bordered almost upon a profession.

Ships were usually supplied with two suits of sails. There were no double top-sails used, as were later by famous clippers. There were generally but three sails to handle on the main, while on such clippers as the *Flying Cloud*, *Dreadnaught*, and others plying the Atlantic in the nineteenth century, there were as many as eight different sails on the mainmast. There were however the regulation

head-sails and a sprit-sail beneath the bowsprit, sometimes called a water-sail or "Jimmy Green," just forward of the figurehead. A "bonnet" was laced to the foot of a squaresail, and a "drabler" was another sail or canvas laced to the foot of the bonnet to provide more wind surface in time of need. Staysails were in use between the masts, and steering-sails or "stunsails" were occasionally used. The pitch of the bowsprit was sometimes as much as 45 degrees.

A craft of the size and class of the *Defence* would usually have a battery of six-pounders. Some of this class of cast-iron ordnance, made at the furnaces at Salisbury, Connecticut, may now be seen on the Park River embankment south of the State Arsenal at Hart-



ford, Conn. A six-pounder gun on a ship carriage was called a "saker," good for about 200 yards. A four-pounder gun was called a "minion," good for about 150 yards. A one-pounder was called a "rabanet." Swivels and coehorns were also extensively used, as well as the ordinary flint-lock muskets (stock-fowlers and murderers). A swivel was a gun about the size of a "rabanet," with a curved handle pointing upward at the breech of the gun, for handy training and elevating, and sometimes in the shape of a large blunderbuss. It was mounted in a Y swivel, the trunk of which was set in a hole in the bulwarks or handrails of the vessel, and could be unshipped and stowed away. A coehorn looked like a small mortar fastened to an oak block, and was used on deck or in the

tops. The "stock-fowler" or "fowler" was a short musket or blunderbuss to use in cramped spaces, such as the forecastle, or between decks, to repel boarders.

Signalling was of many kinds, but usually for ordinary peace times, three kinds only. During daylight signalling was accomplished by lowering and raising of top-sails, and by setting different pennants, while at night, by lights in lanterns and by musket shooting. In times of war elaborately planned brailing of either one side or the other of the main or other sails in various manners, the use of lights, singly and in groups, and in foggy or thick weather by the use of drums, trumpets and by musket shooting. There were no foghorns known or used.

A gunner's equipment consisted of black, coarse powder in kegs, handled with copper scoops, the regulation powder-monkey's copper can or pail, a fire-pike or wick-match, copper gun-ladles, sheepskin sponger and rammer, case shot, langrel, chain shot, a powder horn for priming, a priming iron, a dark lantern, and plenty of cartridge paper for wadding. As the war progressed, the powder was cased in bags to form a cartridge, and punctured with a priming-iron when rammed home. The ship's cables were of hemp and were sometimes as much as 21 inches in circumference. Below deck the interior was painted in a dull or brick red, for obvious reasons. There were usually two sets of bits, one set on deck up forward of the windlass, and one set beneath on the berth deck; and two capstans, one abaft the foremast and the other on the berth deck. A ship of this class generally carried four anchors, two on deck up forward, a spare bower stowed on the fo'castle deck, and a heavy spare anchor usually kept down in the hold. Sometimes she carried what are termed "sheet anchors" and "stream anchors," which were of similar size. These were stowed on either side, farther aft.

The life of a captain at sea was many degrees happier, no doubt, than that of his crew. He had a decent cabin and bed, and a good place to eat and sip his punch; while his crew slept in hammocks slung on hooks in the deck timbers overhead, in the berth deck, ate their meals on a hinged board fastened and braced to the sides of the ship, and served themselves direct from the galley. Deck lights occasionally provided light and air, except in foul weather, when the hatches were battened down, making a veritable "Black Hole of

Calcutta," foul, damp and unsanitary. The crew's toilet was fairly well arranged in the head, or bow, on the berth deck, and well ventilated. The prison or "brig," so called, for the unruly, was located near the forward bilge, properly grated and guarded, below the berth deck, though sometimes just forward of the foremast in the shape of a cage on the berth deck.

There was a large, heavy ship's hearth, made of iron, set in the berth deck in the middle of the galley abaft the foremast, on the top of which was fastened with angle-irons and strapped with iron straps, a four-sided iron caboose, which formed the ship's cooking plant. Out of the top of this came the chimney to the upper or spar deck, heavily reinforced and strapped, and open to the atmosphere abaft the foremast, and screened with a smoke-sail. The scuttlebutt or main water-breaker was kept near the galley on the berth deck in a man-of-war. There were, of course, many auxiliary breakers or barrels of fresh water stowed away in the hold to replenish the supply.

The captain's cabin, wardroom and junior officers' quarters, (then known as the *steerage country*), as well as the crew's quarters on the berth deck, were lighted with "lanthorns." Just forward of the cabin was the wardroom, and forward of that on the starboard side the other officers' quarters, and the junior officers' quarters on the port side, each separated by a fore-and-aft gangway. In the wardroom were quartered the First Lieutenant, the other Lieutenants, the Surgeon and the Marine Officer. In the junior officers' quarters were the warrant officers, such as the Boatswain, Gunner, Carpenter, Apothecary, Steward, and the Captain's clerk, and perhaps some yeomen, if the complement warranted them. The Paymaster was usually a Lieutenant, although sometimes the Captain himself would fill that important office.

THROUGH THE *DEVIL'S GRIP*

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

THE extraordinary activity of Griffith, which communicated itself with promptitude to the crew, was produced by a sudden alteration in the weather. In place of the well-defined streak along the horizon, an immense body of misty light appeared to be moving on, with rapidity, from the ocean, while a distinct but distant roaring announced the sure approach of the tempest that had so long troubled the waters. Even Griffith, while thundering his orders through the trumpet, and urging the men, by his cries, to expedition, would pause, for instants, to cast anxious glances in the direction of the coming storm; and the faces of the sailors who lay on the yards were turned, instinctively, towards the same quarter of the heavens, while they knotted the reef-points, or passed the gaskets, that were to confine the unruly canvas to the prescribed limits.

The Pilot alone, in that confused and busy throng, where voice rose above voice, and cry echoed cry, in quick succession, appeared as if he held no interest in the important stake. With his eyes steadily fixed on the approaching mist, and his arms folded together in composure, he stood calmly waiting the result.

The ship had fallen off, with her broadside to the sea, and had become unmanageable, and the sails were already brought into the folds necessary to her security, when the quick and heavy fluttering of canvas was thrown across the water, with all the gloomy and chilling sensations that such sounds produce, where darkness and danger unite to appall the seaman.

"The schooner has it!" cried Griffith; "Barnstable has held on, himself, to the last moment. God send that the squall leave him cloth enough to keep him from the shore!"

"His sails are easily handled," the commander observed, "and

she must be over the principal danger. We are falling off before it, Mr. Gray; shall we try a cast of the lead?"

The Pilot turned from his contemplative posture, and moved slowly across the deck before he returned any reply to this question, like a man who not only felt that everything depended on himself, but that he was equal to the emergency.

"'Tis unnecessary," he at length said; "'twould be certain de-



struction to be taken aback; and it is difficult to say, within several points, how the wind may strike us."

"'Tis difficult no longer," cried Griffith; "for here it comes, and in right earnest!"

The rushing sounds of the wind were now, indeed, heard at hand; and the words were hardly past the lips of the young lieutenant, before the vessel bowed down heavily to one side, and then, as she began to move through the water, rose again majestically to

her upright position, as if saluting, like a courteous champion, the powerful antagonist with which she was about to contend. Not another minute elapsed, before the ship was throwing the waters aside, with a lively progress, and obedient to her helm, was brought as near to the desired course as the direction of the wind would allow. The hurry and bustle on the yards gradually subsided, and the men slowly descended to the deck, all straining their eyes to pierce the gloom in which they were enveloped, and some shaking their heads, in melancholy doubt, afraid to express the apprehensions they really entertained. All on board anxiously waited for the fury of the gale; for there were none so ignorant or inexperienced in that gallant frigate, as not to know that as yet they only felt the infant efforts of the wind. Each moment, however, it increased in power, though so gradual was the alteration, that the relieved mariners began to believe that all their gloomy forebodings were not to be realized. During this short interval of uncertainty, no other sounds were heard than the whistling of the breeze, as it passed quickly through the mass of rigging that belonged to the vessel, and the dashing of the spray that began to fly from her bows, like the foam of a cataract.

"It blows fresh," cried Griffith, who was the first to speak in that moment of doubt and anxiety; "but it is no more than a cap-full of wind after all. Give us elbow-room, and the right canvas, Mr. Pilot, and I'll handle the ship like a gentlemen's yacht, in this breeze."

"Will she stay, think ye, under this sail?" asked the latter in a low voice.

"She will do all that man, in reason, can ask of wood and iron," returned the lieutenant; "but the vessel does not float the ocean that will tack under double-reefed topsails alone, against a heavy sea. Help her with the courses, Pilot, and you shall see her come round like a dancing-master."

"Let us feel the strength of the gale first," returned Mr. Gray, the Pilot, moving from the side of Griffith to the weather gangway of the vessel, where he stood in silence, looking ahead of the ship, with an air of singular coolness and abstraction.

All the lanterns had been extinguished on the deck of the frigate, when her anchor was secured, and as the first mist of the gale had passed over, it was succeeded by a faint light that was a good deal aided by the glittering foam of the waters, which now broke in white

curls around the vessel in every direction. The land could be fairly discerned, rising like a heavy bank of black fog, above the margin of the waters, and was only distinguishable from the heavens by its deeper gloom and obscurity. The last rope was coiled, and deposited in its proper place, by the seamen, and for several minutes the stillness of death pervaded the crowded decks. It was evident to every one, that their ship was dashing at a prodigious rate through the waves, and as she was approaching, with such velocity, the quarter of the bay where the shoals and dangers were known to be situated, nothing but the habits of the most exact discipline could suppress the uneasiness of the officers and men within their own bosoms. At length the voice of Captain Munson was heard, calling to the Pilot.

"Shall I send a hand into the chains, Mr. Gray," he said, "and try our water?"

Although this question was asked aloud, and the interest it excited drew many of the officers and men around him, in eager impatience for his answer, it was unheeded by the man to whom it was addressed. His head rested on his hand, as he leaned over the hammock-cloths of the vessel, and his whole air was that of one whose thoughts wandered from the pressing necessity of their situation. Griffith was among those who had approached the Pilot; and after waiting a moment, from respect, to hear the answer to his commander's question, he presumed on his own rank, and leaving the circle that stood at a little distance, stepped to the side of the mysterious guardian of their lives.

"Captain Munson desires to know whether you wish a cast of the lead?" said the young officer, with a little impatience of manner. No immediate answer was made to this repetition of the question, and Griffith laid his hand unceremoniously on the shoulder of the other, with an intent to rouse him before he made another application for a reply, but the convulsive start of the Pilot held him silent in amazement.

"Fall back here," said the lieutenant, sternly, to the men, who were closing around them in a compact circle; "away with you to your stations, and see all clear for stays." The dense mass of heads dissolved, at this order, like the water of one of the waves commingling with the ocean, and the lieutenant and his companions were left by themselves.

"This is not a time for musing, Mr. Gray," continued Griffith; "remember our compact, and look to your charge; is it not time to put the vessel in stays? Of what are you dreaming?"

The Pilot laid his hand on the extended arm of the lieutenant and grasped it with a convulsive pressure, and he answered:—

"'Tis a dream of reality. You are young, Mr. Griffith, nor am I past the noon of life; but should you live fifty years longer, you never can see and experience what I have encountered in my little period of three-and-thirty years!"

A good deal astonished at this burst of feeling, so singular at such a moment, the young sailor was at a loss for a reply; but as his duty was uppermost in his thoughts, he still dwelt on the theme that most interested him.

"I hope much of your experience has been on this coast, for the ship travels lively," he said, "and the daylight showed us so much to dread, that we do not feel over-valiant in the dark. How much longer shall we stand on, upon this tack?"

The Pilot turned slowly from the side of the vessel, and walked towards the commander of the frigate, as he replied, in a tone that seemed deeply agitated by his melancholy reflections:—

"You have your wish, then; much, very much of my early life was passed on this dreadful coast. What to you is all darkness and gloom, to me is light, as if a noon-day sun shone upon it. But tack your ship, sir, tack your ship; I would see how she works before we reach the point where she *must* behave well, or we perish."

Griffith gazed after him in wonder, while the Pilot slowly paced the quarter-deck, and then, rousing from his trance, gave forth the cheering order that called each man to his station, to perform the desired evolution. The confident assurances which the young officer had given to the Pilot respecting the qualities of his vessel, and his own ability to manage her, were fully realized by the result. The helm was no sooner put a-lee, than the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind, and dashing directly through the waves, threw the foam high into the air and she looked boldly into the very eye of the wind; and then, yielding gracefully to its power, she fell off on the other tack, with her head pointed from those dangerous shoals that she had so recently approached with such terrifying velocity. The heavy yards swung round, as if they had been vanes to indicate the

currents of the air; and in a few moments the frigate again moved, with stately progress, through the water, leaving the rocks and shoals behind her on one side of the bay, but advancing towards those that offered equal danger on the other.

During this time the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer



TOPSAIL SCHOONER -1801-

whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl, surlily, as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded on its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean. The ship yielded, each moment, more and more before the storm, and in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of a gale of wind. Still, the

hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown Pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where alone safety was to be found.

So far, the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still, calm tones, that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim, in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea alone was to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake off his apathy, and rouse himself to the occasion.

"Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith," he cried; "here we get the tide open and the real danger. Place the best quartermaster of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him, and see that he gives us the right water."

"I will take that office on myself," said the captain; "pass a light into the weather main-chains."

"Stand by your braces!" exclaimed the Pilot, with startling quickness. "Heave away that lead!"

These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis, and every officer and man stood in fearful silence, at his assigned station, awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quartermaster gave his orders to the men at the wheel in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel.

While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called, "By the mark seven," rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water spirit.

"'Tis well," returned the Pilot, calmly; "try it again." The short pause was succeeded by another cry, "And a half-five!"

"She shoals! she shoals!" exclaimed Griffith; "keep her a good full."

"Ay! you must hold the vessel in command, now," said the Pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care.

The third call, "By the deep four!" was followed by a prompt direction from Mr. Gray to tack.

Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the Pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute the manœuver.

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing-master was heard shouting from the forecabin:—

"Breakers! breakers, dead ahead!"

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried:—

"Breakers on our lee-bow!"

"We are in a bight of the shoals, Mr. Gray," cried the commander. "She loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best bower!" shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

"Hold on!" cried Mr. Gray, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him; "hold on everything."

The young man turned fiercely to the daring Pilot who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded:—

"Who is it that dares to countermand my orders? Is it not enough that you run this ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there? If another word ——"

"Peace, Mr. Griffith," interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light of his lantern; "yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray; he alone can save us."

Griffith threw his speaking-trumpet on the deck, and as he walked proudly away, muttered in bitterness of feeling:—

"Then all is lost, indeed! and among the rest, the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast."

There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback.

Before the crew understood their situation the Pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly, and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head-yards swung heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling round on her heel, with a retrograde movement.



Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the Pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous, and proud—but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among all the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly, before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her

broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

The voice of the Pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding, in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head-sails were shaken, her after-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted, before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened, as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully towards the wind again, and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from amongst the dangerous shoals, in which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice manœuvre, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill required any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the Pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger, and inciting them to their duty. The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government; and during those anxious moments when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, each ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew, that can only be acquired, under such circumstances, by great steadiness and consummate skill. The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course, in one of those critical tacks

that she had made so often, when the Pilot for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

"Now is the pinch," he said, "and if the ship behaves well, we are safe; but if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless."

The veteran seaman whom he addressed, left the chains at this portentous notice, and calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the Pilot; "you may know it from the star near it, by its sinking, at times, in the ocean. Now observe the hummock, a little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon; 'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill, we shall do well; but if not, we surely go to pieces."

"Let us tack again!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The Pilot shook his head as he replied:—

"There is no more tacking or box-hauling to be done tonight. We have barely room to pass out the shoals of this course; and if we can weather the 'Devil's Grip,' we clear their outermost point; but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative."

"If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed Griffith, "we should have done well."

"Say, also, if the tide would have let us do so," returned the Pilot, calmly. "Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail."

"'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest!" observed the doubtful captain.

"It must be done," returned Mr. Gray; "we perish without it; see! the light already touches the edge of the hummock; the sea casts us to leeward!"

"It shall be done!" cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the Pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued; and, everything being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sail seemed to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her center;

but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the Pilot, that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it! observe," he said, "the light opens from the hummock already; if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!"

A report, like that of a cannon, interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"'Tis the jib, blown from the bolt-ropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck—but the main-sail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant, "but the mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence all!" cried the Pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff you can!"

This warning effectually closed all discourse, and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety, awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols. A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The Pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and, with his own hands, he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean; and she entered the channel among the breakers, with the silence of a desperate calmness. Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still heave up before them, following each other into the general mass, to check their

exultation. Occasionally, the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping its spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when, suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the Pilot was heard shouting:

"Square away the yards!—in mainsail!"

A general outburst from the crew echoed, "Square away the yards!" and, quick as thought, the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the sea.

The seamen were yet drawing long breaths, and gazing about them like men recovered from a trance, when Griffith approached the man who had so successfully conducted them through their perils. The lieutenant grasped the hand of the other, and he said:

"You have this night proved yourself a faithful pilot, and such a seaman as the world cannot equal."

The pressure of the hand was warmly returned by Mr. Gray, who replied:

"I am no stranger to the seas, and I may yet find my grave in them. But you, too, have deceived me; you have acted nobly, young man, and Congress ——"

"What of Congress?" asked Griffith, observing him to pause.

"Why, Congress is fortunate if it has many such ships as this," said the Pilot, coldly, walking away toward the commander.

Griffith gazed after him a moment in surprise; but, as his duty required his attention, other thoughts soon engaged his mind.

The vessel was pronounced to be in safety. The gale was heavy and increasing, but there was a clear sea before them; and, as she slowly stretched out into the bosom of the ocean, preparations were made for her security during its continuance. Before midnight, everything was in order.

AN 1812 PRIVATEER CAPTURES A BRITISH LETTER OF MARQUE

By CAPTAIN GEORGE LITTLE

THE watch had been roused from their lazy retreat after a hard sleep of two hours and the customary duties of the morning watch were being commenced as the look-out went aloft. After he had reached his post in the crosstrees, he quietly seated himself, supporting his back against the head of the mast; then his strengthened eye swept around a clear, unbroken horizon, until it stopped in the direction of one point abaft the beam, and after a long and attentive gaze he sung out at the top of his hoarse voice, "Sail ho!" For a few minutes all was excitement, but as it was now a dead calm, and very little appearance of wind, the chance was small to get within speaking distance shortly.

The duties of the morning watch, and breakfast being finished, the Cruiser was got into complete readiness for action. The great probability was, that the strange sail was a man-of-war, as it was not a position for merchant vessels to be in without convoy. It was a matter of little import to the officers or men, whether the stranger was a man-of-war or merchant vessel, for having so little to do in the last fifteen days, they were eager to wet their palates, and cared not whether it was a chase, or an action.

Hour after hour passed away, and no ripple or cat's-paw was seen on the surface of the ocean, neither was the bearing or distance of the two vessels altered. Two bells was struck, and not a change, the same interminable calm prevailed; but the young seaman who had the look-out aloft, reported that the stranger was a ship, having a breeze from the eastward and bearing down upon the Cruiser, her top-gallant-sails being lifted. The cat's-paw and over-falls came

dancing over the deep, and before a half hour passed, the breeze was settled and steady.

"I hope the stranger will keep in the same mind as she is now," observed the Commander, "and we shall be better acquainted before dark."

Every yard was now trimmed to the breeze on the larboard tack, and a few minutes brought the stranger in sight from the deck, but



as soon as her hull was lifted, she suddenly hauled close to the wind, on the same tack with the Cruiser.

"I am of the same opinion," replied the first lieutenant; "but that movement tells me that he is some fat merchantman, or letter of marque, perhaps, and calculated when he first saw us that he would make a prize."

Innumerable were the conjectures in relation to the character of our neighbor. Again and again were the glasses put in requis-

tion to see if anything could be discovered to decide conflicting opinions. The stranger had taken in studding-sails and was close by the wind, bearing directly abeam of the Cruiser. All doubts that had been entertained of her character were now dispelled; she was certainly not a man-of-war, and even if she were an armed vessel, it was now apparent that she did not admire the looks of the Cruiser.

"That craft to windward," said the skipper, "does not appear like a sleepy merchantman; she carries a stout sail, square yards, and shows us as bold a side as a frigate, for she is as upright as a dish, and were it not for this move, and I believe it is only a manoeuvre, I should decide that she was a man-of-war. However, we will swagger up to her, and if my conjecture is right, we shall have use of all our muslin shortly."

All the light sails were therefore got in readiness, and Long Tom was prepared to enter into conversation with the stranger, if required. The northeastern breeze freshened and blew briskly. It was now a fair trial of speed between the two vessels, but the Cruiser had the advantage, for she not only lay a point nearer to the wind, but actually head-reached quite as fast, so that by sunset the relative distance between the two was very much lessened, not being more than a half mile apart, and it became evident that the stranger was an Englishman, and would not risk an action if it could possibly be avoided. After night had set in, the Cruiser shortened sail to drop in the wake of the ship, so as to keep her close aboard, during the night. This manoeuvre was effected, and by eight o'clock the Cruiser was about musket shot distant from the ship.

The night was clear, and the moon had risen and was calmly sailing on, far up in the blue ether, silvering the deep with her gentle radiance, and showering a flood of sparkles on every billowy crest, that rolled up and shivered in her light. Everywhere objects were discernible with as much distinctness as under the noonday sun. The breeze sang through the rigging with a joyous sound, singularly pleasing, after the silence and monotony of the fore part of the day; and the waves that parted beneath the cutwater, rolled glittering astern along the sides, while ever and anon, some billow larger than its fellows broke over the bow, sending its foam crackling back to the foremast. Around the deck the men were gathered each one beside his allotted gun, silently awaiting the moment of attack. The



THE CONVICTS FLED ON REACHING THE SHORE, AND THE *Anawan* WAS
PUT ABOUT HER BUSINESS OF TRADING

cutlasses had been served out, the boarding pikes and muskets were convenient for use; the balls had already been on deck, and the Cruiser only waited for some demonstration on the part of the foe to open the magazine, and commence the combat in earnest; but no manifestation was made, for she kept on her way under a cloud of sail, in profound silence, evidently wishing to avoid the combat altogether, or defer it until morning.

With the break of dawn the first demonstration of attack on the part of the foe was given. The ports were thrown up and displayed eight pieces of cannon, and the English bunting removed all doubts respecting her character, which could not be misunderstood, for her broadside was poured into the Cruiser without further ceremony. The enemy's shot produced very little effect upon the Cruiser, only cutting away some ropes, and a few air-holes through the sails.

"You had better elevate the muzzle of your gun," said the old gunner, "and then mayhap you will cut away our trucks. Long Tom will pepper you after a different fashion, when it comes to his turn to speak."

As soon as the enemy had delivered her broadside, she bore away, and the contest became a running fight, the ship delivering her stern chasers in fine style, with some effect, but the Cruiser had not as yet fired a shot. Nevertheless, as she was superior in point of sailing, she closed in rapidly with the enemy, and took her position on the starboard quarter of the ship.

"It is a pity to wing the craft," said the gunner, as he stood by the Long Tom, impatiently waiting the command to fire, "so I'll send a decent messenger to that quarter-deck."

The fire from the enemy did considerable execution, and the crew, impatient of restraint, and exasperated at the sight of blood, were eager to lay along side, and they did not hesitate to speak their minds to that effect.

"Very well," said the Commander, evidently pleased at the impetuosity of the men, "in twenty minutes we shall be alongside of that ship, and I expect every man will do his duty. Prepare, then, for boarding."

Just then a shot from the enemy cut away the Cruiser's main-topmast.

"Is Long Tom ready?" shouted the skipper.

"Aye, aye, sir," was the response.

"Fire!"

A loud cracking was heard immediately after the discharge of Long Tom, and when the smoke cleared away, the enemy's quarter-boardrail and taffrail were cut away. The compliment was immediately repeated by Long Tom with great effect, and the two eighteen pound carronades, filled with grape and langrage shot, were delivered in a manner that drove the Englishmen from their quarters, after which the Cruiser shot alongside and grappled the mizzen-chain of the ship.

"Boarders way!" shouted the skipper.

The assailants, with the young seaman who had been stationed in the crosstrees, and boatswain, at their head, boarded on the starboard quarter, rushing with an impetuosity that drove the Englishmen as far as the main-mast. Here they once more rallied, and the conflict on the part of the foe, exasperated as they were at the prospects of losing their ship, was so furious, that for a moment the assailants retreated; but the brave young seaman and the boatswain, perceiving the check of their shipmates, threw themselves into the hottest of the fight, and with voices that reverberated far away on the ocean, shouted, "Follow us, shipmates, she is ours!"

The dexterous arm of the young seaman and the science of the boatswain, dealt out destruction to all who had the temerity to oppose them, while the undaunted first lieutenant drove the Englishmen on the starboard side. For a short time the wild uproar of the fight, the groans of the wounded and dying, baffled all description. The conflict, however, was soon decided, for the crew of the ship, consisting of mongrel Frenchmen and Englishmen together, were driven by the furious Yankees as far as the fore-mast, and then sung out for quarter. At the same moment the English bunting was hauled down, and the contest was at an end. This beautiful prize-ship was a Gurnsey letter of marque, mounting sixteen guns, with a complement of fifty men. This ship, with two heavy British brigs of the same character, had captured an American merchantman, the captain, a first officer, and three men of which were now prisoners on board.

The English ship was ordered to the United States, under escort of a prize crew; the American prisoners aboard were released; and the Cruiser set sail for fresh conquests.

THE MEN ON THE *MASTICO*

By ROBERT B. DUNCAN

IT WAS nine o'clock on the evening of February 16, 1804. A small ketch was creeping into the harbor of Tripoli, on the Barbary Coast of Africa. Her large, loose sails puffed with the breeze that blew fresh from the Mediterranean; the water bubbled about her fore foot and gurgled lazily underneath her keel. A half dozen sailors, in Maltese dress, idled about her decks, gazing at the lights of the distant town, talking quietly among themselves. The helmsman glanced from the sea to the stars and the lights, and back again to the stars, and the sea.

It was not strange that such a craft should be making the harbor of Tripoli at nine o'clock on the evening of February 16, 1804. She was one of a type of merchant vessels common in those waters; there were many like her plying up and down the Barbary Coast. She might have been from Italy with olive oil; she might have been from Syracuse with lemons; she might have been from Greece, or Asia Minor. Or she might have been on her way to load fruit for the Sultan of Turkey, or to bring him slaves.

But she was on none of these errands. She had no wares for the merchants of Tripoli; no lading for the caravans that went crawling from the coast into the heart of the mighty Desert of Sahara. The half dozen sailors in Maltese dress were not men of Malta. The dim light from the starry sky revealed the clean-cut faces and strong jaws of Americans; the tongue in which they spoke softly as they stood about the decks was the English tongue. And lurking everywhere in the shadows of the gunwales, behind masts and barrels, indistinct in the darkness, were the forms of crouching men. They were her cargo.

Two of the disguised sailors stood at the bow of the ketch, gaz-

ing forward at the lights of Tripoli and the harbor in front of the town. One of them had a pair of marine glasses at his eyes. "Can you make her out yet?" asked the other, presently.

A nod and a quiet "Yes," was the answer.

"Which one is she?" continued the first speaker.

The other handed him the glasses. "The largest of them all," he said. "She lies in the midst of the gunboats, close under the batteries on the castle wall."

For a space there was silence. "A tough place for us to get into, too, I should say," observed the first speaker, at last, taking the glasses from his eyes. "Steve," he went on, and there was a ring of exultation in his tone, "Steve, we're making history to-night!"

A shrug of the shoulders was the only reply.

From the shadow of the bulwarks came a clanging, metallic noise, like the sound of a scabbard striking against the planking. The one who had first been looking through the marine glasses turned sharply about. "Silence there!" he commanded, in a firm note of authority.

A whisper came back: "Aye, aye, sir."

The man left his companion gazing over side and passed aft toward the pilot. As he went, there was a stirring among the shadowy forms under the bulwarks and behind the masts. "Another hour, men," said the man, cheerily. "Stand by."

A dozen "Aye, ayes," and he went on to take a station beside the pilot, a lank Maltese with villainous mustaches whisking in the breeze.

"Signor," murmured the pilot, "I very much afraid we lose the wind, signor. See, it dies away."

"We'll have wind enough," replied the American, with a voice of assurance.

"And the moon," went on the pilot, glancing over his shoulder to where the east was streaked with a creamy flush. "It is rising. We shall be seen. I am not ready to die. It is better that we ——"

"Never mind the moon, Catalano," interrupted the other, sternly. "You bring us into the harbor, and do as I say, and you won't die."

"It is a wild thing that you do, signor, but one can die only once," returned the pilot, twisting his face into an effort at a grin.

The other said nothing more, but walked to the taffrail and looked out across the harbor into which they were entering. To the southward, mysterious under the half light of the spangled night, the coast of Africa loomed gray and dim in the distance. Beyond the land loomed, far off, the first peaks of the desert mountains blurred out of sight among the stars. Ahead of the ketch, at the head of the bay, the white walls and Moorish minarets, the mosques and castles, the ancient batteries of Tripoli rose ghost-like from the hills that stretched their toes into the water. A thousand lazy lights blinked from the town and the ships that rode at anchor on the heaving pulse of the harbor. From the last hill a fringe of low island and rocks reached through the sea to the eastward like a jaw full of broken teeth and munched the rushing waters of the Mediterranean into froth, leaving the harbor quiet behind them.

To the north, league on league, the tumbling waters of the Mediterranean were sprinkled with whitecaps by the fresh breeze that came spinning out of the deep. In all the wild waste of waters there was no sign of man except the tall, trim sails of a brig that fluttered across the swirling gray waves. And over land and sea was the starry peace, the quiet calm of African night. In all the picture there was no hint of war.

But there was war there; a most astonishing war. The United States, the infant of the west, still struggling through its first tottering steps, had taken arms against the ancient nation of Tripoli; a nation that the powers of Europe, even England itself, had not seen fit to quarrel with.

The northern coast of Africa was called the Barbary Coast. Morocco, Tunis, Algeria, and Tripoli were the principal powers of the coast. They were inhabited by a mixed race of Moors, Turks, and Arabs; a wild, fierce people whose creed it was to prey upon Christians. Among them all piracy was a trade, encouraged and controlled by the several governments.

The licensed pirates of the Barbary Coast were called Corsairs. They captured and plundered the ships of Christian nations, and held the ships' crews for ransom. The Christian nations permitted them to do it, and sent large sums of money to free imprisoned sailors. Some of them bribed the Barbary powers with annual tribute, to let their ships alone.

The United States, being young and weak, suffered much from the Corsairs. American ships were robbed; American seamen locked up in Barbary dungeons to await ransom. Our country sent money and presents to all the Barbary powers, year after year. We built and fitted out ships for them. We ran their errands to and from the Sultan of Turkey, to whom they all paid tribute. But the more we yielded, the more they demanded.

Tripoli was the worst offender of them all. The time came at last when we could stand it no longer, and we went to war.

We sent a fleet to the Mediterranean, took some of their ships, and blockaded their towns. We were getting the best of it, when on a day the frigate *Philadelphia*, commanded by Captain Bainbridge, chasing a vessel into the harbor of Tripoli, went on one of the sunken rocks in the jaw full of teeth that ran into the sea, forming one side of the harbor.

The Tripolitans at once put out to attack her in her helpless position. Captain Bainbridge made a valiant defense, but there was no hope. The frigate tipped over until her guns would not train on the enemy, and she could not be got off. He surrendered at last, after he had bored holes in the bottom of the frigate and blocked the pumps, so the enemy could not make use of her. But they succeeded in stopping up the holes, fixing the pumps, and pulling her off the rock into deep water. She was towed into the harbor, and anchored under the guns of the castle batteries.

The loss of the *Philadelphia* was a heavy blow. She was a strong fighting ship, and we had none to spare. When she was pulled up under the guns of the castle and anchored there, she strengthened the defenses of the town. Also, it hurt the pride of the American sailors to have one of their best ships in the hands of the Moslems. But no one could think of anything that could be done to remedy the matter.

One day Captain Bainbridge, a prisoner in Tripoli, wrote a letter to Commodore Preble, who commanded the American fleet, and managed to have it carried to him. The letter was written with the juice of a lemon, which left no mark. It looked like a piece of blank paper. If the Tripolitans had found it, they would have made nothing of it. But Commodore Preble held it up to

the fire when he received it, and the heat brought out the trace of the lemon juice.

The letter suggested that a picked crew of Americans might steal into the harbor of Tripoli by night, in a native vessel, make their way to the *Philadelphia* without being suspected, and either cut her out and sail away with her, or burn her where she lay.

Foolhardy as the plan seemed, there was not an American in the fleet who would not have been glad to be one of the crew if there had been a native vessel that they could use. They could not go in one of their own. They would be known as enemies, and blown out of the water by the guns of the Tripolitans long before they could reach the side of the frigate.

So the affair was in no better state until a day in December, when the schooner *Enterprise*, commanded by Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, captured a Tripolitan ketch, the *Mastico* by name. It was just what they needed. They could fill her with men, and material that would burn easily, sail into the harbor without arousing suspicion, get alongside the *Philadelphia*, capture her, set her afire, and get away before the Tripolitans could know what was happening. At least, there was a chance that they might be able to do all this with the *Mastico*.

Commodore Preble decided at once to try it. When it became known in the American fleet what was going to be done, volunteers clamored from all sides to be permitted to go with the expedition. Many more offered than could be taken, for the *Mastico* was small.

Because he had been the one to capture the *Mastico* from the enemy, Lieutenant Decatur was given command of the attempt, and the crew of the *Enterprise* was favored. They all wanted to go, but Lieutenant Decatur chose sixty-two men from among them, and made his preparations. Tar barrels, oakum soaked in turpentine, quantities of pitch, were gathered together and stored on the ketch. Provisions and water were put aboard, and she was fitted out with guns, ammunition, cutlasses and boarding-pikes. Six officers from the *Constitution* were permitted to accompany them.

On the ninth of February the *Mastico* set out from Syracuse, accompanied by the brig *Siren*, which was to bring them off after they had burned the *Philadelphia* and escaped—if they should escape. It was night when they arrived off Tripoli. The weather,

which had been favorable, changed suddenly, and a strong gale sprang up. They had with them a Maltese pilot, Salvatore Catalano. He told them they would not be able to enter the harbor with such a sea running, but the Americans were not willing to give up the attempt. Lieutenant Morris and the pilot took some of the sailors in a small boat and went to explore the harbor entrance.

There were two passages into the bay; one at the extremity of the chain of rocks and islands, called the Eastern Passage, and another between two islands nearer the town, called the Northern Passage. The *Mastico* was then near the Northern Passage. Midshipman Morris soon found that Catalano was right; no craft could cross in such a sea. He returned to the ketch, and so reported.

The two ships hove to near the entrance, hoping the wind would die down. Instead, it increased in fury, driving the Americans to sea. The next day, and the next, and so for six days, it blew. The men in the *Mastico* had a hard time of it. The ketch was too small for such a large company. There were no accommodations on her. Lieutenant Decatur and three lieutenants and the surgeon occupied the little cabin. Six midshipmen and the pilot slept on some planks laid on top of water casks in the hold. They could not sit upright without knocking their heads on the deck above them. The sailors had only the casks to sleep on. To make things worse, their provisions ran short, and their salt meat spoiled. They all lived on a short allowance of bread and water.

But they were not to be discouraged by hardships. As soon as the weather moderated they made their course for Tripoli again. They reached the coast on the night of the fifteenth, but found that they had gone too far to the eastward, and were obliged to retire, lest they be discovered by the enemy on the following day.

On the afternoon of the sixteenth they started a third time for Tripoli, reaching the coast after night-fall, five miles to the eastward of the town. They laid their course at once for the Eastern entrance. Finding that they would arrive too early, Lieutenant Decatur put over buckets and other drags to retard the progress of the ketch, and so they sailed until they came to the harbor entrance, where they bade farewell to their friends on the *Siren*, and passed in.

Their plans were well laid. They would steal up to the *Philadelphia*, pretending to be a coasting merchant ship. As soon as

they were alongside, they would board. First of all, the entire company would clear the spar-deck of the frigate, and then the gun-deck. That done, the company was to divide. Lieutenant Decatur, with Midshipmen Izard and Rowe with fifteen men, would stand guard on the spar-deck. Lieutenant Lawrence, with Midshipmen Laws and Macdonough and ten men, would fire the berth-deck and the forward storeroom; Midshipmen Joseph Bainbridge and John Davis with ten men would fire the ward-room and steerage; and Midshipman Morris with eight men the cockpit and after store-room. Midshipman Thorne, with the gunner and surgeon and thirteen men, were to remain on the ketch, while Midshipman Anderson was to man the cutter, pick up all small boats that came out, and prevent as many as possible of the *Philadelphia's* crew from getting ashore and spreading the alarm. "Philadelphia" was the watch-word. Strict orders were given against the use of firearms except in cases of the greatest need; the thing must be done quietly, if it were to be done at all.

And now they were launched on the daring undertaking. The ketch that was creeping through the Eastern Passage, beyond the last sunken rock, on the night of February sixteenth, was the ketch *Mastico*. The sailors in Maltese dress, speaking the English tongue, were officers of the American fleet; the dark shadows that massed behind gunwale and mast, out of sight, were the sixty-two stout-hearted men of the schooner *Enterprise*, eager to dare death and be revenged on the dusky Turk.

They had known the risk they were running before they started. Now, as they sailed into the harbor, and gazed ahead at the lights of the town and the ships at anchor, it did not seem that they had a chance to get away again; they could scarcely hope ever to leave that placid bay. On one side was the fringe of broken teeth munching the waters of the Mediterranean. On the other a Moorish battery bristling with guns, like another jaw with sharp teeth, ready to close upon them bitingly. Deep in the crotch of the two jaws, surrounded by the ships of war of the enemy, her own cannon double shotted and her decks swarming with Tripolitans, was the frigate, the prey they had come to destroy. Close behind her were the frowning batteries of the city walls and the Bashaw's castle. As soon as they should touch her, the trap would be sprung; the jaw that was

the batteries would close down to crunch them against the jaw that was the chain of islands and rocks. A handful against thousands they were; a few against fate. But their stout hearts never failed them. Not one of them all would have changed places with those who had been left safe in the harbor of Syracuse with the American fleet, or who now tumbled about in the *Siren*, outside the harbor.

Least of all would Stephen Decatur have given up what he was about to do. He it was who had been looking through the marine glasses when the ketch entered the Eastern Passage; he it was who had warned the hidden men to silence; who had quieted the fears of Catalano, the Maltese pilot. Now he walked the decks, slowly, calmly, serene, glad.

The moon rose higher, filling the bay with a soft, silvery light. They could not hope to remain long undiscovered. Already they must have been seen ashore, and aboard the frigate. They must depend entirely upon their disguise. A low order passed along the decks; the men crouched closer in their hiding-places. Only the half dozen in Maltese dress, and Catalano, the pilot, remained visible.

The ketch rolled lazily, scarcely heeling before the breeze that was growing fainter and fainter. The lights of the city settled into steady gleams as they drew nearer.

Ten o'clock. The ketch was within hailing distance of the frigate. Lieutenant Decatur stood by the side of Catalano, the pilot. "Head her up for the fore chains," he directed. They must get out of range of the ship's broadside. One blast from those double-shotted guns would send them all to eternity.

"Aye, aye, signor," Catalano replied, and the ketch swung away.

The forms of men appeared along the frigate's rail. Others came, to stare idly at the stranger, drifting into haven. They spoke among themselves, discussing her.

A hail from the frigate. "What ship is that?" in the jargon of those parts; half Italian, half Moorish.

The men lurking in the shadows of the ketch's gunwales and masts tightened their grips on cutlass scabbard and boarding-pike. They could see only the face of their commander and watched it for a sign. It was calm and serene. The men lay still, waiting.

Decatur whispered to Catalano, and the pilot answered the hail.

"By Allah and the prophet," he whined, in their tongue, "we have had a sore time of it. For seven days we have tossed about on waves that rolled mountain high upon us. Never have I seen such waves. We are weary and sick. We have lost our anchors. We would make fast to your chains until we can find others."

More dark faces ranged along the gunwales of the frigate, and peered through her ports, to look at the unfortunate stranger.

"Who are you?" demanded the voice that had hailed.

Catalano, prompted by the American at his elbow, made further answer. "We are unhappy men that live by the sea," he said. "We have stuffs aboard for merchants of your town, and we would make fast to your chains, having lost our anchors."

"What brig is that in the offing?" came from the *Philadelphia*. They had caught sight of the *Siren*, and were anxious, fearing the Americans.

The reply had been prepared. "That is the *Transfer*," Catalano told them. The *Transfer* was a British brig that had been bought by the Bashaw of Tripoli at Malta, and was daily expected. The Turks were satisfied.

The pilot, alert to gain the fore chains of the frigate, chattered and gossiped with those on her decks, amusing them with the latest tales from eastern ports, and news of the American fleet. The listening Turks stared over at the moonlit deck of the ketch, seeing nothing but six Maltese sailors.

Closer, closer, on the breath of the dying breeze, the ketch crept toward the chains of the frigate. A moment more, and then. . . . The men lying hidden on the deck of the small craft watched the face of their commander, waiting for the order to board. Their tight fingers whitened about the hafts of their boarding-pikes and the hilts of their cutlasses.

The *Mastico* hesitated; she hung in the water; she stopped. Her sails fell loose, flapped for an instant, and filled from the other side. A catspaw of wind, puffing from the land, had caught them. The water gurgled under her stern, striking her with little spatting waves. Slowly she began to fall back; to make sternway, drifting under all the guns of the heavy broadside, not twenty yards away. If they should be discovered now, there would be an end of it all, at once.

Not all the courage in the world could save them from immediate destruction.

The hidden men, aware of the change in course, watched the face of their commander. It was calm as a summer's evening. "Lower a boat," he ordered, softly. "Carry a line to the ring-bolt in the bows of the frigate. Make it fast."

There was no need to tell them to hurry. Two sailors in their Maltese dress sprang into the lowered boat, took a line, and bent to the oars. They rowed with a show of indifference, lest they warn the enemy, singing snatches of an Italian song they had picked up in their wanderings.

As they rowed, another boat appeared from beneath the stern of the *Philadelphia*, making toward the ketch. It bore a hawser. The Turk would have had them make fast to his stern.

The two in the ketch's boat, tying their line to the ring-bolt of the *Philadelphia*, saw the other coming, and understood. If it should reach the *Mastico*, the Turks in her would see the hidden crew; the alarm would be given, and the end would come swiftly.

Quickly the two made fast their line, and bent to their oars again. With strong stroke they rowed back to intercept the frigate's boat. They reached her before she gained the ketch, and took the hawser she carried, telling her crew, in broken Italian, that they would carry it to the ketch. The Turks, glad to be relieved of the task, turned back. That danger was past.

The line that was fast to the frigate's ring-bolt was passed along the ketch's deck. From the shadows of the gunwales, from behind masts and barrels, hairy hands reached out and grasped it. The hidden crew hauled in with a steady pull. The ketch hung for a moment, checked her sternway, and forged ahead. Twenty yards, fifteen, ten, from the frigate's chains. Another minute and they would be in reach.

Suddenly there was a cry of anger from the *Philadelphia*. "Dog!" roared a voice; the voice that had first hailed; "you have told us lies. Your anchors are still on your decks! What trick is this?"

Catalano turned pale, but Decatur was undisturbed. With a swift motion of the hand he signaled his hidden crew to remain quiet, and to pull more stoutly. They obeyed.

A man was running down the chains of the frigate. A cutlass gleamed in his hand. He reached the line that held the ketch, and hewed at it with his blade, stroke on stroke. Above, on the decks of the frigate, excitement was running higher. The Turks were beginning to suspect some trick.

The line still held, and the ketch still forged ahead.

A Tripolitan, peering farther over the side of the frigate, caught sight of the hairy arms reaching out of the shadows to pull on the line; he saw the shadows bulked behind the bulwarks. "Amerikano!" he shrieked. "Amerikano!! Amerikano!!!"

"Amerikano! Amerikano!" The scream rang through the frigate, taken up by scores of voices. There was a great scurrying of feet; a rushing to and fro of the astonished enemy. These devil Amerikanos! What would they not do?

There was no longer need for the Americans to conceal themselves. They leaped to their feet and pulled on the line that still held them to the frigate's bow. The man with the cutlass hacked at it as they pulled. It parted at last, but the ketch already had gained enough headway. She drifted alongside, surged forward, reached the chains and was made fast to them with the twist of another rope.

And now the time had come. In utter silence, save for the heavy breathing and the occasional clank of their arms, the Americans rushed for the chains of the *Philadelphia*. Before the amazed Moslems could believe what was happening, they were swarming over her gunwales and through her ports.

Midshipman Morris was the first aboard. Lieutenant Decatur, leaping into the main chain plates, slipped and lost a step. Midshipman Laws, clambering through a port, caught the butt of his pistol and had to stop to free himself. But Morris was not long alone. A rush of men was at his side. It was as though they took form out of the air, so swiftly they appeared.

The Tripolitans were dismayed. Some stopped to strike back, but most of them rushed to the other side of the vessel and leaped overboard. In a moment the quarter-deck was cleared. Forming solidly, the Americans charged forward, sweeping the Tripolitans off the forecastle into the sea. "No prisoners," was the order.

The Tripolitans below, hearing the scuffling on deck, and the screams, ran up to learn what it all meant, and ran howling back again to hide in the hold like rats, or leaped over the side.

The decks were free. The Americans poured below. In many an odd corner and dark hole of the ship was fierce encounter, but it was not for long. Ten minutes after the first startled cry of "Amerikano" rang out on the African night the Americans were in complete possession of the frigate, and the waters about were specked with the bobbing heads of Turks and Moors and Arabs, swimming for their lives.

Without delay the conquerors set about firing the ship. Commodore Preble had given strict orders against any attempt to bring the *Philadelphia* out, because of the danger, or there might have been another ending to this story. Oakum, soaked in turpentine, pitch, staves of tar barrels, were quickly handed up from the ketch and stowed about the frigate by the different parties of the crew, as had been planned. Matches were applied, and the fire leaped into life in half a dozen places.

By the time the last firing party reached the decks again, flames were snapping through gun-ports and hatchways. Black smoke rolled up; beneath the planking underfoot was a growing roar of flame; a hissing and crackling. The growling fire fiend was already smacking his lips.

There was now no chance that the Tripolitans could return and save the vessel from destruction. The fire had too good a start. Making sure of this, Lieutenant Decatur ordered his men back to the ketch. He was the last to leave; the *Mastico* had already swung off when he quitted the *Philadelphia*; he had to leap into the ketch's rigging from the bulwarks of the frigate.

But the danger was not ended. There was no wind, and the *Mastico* clung alongside. The crew shoved off with sweeps and poles, but the ketch's boom was afoul, and her jigger sail flapped against the hot sides of the frigate's quarter. Red flames tongued out at her from port-holes, stretching to reach her canvas; they whipped into her tiny cabin, where all her ammunition was stored, covered only by a tarpaulin. And she would not clear herself from the tall sides of her victim.

For precious moments the Americans could not find what held her. Some one discovered at last that it was the hawser that the Tripolitans had sent aboard in their own small boat. It had been made fast to the stern of the ketch, and had been forgotten. A dozen cutlasses whirled through the red air; the hawser fell apart, and the *Mastico* drifted from the doomed ship. The men took to their long sweeps and rowed away. As they rowed, Decatur sent up a rocket as a signal to the *Siren* that the work was done.

The flames had gained the frigate's deck. They rolled in huge balls along the planking. Ribbons of blaze uncurled out of port-holes, and wrapped themselves along her sides. A ruddy glare spread over the water; a torrent of smoke streamed upward, lined with the flare of the flames, and shot with sparks.

The Americans rowed heartily. Soon the double-shotted guns of the frigate would become heated and go off; soon the boats and batteries of the Tripolitans would open on the little ketch, a fair mark in the pinkened waters of the bay.

Flames ran up the frigate's masts, curving over at the tops like fiery capitals on fiery columns. Sputtering serpents of fire twisted along shrouds and rigging, writhing through the rushing air. Strands of burning cordage squirmed and swung in the hot draught. Firebrands were tossed high on the swirling blast, to fall sizzling into the sea; black smoke billowed into the sky.

The flare of the fire lay tawny over the heaving waters of the bay. The gunboats of the Tripolitans stood out on the red flood; the batteries, fringed with black guns, blinked; the white walls of Tripoli stared blankly at the astounding spectacle. People rushed bewildered from their houses into the narrow, steep streets. Soldiers ran up and down the ramparts, yelling, gesticulating. And the little ketch, filled with the handful of brave men who had created the commotion, moved slowly across the midst of the brilliant harbor, a fair mark for every gunner.

"Boom!" A gunboat spoke to them, and a spurt of water leaped into the light a dozen fathoms away. The spray of it fell back in ruby drops. Another shot, and another. All the gunboats were pounding away, and the land batteries were coming into action. The air shook with the cannonading; the sea was lashed by the falling shot.

The men pulled at their sweeps. Not a shot struck them. The enemy were too excited to fire accurately. At the stern of the ketch a group of officers watched the spectacle, paying no attention to the shot and shell that showered about them. A little apart from them Decatur stood in silence, gazing wistfully at the seething mass of fire that had been the proud frigate *Philadelphia*.

A flash, brighter than flame, burst from the midst of the fire. A shower of sparks flew upward through the ascending rush of flame. The roar of a gun came across the waters from the frigate. Another flash; another shower of sparks; another roar of a gun. Another, and another. The guns of the *Philadelphia*, becoming heated, were going off, one by one.

Higher and higher, more and more madly, the billows of fire leaped from the burning vessel. The shot from the gunboats and the batteries fell farther and farther behind. The men at the sweeps, now near the Northern Passage, rested on their sweeps for a last look.

Suddenly the mass of flame was rent asunder. There was a mighty puff of fire and smoke, a deafening burst of sound rushed across the bay, and the *Philadelphia* leaped into a myriad burning fragments. The magazine had exploded.

The light died out; the swirling smoke and flame sucked upward, and spread across the astonished sky. Darkness descended; the pale light of the moon was nothing after the brilliancy of the burning ship.

There was the splashing of fragments falling back into the sea. A dozen bulging swells from where the ship had been caught and tossed the *Mastico*, and passed on to be lost in the waste waters of the sea. This was all. The thing was done. The *Philadelphia* was no more.

The men on the *Mastico* bent to their sweeps again in silence, and picked their way to where the boats of the *Siren* lay waiting for them, in answer to their signal rocket. It had become a story to be told through the years; a story that will quicken the hearts and set blood bounding through the veins of youth as long as valor and victory are dear to the hearts of Americans.

Admiral Nelson, hearing of the deed, pronounced it the most daring of the age. Lieutenant Decatur was promoted to a captaincy,



THEY WERE TAKEN TO THE GANGWAY AND THE MASTER-AT-ARMS
PREPARED A FLOGGING FOR THEM

and all the officers concerned received higher rank. Not one of the brave men was lost.

Twoscore years later, in 1844, when Captain Breese of the *Cumberland* visited Tripoli he caused a portion of the wreck to be raised, and had the water-logged timbers made into souvenirs. That is all that remains of the frigate *Philadelphia*, excepting the story.

PRIVATEERING

By EDGAR STANTON MACLAY

PRIVATEERING, so far as the United States have been engaged in it, has been limited to our two wars with Great Britain. It is true that during our troubles with the French Directory, 1798-1801, letters of marque were issued by the Government; but these were used chiefly by our merchantmen as a license to defend themselves from hostile craft. The few actions that took place in which ships armed at private expense were engaged are notable as being exceptions.

At the time the civil war broke out the commerce of the United States ranked as second in the world, being exceeded only by that of Great Britain. Of our large tonnage at that period, less than one-tenth belonged to the seceding States, and that one-tenth was quickly drafted into the regular service of the Confederacy or was destroyed by the vigilance of the Union blockade vessels and cruisers; so that there was, in fact, no field in which Northern privateersmen could engage. The Declaration of Paris in 1856 did much to discredit the practice of privateering. In response to the circular invitation issued by the Powers, Secretary Marcy, in behalf of the United States, proposed an amendment to the rules by which private property on the high seas in time of war would be exempt from seizure. No action was taken on Secretary Marcy's suggestion, however, and the United States did not become a party to the Declaration. After Lincoln's inauguration as President, our Government opened negotiations with the Powers, offering to accede to the terms of the Declaration unconditionally, one of which discountenanced privateering; but Great Britain declined to enter upon an agreement which would have been operative in the war then existing between the Northern and Southern States.

On April 17, 1861, Jefferson Davis announced that he would issue letters of marque against the commerce of the United States, and a few vessels sailed from the Southern ports with the license to "burn, sink, and destroy." By the close of May, 1861, some twenty prizes had been brought into New Orleans for adjudication. Most of these privateers were small vessels, old slavers, fishing schooners, revenue cutters and tugs. Had it not been for the energy with which the blockade was maintained they undoubtedly would



have inflicted an enormous amount of damage on Northern commerce. As a rule, these craft concealed themselves in the many inlets along the Southern coast and pounced upon any unsuspecting merchantman that happened along.

A few privateers made bolder ventures. A condemned slaver, renamed *Jeff Davis*, cruised along the New England coast, but after making a few valuable captures she was wrecked on the coast of Florida. A schooner fitted out in Charleston, named *Beauregard*, was captured by the United States bark *W. G. Anderson*, while the

privateer schooner *Judah* was destroyed at her moorings in Pensacola by a party of officers and seamen from the frigate *Colorado*, under the command of Rear-Admiral John Henry Russell. Another privateer from Charleston, the 54-ton pilot boat *Savannah*, was captured by the United States brig of war *Perry* and was carried to New York, where the crew were held on a charge of piracy. The Southerners met this step with threats of retaliation on the prisoners in their hands, and the charge was not pressed.

Probably the best-known Southern privateer was the *Petrel*, a revenue cutter converted to private use, which was sunk by a shell from the sailing frigate *St. Lawrence*. The popular story that the *St. Lawrence* was disguised as a merchantman at the time, and so decoyed the *Petrel* under her guns, is entirely erroneous, the frigate simply giving chase to the privateer, and, getting within gunshot, sank her.

Aside from these few unimportant instances of Confederate privateering, the South accomplished little in the line of private enterprise on the ocean. This was due principally to the rigor with which the blockade was maintained and to the vigilance of our cruisers on the high seas. The would-be privateersmen of the Confederacy, therefore, directed their energies to the more profitable occupation of blockade running, taking out Southern products and bringing in munitions of war. The better-known commerce destroyers of the Confederacy, such as the *Sumter*, *Florida*, *Alabama*, *Rappahannock*, and *Shenandoah*, cannot properly come under the head of privateers, for they were quite as regularly commissioned naval vessels as were our *Bonhomme Richard*, *Alliance*, *Trumbull*, *Deane*, or any of our other Continental war ships of the Revolution.

In summing up the record of our armed craft fitted out by private enterprise it will be found that in the struggle for independence one thousand one hundred and fifty-one privateers were commissioned, as follows: Three hundred and seven from Massachusetts, two hundred and eighty-three from Pennsylvania, one hundred and sixty-nine from Maryland, one hundred and forty-two from Connecticut, seventy-eight from New Hampshire, forty-four from Virginia, eighteen from Rhode Island, fifteen from New York, nine from South Carolina, four from New Jersey and four from North Carolina, while seventy-eight came from ports not designated.

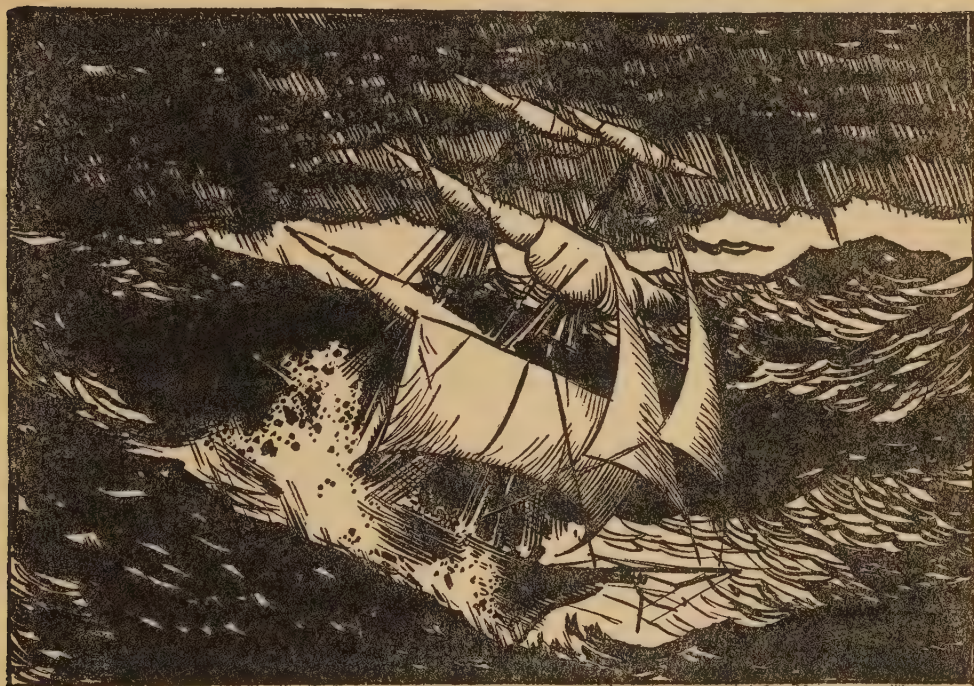
These vessels are known to have captured three hundred and forty-three of the enemy's craft, and it is probable that a considerable number of prizes were made of which the record is lost.

In the War of 1812 five hundred and fifteen privateers were commissioned, as follows: One hundred and fifty from Massachusetts, one hundred and twelve from Maryland, one hundred and two from New York, thirty-one from Pennsylvania, sixteen from New Hampshire, fifteen from Maine, eleven from Connecticut, nine from Virginia, seven from Louisiana, and seven from Georgia, while fifty-five were from ports not designated. These vessels are known to have captured one thousand three hundred and forty-five craft of all kinds from the enemy, though like their brethren of the Revolution, our privateersmen of the later war were careless in matters of record, and it is highly probable that a large number of seizures were made of which little trace is left.

After each of these wars the vessels engaged in the privateer service were laid up, used in commerce, or were destroyed, while their officers and men were compelled to seek employment in the more peaceful pursuits of life. Years after the War of 1812 it was not unusual to observe men who had once commanded the quarter-deck of an armed vessel, whose orders meant instant obedience and whose frowns were more dreaded than the heaviest gales or hostile cannon, bending over ledgers in the counting-rooms of shipping ports or engaged in menial service. Finding their calling as sea warriors gone, these men entered any trade or business offering, where they soon discovered that the qualifications peculiar and needful for the successful privateersman were not only out of place, but a positive hindrance, in their new fields of activity. As a rule, these mighty men of the sea rapidly reversed the scale of promotion, and for the rest of their lives ground out an humble existence as drudging clerks, longshoremen, or wage earners. Like the noble ships they once commanded, their occupation was gone, and they were laid up to rust and wear out the balance of their days in an inglorious existence, waiting for Father Time, the conqueror of all, to remove them to their final haven of rest. They have, however, left a record in the history of their country which is well worthy of preservation, and it will stand as an imperishable monument to the gallant part they played in the defense of their native land.

Part II

SPUME AND FLYING SPRAY



More Men and Ships

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!"

By ROBERT B. DUNCAN

CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE laid down his knife and fork and looked across the breakfast table at the servant who had just spoken. "A British frigate, did you say?" he asked, briskly.

"Yes, sir. A big British frigate, sir. In the offing, sir."

"A frigate? You are certain of that? Not the *Tenedos*, line-of-battle ship?"

"No, sir. A frigate, sir. The sentry at the fort reported it a frigate."

"And it is alone?" continued Captain Lawrence.

"Quite alone, sir. There is no other sail in sight. That is to say, no other ship-of-war, sir."

Captain Lawrence exchanged glances with the friend with whom he was breakfasting ashore in the city of Boston. "You will have to excuse me, if you will be so good," he said, earnestly. "I shall have to go aboard at once."

The friend showed concern. "What do you understand it to mean?" he asked.

"I take it to mean that Captain Broke has sent the *Tenedos* away from the station and takes this means of challenging the *Chesapeake* to come out and fight," returned Captain Lawrence, arising from the table. His two sons, who were breakfasting with him, arose also, in high excitement, and stood staring proudly at their father. It was something to have such a father! It was something to know that the entire country acclaimed him a hero, and it was something to know that he was entitled to the fame and honor that had come to him. For had he not, as captain of the *Hornet*, attacked and captured the British ship *Peacock*? And had he not been second in command of

the *Intrepid*, that time Decatur stole into the harbor of Tripoli and burned the frigate *Philadelphia*, which had fallen into the hands of the Tripolitans?

His friend got up from the table and laid an affectionate hand on Captain Lawrence's wrist. There was none who knew the man who did not love him. A great, strong, sturdy hero he was; a man of the finest grain, courteous, well-mannered, gentle, the core of chivalry; tall, handsome, with a fine head borne finely on broad shoulders.

"Captain Lawrence," his friend began, "are you going out to meet the *Shannon*?"

"Without delay," returned the officer, emphatically, moving toward the door.

His friend delayed him. "Captain Lawrence," he said, "I can understand your feelings in the matter, and I can only applaud them. It would be trying indeed for you to remain safely in the harbor with an enemy of equal strength flaunting his flag in front of you. But there are many things to be thought of. You are scarcely ready for such an encounter. Your crew is raw, and many of them are green hands. Many more of them are foreigners; some of them are even Englishmen. You do not know them, and they do not know you. You have never sailed with the officers who are under you, and you have never sailed in the *Chesapeake*. It is well known that she is not a fortunate ship; it would be well for you to know her and your crew better before you sail against so formidable an enemy, for the *Shannon* is reputed to be the best vessel of her class in the British navy."

"Which is another reason why I should proceed at once to meet her," answered Captain Lawrence, with a kindling eye. The thought of the contest was already stirring his blood; he saw the honor and renown that would come to him from success in the encounter.

"But there are many things to be thought of," repeated his friend. "Your reputation as a man of courage is in no danger; no one could think that you declined to fight from fear. It would be understood that it was only a sane caution on your part if you delayed meeting the enemy until you were better prepared."

Captain Lawrence gently removed his friend's detaining hand from his wrist, and looked him proudly between the eyes. "Once I lay off the harbor of San Salvador, Brazil, in the *Hornet*," he said.

"Inside the harbor was the British ship *Bonne Citoyen*. I sent in a challenge, asking her commander to come out and fight. He refused to do so. I know what my men thought of him, I know what his men thought of him, I know what I thought of him, and still think of him. He was a coward. I would not have my men, or the men of the *Shannon*, or Captain Broke, or my countrymen, think that I am a coward. If I knew that I was taking my vessel into certain destruction I would go without hesitation. But it is not so; the *Chesapeake*, as she is, is a match for any vessel in her class. You are very good to warn me. I receive your advice as it is given, in the spirit of friendship, but I cannot follow it. Good-bye. Commend me to my friends and bear a message for me to my wife. Tell her what has taken place between us. She will understand, and be glad that it is so."

His young sons slipped to his side, each of them taking a hand. He turned toward the door and left the house, making haste toward the water-front.

It was the first of June, 1813. For the first time in several days the sky was clear, and the sun bright. It sparkled and danced over the waves of Boston harbor, ruffled under a pleasant breeze. Out in the harbor lay the *Chesapeake*, the Monday wash of her men hanging from rope and rigging. Far out at the mouth of the harbor gleamed the towering white sails of the British frigate, sailing to and fro in defiance, hull down below the horizon.

Loyal officers on the wharf tried to dissuade him from going out to meet her. "Wait," they urged. He shook his head. He kissed his children with a stout heart, patted them on the head, laughed away their tears of pride and anxiety, stepped into a boat, and was rowed to the *Chesapeake*.

His friend was right when he had called the *Chesapeake* an unfortunate ship. It was the *Chesapeake* that had been overhauled and fired upon by the British ship *Leopard* in Chesapeake Bay six years before. The captain of the British ship, maintaining that some of the crew of the *Chesapeake* were deserters from the English navy, had demanded their return. When this had been refused, he had opened fire. The American ship was in no condition to make reply, not having expected an encounter with an enemy. She was just putting to sea; her ropes were about her decks; there had been no time

to make things shipshape. There were no matches for the guns; she would have been obliged to haul down her flag without answering with one shot if Lieutenant William Henry Allen, in command of the guns of the second division, had not taken a live coal from the galley fire in his naked fingers and touched one off. The flag was hauled down, after the *Chesapeake* had been under the fire of the *Leopard's* guns for fifteen minutes, and the American sailors had the humiliation of seeing four of their crew taken off by the British ship.

In the war with Great Britain which soon afterward followed, the *Chesapeake* had been unlucky. She had come to Boston, where she now was, from a cruise of four months in which she had captured only a few worthless prizes, while her sister ships were striking heavy blows at the honor of England on the seas, and were gaining for themselves fame and fortune. As soon as she got back to Boston she was blockaded, together with the *Constitution*, which was undergoing repairs, by the British line-of-battle ship *Tenedos*, and the frigate *Shannon*.

Captain Lawrence, returning from his victory in the *Hornet* over the *Peacock*, had asked for the *Constitution*, and had been given command of it, but the order had been withdrawn, and he was placed in charge of the *Chesapeake*. He was not pleased, but was too patriotic and loyal to complain, and went to Boston to assume command. He had been in charge of the ship for ten days; ten days full of trouble and annoyances.

His greatest trouble was with the crew. Your sailor is a superstitious fellow, and the *Chesapeake* was known among them as a hoodoo ship. They would not sail on her. There was another reason why sailors were hard to get. All the good men were shipping in privateersmen. The chances for prize money were greater on board a privateer, and the men did not have to submit to the rigid discipline of the naval officers. Because of the difficulty in getting good hands, the riffraff of the water-front was shipped aboard the frigate, and a number of farmer lads were taken; good enough lads in themselves, but wholly unfit for immediate service at sea.

The crew, when it was finally filled, consisted of men of all races and colors. Many of them were Portuguese, and, as Lawrence's friend had said, there were Englishmen in the crew. And to make

bad matters worse, the old sailors, who had been aboard in her recent cruise, were grumbling and sullen over the distribution of prize money. You must remember that when a war-ship takes a prize, the money the prize brings is divided between the officers and men. These men thought they had been cheated; and when a sailor thinks he has been cheated he is a hard customer to handle.

And worst of all, the officers on the *Chesapeake* were new in their positions, and, with one exception, new to the vessel. First Lieutenant Ludlow had sailed with her as third lieutenant in her recent cruise. The third and fourth lieutenants had just been promoted from midshipmen, and were not only not familiar with the *Chesapeake*, but with their duties in general.

Everything was in confusion when Captain Lawrence reached the deck of the *Chesapeake*. Many men of the crew were just coming aboard, some of them for the first time. Their hammocks littered the decks. Others of the crew stood about in idle groups, not knowing their duties, or not caring to tend to them. On the brink of an encounter which he knew must be a fierce one, the sight must have been discouraging to the brave man. But he bore himself above it, trusting to his own valor and the luck and pluck of the navy to bear him through.

Going to his cabin he wrote a note to the secretary of the navy. "An English frigate is now in sight from my deck," he wrote. "I have sent a pilot boat out to reconnoitre; and, should she be alone, I am in hopes to give a good account of her before night. My crew appear to be in fine spirits, and I hope they will do their duty."

Whether he was trying to make himself believe that, or whether he wrote the words as a matter of form, we cannot know. Neither can we know what he would have written, or what he would have done, if he could have overheard the talk that was going forward among this same crew at the moment he was writing.

One group was standing under the starboard gangway near the forecastle. The gangways were long platforms that ran from the level of the quarter-deck, which was higher than the main-deck and extended as far forward as the mainmast, to the forecastle, also higher than the main-deck, at the level of the quarter-deck. There was one on each side of the ship, affording a passage from the quarter-

deck to the fore-castle without making it necessary to descend to the main-deck and climb up again.

This group was under the gangway on the starboard side, near the fore-castle. They were a dozen men; Portuguese, Englishmen, some good-for-nothing Americans, and a negro or two. They were all crowding about a Portuguese, the boatswain's mate. He was a villainous-looking rogue, with long mustachios, a hooked nose, and an ugly scar over his wicked eyes. He was one of the few aboard who had been on the vessel during its recent voyage; they were listening to his complaints.

"This is a bad luck shep," he was growling. "We make long voyage in it before, and come on one, two, tree leetle shep, which we take, but it was not'ing. Poof! They were scarvy shep. So leetle money as that!" He snapped his fingers in the air to show his contempt for the prizes they had taken. "We sail tree, four mont', and fine not'ing. She be slow in the water like a hog. She wallow in the waves; she no good sailer. T'en we come home, and dey no give us our money. We show t'em, for no give us our money. They t'ink we fight for t'em like brave mans when t'ey no give us our money! Bah! We show t'em!"

The others muttered a chorus to his growls, although not many of them had the same cause of complaint. They scowled up and down the decks, letting their ugly glances loiter about the quarter-deck.

"T'ey t'ink we let our blood run for t'at we lof t'em," went on the Portuguese. "Ah, yes, we lof t'em. We lof t'em so much t'at we will fight and keel ourselves; oh, yes!"

The others grinned at his sarcasm.

"We have no chance against this *Shannon*," spoke up an English sailor. "I know what she is. A shipmate of mine was in her. That man Broke is the best fighter they have. And shoot, man! Why, they can hit a cask afloat in the water in any sea. My shipmate told me that they used to throw over a cask and fire at it, with extra rations of grog for the gun crew that hit it first. It never lasted many minutes in the water, let me tell you, and what chance have we against that ship? 'Tis the best in their navy, I'm telling you; the best manned, and the best drilled. Why, most of his men have

been with Broke for going on seven years." Which was quite true; he and his crew worked like a clock together.

"We're goin' to Halifax, that's where we're goin'!" piped a negro. "A friend ob mine who lived all ob his life in Nova Scotia, he done call out to me, jes' as we was leavin' the dock to come aboard: 'Good-bye, George,' says he. 'You's gwine to Halifax afore you comes back to Bostaing. Gib my lub to requirin' friends and tell 'em Ah berry well.' Dey all knowed we was goin' dere, fast enough, but dey didn't like nohow to be told it, dose people on the dock, and dey went foh ma friend good. I allow he got pretty bad messed up afore dey let him go."

The Portuguese boatswain's mate shrugged his shoulders and pulled at his long mustachios, to show how little he cared whether they went to Halifax or some other place. At the moment there was a hubbub under the forecastle, and a gang of drunken sailors came reeling out, driven by one of the lieutenants. They had been ashore drinking their good-byes. The Portuguese slipped up to them and whispered something in Portuguese. The men turned on the lieutenant, who was chasing them out of the forecastle, with ugly snarls. He faced them, cutlass in hand. The boatswain's mate slunk away, and the gang succumbed to the show of force on the part of the officer. But it was not a pretty thing to have happen on the verge of a stubborn engagement with the best vessel the enemy boasted.

Twelve o'clock. Captain Lawrence came upon the quarter-deck, trumpet in hand, and issued an order. The boatswain's whistle sounded; the sailors came tumbling to the mainmast, not knowing quite what was expected of them. The fourth lieutenant went forward with some of them. Presently there was the sound of a sailors' chantey, and the anchor windlass began to wheeze and squeal as the men hove up on the anchor. Others were sent aloft to unfurl the sails; others stood by halliards and sheets.

The foretopsail broke out and was sheeted home. The maintop-sail followed. One by one the other sails blossomed on the bare masts, the *Chesapeake* heeled gently, and began to move through the water. Captain Lawrence, standing on the quarter-deck, gazing far across the waters to where the white sails of the enemy showed over the sea, called the men to the mainmast. As they mustered, he whispered to a quartermaster at his elbow; the man jerked a signal hal-

liard, and a pennant, that had hung in a bunch at the main truck, burst into the breeze. It bore, in large letters, the legend: "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights," the motto of the American navy and the cry of the war.

The Portuguese boatswain's mate, shifting about on the edge of the mustered men, saw the signal pennant and sneered. "Ah, yes, we haf our sailors' rights," he snarled. "We haf t'e right to sail and fight and keel ourselves, and t'ey have the right to all the money we win for t'em with our fighting and our dying!"

Captain Lawrence turned to the men and began to speak to them, calling upon them to do their duty and promising them a ready victory. He had not gone far when certain coughings and hawkings that had commenced when he began grew into sly catcalls and impudent interruptions. Lawrence paused and glanced sternly down among the men until the disturbance ceased. If he had not known before what manner of crew he had he must have known it now.

He was beginning again when the Portuguese boatswain's mate called out from the skirts of the crowd. "Where ees our prize money?" he shouted.

"That is something I know little about," returned Captain Lawrence, quietly. "If there is any money due any of you which, through a misunderstanding, you have not obtained, you may depend upon the honesty and honor of the government to pay it to you in good time."

"We want it now!" "Where is our money!" came from half a dozen, emboldened by the Portuguese.

"You ask us to fight for you, and then, if we are not keeled, you cheat us of the money we earn," cried the surly boatswain's mate, closing his eyes to slits and showing his teeth beneath his heavy mustachios.

The pride of the man on the quarter-deck would not suffer his country to be accused of cheating its sailors. Captain Lawrence turned to the purser. "Take the men aside and make out checks for them," he ordered.

How different from the men of the *Hornet*, which he had commanded, or the *Constitution*, which he had hoped to command! Quarreling over a bit of money when they were sailing out to meet an enemy and fight for the honor of their flag! Even when he called

the attention of the crew to the flag bearing the motto: "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights," as he concluded his speech to them, there was only the faintest sort of a cheer, and they went back to their stations sullen and listless.

A feeling of heaviness spread through the ship. The men leaned against their guns, silent, or grumbling. The officers of the ship, going about on their business, walked with lagging feet and stooping shoulders, as though bearing a burden. There was no buoyancy, no joy, as there was wont to be when an American vessel went into action against the British with the emblem, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights," flying from the masthead. Even Captain Lawrence, standing in the majesty of his towering muscular frame and fine dignity on the quarter-deck, or passing among the men with words of confidence and cheer, seemed to feel the heaviness. His voice lacked ring; his eye was not as confident in its flashing as it had been that day the *Hornet* was about to fire into the *Peacock*. "*Peacock* them, boys, *Peacock* them," he said, trying to throw enthusiasm into his words; but they fell flat on ears that cared not what he said.

Slowly the beautiful ship clipped out of the harbor across the sparkling sea. In her wake came a fleet of smaller craft, laden with people from Boston, anxious to see the fight. All along the shore, in the direction of Marblehead and Salem, people were hurrying afoot and in vehicles, to catch what glimpse they could of it. They had long been fretful under the blockade the British ships had held in front of their port; they rejoiced in this blow that was to be struck to loosen the hold of the English fleet.

Four o'clock, and the *Chesapeake* was forging through the waters in the direction of the *Shannon*. Now the hull of the *Shannon* stood out clear against the waters of the sea; her fringe of black guns was distinct against the band of yellow which passed all along the length of the English ship where her gun-ports were.

"Boom." A gun on the windward side of the *Chesapeake* spoke out, telling the Englishmen that they were ready for the fight. The *Chesapeake* was to the windward of her enemy, bearing down rapidly. She might have crossed her stern and raked; Captain Brooke feared that manœuvre; but Captain Lawrence disdained to take such an advantage. He would fight it out, yard-arm to yard-arm, and might the best man win!

The *Shannon* was waiting under topsails and jib. The *Chesapeake* drew abreast. The men were at the guns; the sailors and marines in the tops. Slowly the bow of the American ship forged ahead; now her bowsprit was even with the stern of the enemy; now the ships were beginning to overlap, fifty yards apart. The shadow of the *Chesapeake's* sails, cast by the setting sun, lay across the decks of the *Shannon*.

A flash from the sternmost gun on the Englishman, a boom, and a shot came rushing across the narrow strip of water that was between them. Before it struck the *Chesapeake*, another gun, next forward to the first, had spoken, so they went, one after the other, as the advancing vessel came within range.

The guns had been loaded alternately with two round shot and a keg containing one hundred and fifty musket balls, and a round shot with a double-headed shot on top of it. The destruction from the first fire was appalling. Captain Lawrence, glancing along his decks, saw a cloud of splinters, hammocks, and other wreckage sweep across, mingled with men, killed and wounded.

Something struck him a sharp blow in the leg, above the knee, leaving a dull, beating pain where it had hit. He looked down and saw the blood come sopping through his breeches about a hole. One of the musket balls had found him. His leg grew weak in an instant, but he leaned against the companionway and watched the fight, giving directions.

They told him that his sailing-master had been killed by the first broadside. He saw Lieutenant Ludlow reeling, and saw two spots of blood on his clothing; he saw wounded men crawling and being dragged below to the cockpit.

The *Chesapeake* answered with a roar. Both ships were in full action. The air was beaten with loud sound. The small boats that had come out to see the fight, cruising about at a distance, saw the first few flashes, and then a dense cloud of yellow smoke concealed all but the tops of the masts, where the sails hung loosely as the two ships surged side by side in mortal combat.

Well did the cask-shooting of the British gunners stand them in stead that day. Their shots tore through the sides of the *Chesapeake*, sweeping men from their guns, tearing them, hurling them across the decks before a swarm of spinning slivers. The ends of severed

ropes came swirling down from the rigging, to hang in long, swinging shreds, useless, tangling with the rigging that still stood.

The American gunners were not all sullen and laggards. They fired as fast and as hard as they could in the face of the storm that was sweeping destruction down upon them, and their shots were not without effect. One of them, passing in at a gun-port on the *Shannon*, disabled the gun, broke the leg of the captain of the gun, and narrowly missed Captain Broke, who was stepping over the gun chain at the moment.

The speed at which the *Chesapeake* had come up was beginning to carry her ahead of the enemy. Captain Lawrence, leaning against the companionway to ease his wounded leg, saw it, and ordered the sails to be backed. But the sailing-master was dead, and the rigging was shot so badly that the manœuvre could not be carried out. In the attempt the vessel swung into the wind, and went drifting down toward the *Shannon*, stern on.

Now the English poured in a murderous fire. The stern guns on the *Shannon* raked the *Chesapeake* from stern to stem; the forward guns cross-fired her deck. In the tops English marines, armed with muskets and hand-grenades, picked off the gunners. Three men had already been shot from the wheel of the *Chesapeake*.

The two vessels came together, the stern of the *Chesapeake* grinding against the sides of the *Shannon* just forward of the main chains. The stern-ports of the American were beaten in; men were deserting her guns. The Portuguese boatswain's mate was nowhere to be seen.

"Call up the boarders!" cried Captain Lawrence, seeing a chance to carry the enemy by storm when the two vessels came together.

The British marines were pouring in a killing hail of lead from their ranged muskets.

Where was the bugler, to sound the bugle call for the boarders? Midshipmen ran to look for him; it was the negro George for whom they searched; he who had been in the group with the Portuguese before the fight, whose friend had told him he was going to Halifax.

They did not find him. At a word from Lawrence, midshipmen and lieutenants ran to call up the boarders by word of mouth. Running here and there, they found George, the negro bugler, hiding under the stern of the launch. They dragged him out; he was pale with fear. "Sound the call!" they cried.

He put the bugle to his lips, and blew, but only a feeble sound came from the instrument; the man was too frightened to blow it.

Lieutenant Law of the *Shannon's* marines, looking through a rift in the smoke, saw the white vest of Captain Lawrence, where he leaned against the companionway, waiting for the boarders to come up that he might lead them aboard the enemy. He snatched a gun from a marine, aimed it, and fired. Captain Lawrence crumpled up and fell to the deck. Lieutenant Ludlow, mortally hurt, saw him sink, and sobbed.

Strong arms raised the commander. He was shot through the abdomen. His arms hung limp as they carried him below; his head swung from side to side with their steps.

The fire slackened. Captain Lawrence raised his lids; his lips moved. "Tell the men to fire faster!" he said, in steady voice. "Fight her till she sinks or strikes. Don't give up the ship!"

Here and there men on the decks of the *Chesapeake* were sneaking away and stealing down below, out of the murderous draft of iron and lead that was rushing through the ship. There was no one forward to command the gunners; their guns ceased speaking. There was no one anywhere to give command. Everything was helter-skelter.

They laid the stricken American on a cot in the cockpit; surgeons hovered over him, knowing from the first that he was beyond aid. His face was pale, but his jaw was set firmly. "Keep the guns going!" he ordered. "Fight her till she strikes or sinks. Don't give up the ship!"

Boatswain Stevens, of the *Shannon*, appeared at her main chains with lashings. He leaned out, and cast them about a stanchion on the *Chesapeake*. A half dozen cutlasses bit deeply into his arm. He made the lashings fast; his arm fell into the sea as he finished lashing the vessels together.

The flukes of an anchor hanging from the sides of the *Shannon* caught in one of the *Chesapeake's* ports; the two vessels were bound tight.

"Don't give up the ship!" rang the voice of Captain Lawrence, down in the cockpit. The pain from his wound was creeping over him; his senses were swinging out of him. "Don't give up the ship! Don't give up the ship!" he murmured.

Captain Broke, seeing the confusion on board the American vessel, and perceiving that the enemy was not going to board, ordered the marines to follow him. A hand-grenade, dropped by a man from the yard-arm of the *Shannon*, fell in an arm chest on the quarter-deck of the *Chesapeake*. There was a flash, a report, and the air was filled with flying débris. The Americans on the quarter-deck, having no one to lead them, scattered. The Portuguese boatswain's mate beckoned them below.

"Boarders away!" cried Captain Broke, and leaped aboard, followed by a handful of marines.

Those below did not know the enemy had boarded; they did not know anything that was going on above. The ship was in disorder; it was a body without brains.

Some few turned to meet the advancing Englishmen. But the crew for the most part ran from their guns, and sought safety below. Leading them to refuge was the Portuguese boatswain's mate. "We'll teach t'em to cheat us of our prize money!" he snarled, as he ran away.

Bright through the air flashed the sword of the English captain. Mr. Livermore, chaplain of the *Chesapeake*, stood almost alone to oppose him. He advanced, fire flashing from his eyes. In his hand was a pistol. He aimed it at Broke, and pulled. The ball went wild. In the next instant, the Toledo blade in the hands of the Englishman described a flashing arc through the air and descended toward the chaplain's head. He raised an arm and fended it off, but the steel bit deeply, and he reeled to the deck under the force of the blow.

The noise of scuffling feet came to the ears of the American captain, lying mortally wounded in the cockpit. "Fire faster!" he said faintly. "Don't give up the ship!"

Some one told him that the enemy had carried the quarter-deck. He struggled to raise himself on the bed, but sank back, shot with a sudden increase of pain. "Then the officers of the deck haven't toed the mark!" he cried, his voice stronger for a moment. "The *Shannon* was whipped when I left the deck!" His eyelids fluttered and closed. He twisted with a spasm of pain, and sank back, relaxing. "Don't give up the ship!" he murmured. "Don't give up the

ship!" The anguish had stripped the sense from his body but the thoughts of his soul were fixed on that: "Don't give up the ship!"

Captain Broke, at the head of his men, rushed forward along the main-deck and gangways. The American marines fought back, but were pushed away. Up in the foretop of the *Chesapeake* a band of them were firing down on the boarders. A cannon on the *Shannon*, loaded with cannister, was lifted and shouted out at them. The murderous charge shrieked through the air, and the top was thenceforth silent.

"Don't give up the ship!" murmured the voice of the stricken man in the cockpit.

Back in Boston, two young lads were listening to the distant muffled roar of the fight, thinking of their father as they had last seen him, tall, straight, clear-eyed, brave, noble, a father to be proud of. They fancied that they saw him now on the quarter-deck, guiding the ship to victory; they saw the humbled English captain handing him his sword in token of surrender. They heard in their thoughts the hurrahs of the American sailors as the British flag came down from the ensign-gaff. With hands clutching each other, they dreamed of the honor and glory that their father would bring back.

And back in Boston the man with whom Captain Lawrence had eaten breakfast that morning was opening a message that had just come, addressed to the captain. It had been brought there from Captain Broke by an American sailor who had been a prisoner on the *Shannon*, and had been liberated to carry the message. "As the *Chesapeake* now appears to be ready for sea," the letter read, "I request you will do me the honor to meet the *Shannon* with her, ship to ship, to try the fortunes of our respective flags. To an officer of your character, it requires some apology for proceeding to further particulars. Be assured, sir, it is not from any doubt I can entertain of your wishing to close with my proposal, but merely to provide an answer to any objection which might be made, and very reasonably, upon the chance of our receiving any unfair support." The letter went on to assure Captain Lawrence that all other British vessels would be sent away before the day of combat. There was added a careful statement of the strength of the *Shannon*, that Lawrence might understand that the ships were fairly matched.

"What a pity, what a pity!" sighed the man. "If Lawrence had only had this before he left, he might have set a day for the fight without compromising his honor, and have prepared himself better for it." And the man shook his head sadly, with a premonition that the day was going badly with his friend.

Up to the forecastle dashed the British marines, Captain Broke at their head. As they were pressing across the deck, Lieutenant Cox, who had just heard that the enemy was aboard, came up from below, and fell in with them, not knowing in the confusion which were friends and which were enemies. He soon learned, for they hacked at him with their cutlasses. But when he looked for friends with whom he could rally to meet the onslaught, he saw none. The deck was deserted. He only saw, through a hatchway, the rascally Portuguese boatswain's mate opening the main hatch and letting some British marines down into the hold.

"Don't give up the ship!" broke from the lips of the dying man in the cockpit.

Now the two ships broke apart and drifted away from each other. If Lawrence had been there, if the sailing-master had not been killed, if there had been any one to lead, they might even now have conquered, for the English captain was on board with only a few marines behind him, and they could have taken him captive. But there was no one to lead. Lieutenant Ludlow had long since gone below, overcome by his wounds; Lieutenant Cox was confused and hopeless, and the brave soul that would have risen above the situation lay down in the cockpit, breathing: "Don't give up the ship! Don't give up the ship!"

A little knot of sturdy defenders still stood on the forecastle, braving the oncoming English. They rushed upon the conquerors with the fury of desperate men. For a moment the advance was held back; in the next Broke himself overbore the defense, dashing headlong into the struggle. With one sweep of his Toledo he cut down the first who opposed him, but the next hewed his cutlass through the skull of the Englishman, clear to the brain.

Broke fell; the blade had stopped a thirty-second of an inch short of taking his life at once. Beside him fell an American seaman, dying of a wound. The two grappled. Weak with the loss of blood and the shock of their wounds, their struggle was feeble, but they

were intent on each other's death. The American, with a last rally of his ebbing strength, got on top of the English captain, picked up a bayonet, and was gathering strength to press it home, when an English marine came up.

The marine, in the excitement of the encounter, was about to thrust his bayonet through the body of his own commander, when Broke called out, "Pooh, pooh, you fool! Don't you know your captain?" And the fellow, changing the direction of his blow, slew the American as he was swinging his raised bayonet for the fatal stroke.

Down below in the cockpit the proud soul of James Lawrence was murmuring: "Don't give up the ship! Don't give up the ship!"

And they did not give up the ship, in a sense. There was no one left to give it up. The British simply took possession. Lieutenant Watt of the British marines went and pulled down the ensign. As he did so a shot from the *Shannon* killed him. Some on board thought the *Chesapeake* was still an American ship, and some thought that it had become a British ship. Here men were still fighting; there they had ceased and were talking it over, captor and prisoner.

Sam went to Halifax, as his negro friend had prophesied he would when he left the wharf at Boston to go aboard the frigate. James Lawrence died on the passage thither, and Captain Broke hovered between life and death. He finally recovered and lived to enjoy immense fame and popularity in England as the only man who had captured a Yankee war-ship.

Halifax went in mourning for the death of Captain Lawrence, whose treatment of the *Peacock's* crew had won for him the regard of the people there. His body was interred in Halifax, but six weeks later was brought to Boston and carried thence to New York, where it found a final resting-place in Trinity churchyard.

This is the inscription on his tomb; you may see it for yourself when you go to New York.

"Neither the fury of battle, the anguish of a mortal wound, nor the horrors of approaching death could subdue his gallant spirit. His dying words were: 'Don't give up the ship!'"

LOG AND LEAD

By E. F. KNIGHT

 LEAD and *Line* for sounding are indispensable on every ship. For a small cruiser the *deep-sea-lead*, weighing 28 pounds, is of course unnecessary; the *hand-lead* of 14 pounds, is sufficient; and even a lighter lead, say of five pounds, will as a rule be found the most convenient for coasting purposes.

The line generally used with the hand-lead is twenty-five fathoms * long, and is marked at intervals in the following manner:—

At 2 fathoms with Leather with two ends.

3	"	"	Leather with three ends.
5	"	"	White calico.
7	"	"	Red bunting.
10	"	"	Leather with a hole in it.
13	"	"	Blue serge.
15	"	"	White calico.
17	"	"	Red bunting.
20	"	"	Strand with two knots in it.

These *marks* make it easy to distinguish the depth of water when sounding by day; and, at night, the leadsman can tell by the different feel of the materials used for the marks which one is passing through his hand. The intervening unmarked depths in fathoms are called the *deeps*; of these there are therefore eleven, as follows:—1, 4, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 19 fathoms.

In order to take soundings from a vessel which is under way, hold the line in the hand about six feet from the lead; swing the lead round to give it momentum, and throw it forward so that it

* A fathom was formerly five or five and a half feet; now universally six feet.

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falls in the water in front of the vessel. The advance of the vessel will bring the line almost perpendicularly over the lead; take in the slack of the line so soon as the absence of weight shows you that the lead has reached the bottom; and then the portion of the line on the surface of the water will indicate the depth. In order to obtain an accurate sounding, all this must be done quickly, more especially if the vessel has much speed on her. It is often advisable to heave the vessel to while sounding.

It is the custom at sea for the leadsman after taking a cast of the lead to sing out the depth in marks and deeps. Thus if the first piece of red bunting is on the surface of the water, indicating a depth of seven fathoms, he calls out "*By the mark seven.*" If the five-fathom mark is submerged and the seven-fathom mark is six feet out of the water, he calls out "*By the deep six.*" The depths are calculated to quarter fathoms; thus if the depth be a quarter of a fathom more than six fathoms, this would be announced by the leadsman as "*By the deep six, and a quarter six.*"

Always take soundings on the windward side of a vessel: if you throw the lead over on the lee side, the leeway of the vessel will cause her to drift across your line, which may consequently get foul of keel or rudder.

There is a hollow at the heel of a lead, and if this be filled with tallow (the process is called "arming the lead") a cast of the lead brings up a specimen of the bottom, mud, gravel, shells, as the case may be. This is often of great service—in foggy weather, for example, when landmarks are not distinguishable—for if one compares the depth of water and nature of the bottom as given by the lead with the similar indications on the chart, the position of the vessel may be ascertained, after allowance is made for the state of the tide. Soundings as they appear on the charts, are always calculated for low water, ordinary spring tides.

The LOG-SHIP, LOG-LINE, and LOG-GLASS enable one to calculate a vessel's speed through the water. The LOG-SHIP is a triangular piece of wood, about five inches broad, weighted with lead on one side so as to sink it and keep it perpendicular. The end of the log-line is attached to the corners of the log-ship by three small lines, forming a bridle. One of these lines terminates in a peg which fits into a hole in the log-ship, in such a way that it is released when a

strain is put on the log-ship; the log-ship then being turned on edge, offers small resistance to the water, and can be more easily hauled on board.

The LOG-GLASS is a common sand-glass constructed so as to run out in a certain number of seconds—generally fifteen or thirty seconds.

The LOG-LINE, which is 120 fathoms long, is knotted at regular intervals, the distances between knot and knot bearing the same proportion to a nautical mile as the number of seconds in which the glass runs out bears to one hour. The last few fathoms of line next to the log-ship are not knotted, and this portion, known as the *stray-line*, is marked by a bit of bunting. The log-line is wound round a reel.

The log is “hove” in the following way:—One man takes the reel in his hand while another holds the log-glass upright, with all the sand lying in the lower cup. When the word is given the log-ship is thrown overboard and drops astern. The moment that the bunting, marking the end of the stray-line, is seen to go over the quarter, the order *turn* is given and the man holding the glass reverses it so that the sand begins to run. The log-ship, owing to the resistance of the water, drags the line out from the reel. As the last sand runs out of the upper cup of the glass, the man holding it calls *stop*. The line is immediately checked, and the number of knots that have gone overboard show the number of nautical miles or *knots* per hour that the vessel is making through the water. The check on the line at the end of the operation releases the bridle-peg of which I have spoken, so that the log-ship is now easily hauled on board.

The patent self-registering logs are scarcely to be recommended for small craft. Though answering excellently on steamers, they are apt to register a less distance than has in reality been made if a vessel is sailing slowly in light winds. After some practice one should be able, by looking at the water over the side, to gauge pretty accurately the rate at which a craft is going; and it is rare indeed, even in the course of a long coasting voyage, that he will find it necessary to use a log of any description—at any rate that is my experience.

“OLD IRONSIDES”

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

OF ALL the ships that have ever flown the flag of the United States the frigate *Constitution*, nicknamed “Old Ironsides” because of her heavy timbers, is the most renowned. Launched at Boston in 1797, she was the largest and most heavily-armed frigate of her day and the pride of the American navy before the era of sails and wooden hulls gave place to that of steam and ironclads.

At the end of the eighteenth century most great warships were known as line-of-battle ships. They were tremendously heavy and clumsy and capable of little speed. Their sides were high and below the main deck there were three gun-decks, each filled with cannon that fired through square ports in the vessel’s side. Such a ship was the *Victory*, Lord Nelson’s flagship at the battle of Trafalgar, an awkward, powerful giant constructed only for fighting, and generally engaging the enemy in fleet formation. Great was the difference between a line-of-battle ship such as the *Victory* and the new type of frigate like the *Constitution*.

The frigates were the cruisers of a century ago, built for speed in order to enable them to prey on the enemy’s commerce. Sometimes they sailed in fleets, but more frequently alone. They carried guns on the main deck and on one gun-deck below, and so needed little of the high superstructure that encumbered the earlier warships.

In planning the armament of the *Constitution* her builders improved on other frigates. She had thirty 24-pounders on her gun-deck, twenty-two 32-pound carronades on her quarter deck and fore-castle deck, and in addition three long guns, called “bow chasers,” to use when pursuing an enemy. With her fifty-five guns she out-classed most European frigates, which customarily carried from

thirty-two to fifty guns, of lighter weight than those of the *Constitution*.

She was also built of heavier timbers than most foreign frigates. Of finer design than the line-of-battle ship, with lower sides and a lighter bow and stern, she could easily outsail the latter type of vessel while her heavy armament enabled her successfully to compete with its fire. What she could do in combat with an English frigate was a question, for the British navy had a long record of triumphs and that of the United States was practically untried.

The *Constitution*, having served as Captain Preble's flagship in the war with Tripoli in 1805, sailed from Boston on August 2, 1812, commanded by Captain Isaac Hull, who was eager to meet some of the widely-celebrated English frigates whose officers had frequently spoken derisively of "the fir-built Yankee frigates flying a piece of striped bunting at their mastheads."

North she cruised to the Bay of Fundy without meeting an enemy ship and then headed for the Gulf of St. Lawrence in hope of intercepting some English vessels bound for Quebec. Finding none in that vicinity, Captain Hull stood out to sea, and on the morning of the fifteenth sighted five ships. Crowding on all sail the *Constitution* was overhauling them when, after setting fire to a brig, the strangers scattered. Hull chose the largest ship, and coming up with her found that she was an English merchant vessel in the hands of an American prize crew. As it happened, however, the *Constitution* had arrived at an opportune moment, for the prize had been about to fall into the clutches of the British ships which were now scurrying to leeward. Later that same day the *Constitution* sighted another ship, which she pursued and caught up with after a sharp chase. This proved to be the American brig *Adeline*, which had been captured by the English sloop of war *Avenger* and which was now in charge of an English prize crew. This crew surrendered to Captain Hull, who destroyed the brig and ordered the merchant vessel to proceed with its American crew and British prisoners to Boston. The *Constitution* then sailed south, with the intention of looking for enemy frigates in the waters off Bermuda.

On the night of August eighteenth a ship approached close to the *Constitution* before she was seen. When sighted, Captain Hull immediately chased the stranger, which fled away from him. After

a long pursuit the *Constitution* overtook the other vessel and Hull sent an officer aboard her who learned that she was the American privateer *Decatur*, and that her captain had mistaken the *Constitution* for a British cruiser and had thrown overboard in his flight twelve of her fourteen guns in order to lighten her weight.

The commander of the *Decatur* informed Captain Hull that on the previous day he had sighted an English frigate sailing southward. In the hope of coming up with this ship Hull changed his course and at one o'clock on the next day, when he was about opposite the port of Halifax, he discovered a sail on the horizon, a ship on the starboard tack, close hauled and under easy canvas. Soon this ship was made out to be an English frigate and from her maneuvers it appeared that she was desirous of engaging the *Constitution*, for as the latter bore down the English ship shortened her topsails, foresail, jib and spanker and braced her main topsail to the mast, with the object of waiting for her opponent to come up.

When the frigates were about three miles apart Captain Hull sent down his royal yards, reefed his topsails, hauled up the courses, and ordered the *Constitution* cleared for action.

American tars, like American frigates, were not veterans of many sea fights as were their English rivals. But the men under Captain Hull were a stalwart, determined crew; in their minds rankled the memory of the arbitrary impressment of American sailors by British commanders, a practice that had been one of the causes of the War of 1812; not a few of them had felt the English lash on their own backs, and some were the descendants of men who had been in British prison ships during the Revolution. They were well disciplined, had been thoroughly drilled at the guns, and now were eager to prove the Yankee frigate the peer of any fighting ship on the seven seas.

About four in the afternoon the English frigate hoisted four flags and fired a few shots at the *Constitution* to get the range. The two ships exchanged broadsides, but the shots fell short. Then for some time the English frigate maneuvered to obtain a raking position, but, finding that the American would not allow that, she laid her main topsail to the mast and ran with the wind on the quarter under topsails and jib.

Captain Hull, seeing that the enemy was willing to engage in a yardarm fight, made sail to come up with her. He had his colors flying, a jack at each masthead and one at the mizzen peak. To avoid being raked by the American guns the English frigate wore three or four times, discharging alternate broadsides, which took little effect, however, owing to the frigate's constant change of position and the resulting alteration in the level of her guns. For the same reason the fire of the *Constitution* was also ineffectual.

As these maneuvers kept the two frigates too widely separated for fighting, Captain Hull, at six o'clock, ordered the *Constitution* steered directly for the enemy and the main topgallant sail set. The English frigate then bore up gradually to almost the same course as the *Constitution*, but the latter's greater canvas allowed her to close upon her opponent's port quarter and beam, at about two hundred yards' distance, and then to approach still nearer.

The frigates were about to engage in an action at close quarters, so Hull ordered his men to cease firing and prepare to deliver their next broadside with the most telling effect. The guns were loaded with round shot and grape and the crews stood at attention. The ships were now only a short distance apart and the gun-crews could see each other distinctly through the open ports.

The English frigate continued her firing, but no command to return it came from the quarter-deck of the *Constitution*. A shot struck the American's bulwarks and sent splinters flying and wounded several men. The English crew cheered. A few moments later First Lieutenant Morris of the *Constitution* went to the quarter-deck where Captain Hull was pacing and said: "The enemy has opened fire and killed two of our men. Shall we return it?"

"Not yet, sir," was the answer.

Three times Lieutenant Morris asked if he might fire, and each time Captain Hull made the same reply, "Not yet, sir." At length, when he had gained a position about forty yards off the enemy's port quarter, Hull gave the order to fire. The *Constitution* belched forth a storm of shot from guns that were carefully aimed and discharged at short range. That first broadside ripped through the enemy's bulwarks, splintered wood in all directions and scattered the gun-crews.

Broadside now followed broadside. So rapid and so accurate was the American fire that within a few minutes the English frigate's

main yard was shot away and her hull, rigging and sails badly slashed and cut. The *Constitution*, on her part, suffered no serious damage. Then a 24-pound shot crashed through the English ship's mizzen-mast a few feet above the deck, and, the weight of the sails bringing it down, the mast fell over the quarter and knocked a large hole in the hull.

The wrecked mast acted like a rudder and brought the frigate up to the wind in spite of her helm. The *Constitution* turned to rake the enemy and sent in two broadsides. A moment later the jib boom of the English ship passed over the American's quarter-deck.

Now the cannonading stopped as each crew waited to see if the other would board. The English commander ordered his first lieutenant to send all the men up from the guns to the main deck; but when he saw the crew of the *Constitution* ready to repel boarders he hesitated to give the word to his men to leap to the other ship. With the crews of both frigates on deck the riflemen were now able to fire at close range and the men in the tops on both sides energetically renewed their shooting. So close by now had the two ships swung together that the English vessel's cutwater chafed against the side of the *Constitution*, her white and gold figurehead was within grasp of the American crew, and her bowsprit reached entirely across her opponent's quarter-deck and rose and fell over the heads of the Yankees with the motion of the waves.

This spar would afford the enemy an excellent means of boarding, and in order to see if they were preparing to make such an attempt Lieutenant Morris climbed up on the taffrail. From there he heard the English commander directing his crew, gathered on the forecastle, how to board the *Constitution*. Morris reported this to Captain Hull, and immediately sailors and marines were stationed on the quarter-deck, armed with pistols, muskets, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes, ready for the first Englishman who should thrust his head over the bulwarks.

Lieutenant Morris, intending to lash the two frigates together, seized a rope that dangled from the enemy's bowsprit and, climbing up by it, was taking a few turns of the main brace about that spar when a bullet from a sharpshooter in the English tops struck him and he fell to the deck. It was now seen that the frigates would foul, and the first lieutenant of marines and another officer on the *Constitu-*

tion ran to the taffrail with their men to board the enemy. A shot from the main-top wounded an officer and the lieutenant of marines was killed as he mounted the rail. Captain Hull leaped on an arms chest to lead the boarding-party, but was dragged back by a sailor who urged him not to climb the taffrail unless he took off the epaulets that indicated his rank. The two ships were now so close that an American seaman, having fired his boarding pistol, and missed, threw the weapon and hit an English sailor. The American flag at the main topgallant mast-head was shot away and a sailor climbed the rigging and lashed another flag in its place. In each of the *Constitution's* tops were seven marines, six loading muskets while the seventh, the best marksman, did the firing, which from that height could rake the enemy's decks.

The ships were rolling so much that neither side found it practicable to board the other. As she stood, the English frigate could not bring a single one of her broadside guns to bear on the *Constitution*, and as she was herself exposed to a heavy cannonade she was in peril of being speedily destroyed. At this crucial point, however, the ships fell somewhat apart and the English vessel, tearing her bowsprit loose from the *Constitution's* rigging, paid off a short distance and so was enabled to bring her guns into use. Some of the burning wads from her cannon were blown into the after cabin of the *Constitution* and the ship was in danger of taking fire, but the crew put out the flames before they reached the decks or sails.

As she dropped astern the English frigate's bowsprit, hitting the *Constitution's* taffrail, slackened the forestays of the English ship, and as her fore shrouds on the port side had already been cut away the foremast now went by the starboard side, and so crossed the main stays. This wrench given the mainmast carried it along with the foremast, and the tremendous weight of masts, yards and rigging came down with a terrific crash, and left the English frigate without any masts standing.

The ship, shattered and hardly more than a hull, fell into the trough of the sea; her guns, entirely useless now, rolled in the water.

The American commander, seeing that his opponent could make no further resistance, drew off to repair the damage to his own rigging, since at any moment another British frigate or a squadron might appear and have him at a disadvantage.

About seven o'clock in the evening the *Constitution* returned and Captain Hull sent Third Lieutenant Read alongside the English ship to receive her surrender. The vessel was the 38-gun frigate *Guerrière*, commanded by Captain Dacres. When the American officer asked if the frigate had struck her colors Captain Dacres replied: "I don't know that it would be prudent to continue the engagement any longer."

"Do I understand you to say that you have struck?" demanded the American lieutenant.

Dacres hesitated; he had been one of those who had ridiculed the new American frigates and he hated to surrender to one of them. "Not precisely," he answered; "but I don't know that it will be worth while to fight any longer."

"If you cannot decide," said the Lieutenant, "I will return aboard my ship and we will resume the engagement."

"Why," cried the English captain, "I am pretty much *hors de combat* already! I have hardly men enough left to work a single gun, and my ship is in a sinking condition."

"I wish to know, sir," was the retort, "whether I am to consider you as a prisoner of war or an enemy. I have no time for further parley."

"I believe now there is no alternative," Dacres reluctantly answered. "If I could fight longer I would with pleasure; but I must surrender."

Captain Hull and Captain Dacres, like many of the American and English officers in the War of 1812, had frequently met before hostilities began between their two countries, and Dacres, according to report, had made a wager of a hat with Hull on the outcome of any engagement between their two frigates should they chance to encounter each other. When Dacres, who had been wounded during the fighting, went up the ladder to the *Constitution's* deck to surrender his sword, Captain Hull said: "Dacres, give me your hand. I know you are hurt"; and helped him over the ship's side. Then when Dacres offered his sword Hull promptly responded: "No, no, I will not take a sword from one who knows so well how to use it; but I'll trouble you for that hat."

When he learned of the heavy casualties on the English frigate

the American commander immediately sent his surgeon's mate to assist in tending the wounded.

Boats removed the prisoners from the *Guerrière* to the *Constitution* during the night, and when, early in the morning, a sail was sighted heading south Captain Hull at once cleared for action. The stranger ship stood off, however, and presently disappeared. Soon after daybreak the officers on the *Guerrière* shouted that the ship had four feet of water in the hold and was in danger of sinking. All the remaining British wounded and prisoners were then transferred to the *Constitution*, and as the *Guerrière* was too much of a wreck to be towed into port she was blown up.

The *Constitution* was twelve to fifteen feet longer than her opponent and had a trifle more beam. At the time of the battle she carried fifty-five guns and had a crew of four hundred and sixty-eight. The *Guerrière*, which had been captured from the French by the English frigate *Blanche* in 1806, had in her fight with the American ship forty-nine guns and two hundred and sixty-three to three hundred in her crew. The actual duration of the engagement had been forty minutes and the hull of the *Constitution* was scarcely touched, her injuries being mainly to the rigging, while the *Guerrière* had been rendered utterly unseaworthy and been practically demolished by the remarkable fire of the American gunners.

Until that encounter the small American navy had met with little success against England in the War of 1812. Great was the rejoicing therefore when on August thirtieth the *Constitution*, decked with bunting, appeared off Boston Lighthouse and amid the booming of cannon sailed up the harbor with news of her victory over the *Guerrière*.

That victory emboldened the American navy and gave Yankee crews confidence in their ability to meet the English on an even footing. The American-built frigate had been proven as good as any on the seas. The *Constitution* was victorious in many later engagements, but it was because "Old Ironsides" won such a signal triumph over the *Guerrière* that she became the idol of the American people and has always been given the place of honor in the American navy.

OLD IRONSIDES

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

★ Y, TEAR her tattered ensign down!
★  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!

THE CHASE

By HERMANN MELVILLE

THAT night, in the mid-watch, when the old man—as his wont at intervals—stepped forth from the scuttle in which he leaned, and went to his pivot-hole, he suddenly thrust out his face fiercely, snuffing up the sea air as a sagacious ship's dog will, in drawing nigh to some barbarous isle. He declared that a whale must be near. Soon that peculiar odor, sometimes to a great distance given forth by the living sperm whale, was palpable to all the watch; nor was any mariner surprised when, after inspecting the compass, and then the dog-vane, and then ascertaining the precise bearing of the odor as nearly as possible, Ahab rapidly ordered the ship's course to be slightly altered, and the sail to be shortened.

The acute policy dictating these movements was sufficiently vindicated at daybreak, by the sight of a long sleek on the sea directly and lengthwise ahead, smooth as oil, and resembling in the pleated watery wrinkles bordering it, the polished metallic-like marks of some swift tide-rip, at the mouth of a deep, rapid stream.

"Man the mastheads! Call all hands!"

Thundering with the butts of three clubbed handspikes on the forecastle deck, Daggoo roused the sleepers with such judgment claps that they seemed to exhale from the scuttle, so instantaneously did they appear with their clothes in their hands.

"What d'ye see?" cried Ahab, flattening his face to the sky.

"Nothing, nothing, sir!" was the sound hailing down in reply.

"T'gallantsails!—stunsails! alow and aloft, and on both sides!"

All sail being set, he now cast loose the life-line, reserved for swaying him to the main royal-masthead; and in a few moments they were hoisting him thither, when, while but two-thirds of the way aloft, and while peering ahead through the horizontal vacancy

between the maintopsail and topgallantsail, he raised a gull-like cry in the air, "There she blows!—there she blows! A hump like a snow-hill! It is Moby Dick!"

Fired by the cry which seemed simultaneously taken up by the three lookouts, the men on deck rushed to the rigging to behold the famous whale they had so long been pursuing. Ahab had now gained his final perch, some feet above the other lookouts, Tashtego standing just beneath him on the cap of the topgallantmast, so that the Indian's head was almost on a level with Ahab's heel. From this height the whale was now seen some mile or so ahead, at every roll of the sea revealing his high sparkling hump, and regularly jetting his silent spout into the air. To the credulous mariners it seemed the same silent spout they had so long ago beheld in the moonlit Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

"And did none of ye see it before?" cried Ahab, hailing the perched men all around him.

"I saw him almost that same instant, sir, that Captain Ahab did, and I cried out," said Tashtego.

"Not the same instant; not the same—no, the doubloon is mine, Fate reserved the doubloon for me. *I* only; none of ye could have raised the White Whale first. There she blows! there she blows!—there she blows! There again!—there again!" he cried, in long-drawn, lingering, methodic tones, attuned to the gradual prolongings of the whale's visible jets. "He's going to sound! In stunsails! Down topgallantsails! Stand by three boats. Mr. Starbuck, remember, stay on board, and keep the ship. Helm there! Luff, luff a point! So; steady, man, steady! There go flukes! No, no; only black water! All ready the boats there? Stand by, stand by! Lower me, Mr. Starbuck; lower, lower,—quick, quicker!" and he slid through the air to the deck.

"He is heading straight to leeward, sir," cried Stubb, "right away from us; cannot have seen the ship yet."

"Be dumb, man! Stand by the braces! Hard down the helm!—brace up! Shiver her!—shiver her!—So; well that! Boats, boats!"

Soon all the boats but Starbuck's were dropped; all the boat-sails set—all the paddles plying; with rippling swiftness, shooting to leeward; and Ahab heading the onset. A pale, death-glimmer lit up Fedallah's sunken eyes; a hideous motion gnawed his mouth.

Like noiseless nautilus shells, their light prow sped through the sea; but only slowly they neared the foe. As they neared him, the ocean grew still more smooth; seemed drawing a carpet over its waves; seemed a noon-meadow, so serenely it spread. At length the breathless hunter came so nigh his seemingly unsuspecting prey, that his entire dazzling hump was distinctly visible, sliding along the sea as if an isolated thing, and continually set in a revolving ring of finest, fleecy, greenish foam. He saw the vast, involved wrinkles of the slightly projecting head beyond. Before it, far out on the soft Turkish-rugged waters, went the glistening white shadow from his broad, milky forehead, a musical rippling playfully accompanying the shade; and behind, the blue waters interchangeably flowed over into the moving valley of his steady wake; and on either hand bright bubbles arose and danced by his side. But these were broken again by the light toes of hundreds of gay fowls softly feathering the sea, alternate with their fitful flight; and like to some flagstaff rising from the painted hull of an argosy, the tall but shattered pole of a recent lance projected from the white whale's back; and at intervals one of the cloud of soft-toed fowls hovering, and to and fro skimming like a canopy over the fish, silently perched and rocked on this pole, the long tail feathers streaming like pennons.

A gentle joyousness—a mighty mildness of repose in swiftness, invested the gliding whale. Not the white bull Jupiter swimming away with ravished Europa clinging to his graceful horns; his lovely, leering eyes sideways intent upon the maid; with smooth bewitching fleetness, rippling straight for the nuptial bower in Crete; not Jove, not that great majesty Supreme! did surpass the glorified White Whale as he so divinely swam.

On each soft side—coincident with the parted swell, that but once leaving him, then flowed so wide away—on each bright side, the whale shed off enticings. No wonder there had been some among the hunters who namelessly transported and allured by all this serenity, had ventured to assail it; but had fatally found that quietude but the vesture of tornadoes. Yet calm, enticing calm, oh, whale! thou glidest on, to all who for the first time eye thee, no matter how many in that same way thou may'st have bejuggled and destroyed before.

And thus, through the serene tranquillities of the tropical sea, among waves whose hand-clappings were suspended by exceeding rapture, Moby Dick moved on, still withholding from sight the full terrors of his submerged trunk, entirely hiding the wrenched hideousness of his jaw. But soon the fore part of him slowly rose from the water; for an instant his whole marbleized body formed a high arch, like Virginia's Natural Bridge, and warningly waving his bannered flukes in the air, the grand god revealed himself, sounded, and went out of sight. Hoveringly halting, and dipping on the wing, the white sea-fowls longingly lingered over the agitated pool that he left.

With oars apeak, and paddles down, the sheets of their sails adrift, the three boats now stilly floated, awaiting Moby Dick's reappearance.

"An hour," said Ahab, standing rooted in his boat's stern; and he gazed beyond the whale's place, towards the dim blue spaces and wide wooing vacancies to leeward. It was only an instant; for again his eyes seemed whirling round in his head as he swept the watery circle. The breeze now freshened; the sea began to swell.

"The birds!—the birds!" cried Tashtego.

In long Indian file, as when herons take wing, the white birds were now all flying towards Ahab's boat; and when within a few yards began fluttering over the water there, wheeling round and round, with joyous, expectant cries. Their vision was keener than man's; Ahab could discover no sign in the sea. But suddenly as he peered down and down into its depths, he profoundly saw a white living spot no bigger than a white weasel, with wonderful celerity uprising, and magnifying as it rose, till it turned, and then there were plainly revealed two long crooked rows of white, glistening teeth, floating up from the undiscoverable bottom. It was Moby Dick's open mouth and scrolled jaw; his vast, shadowed bulk still half blending with the blue of the sea. The glittering mouth yawned beneath the boat like an open-doored marble tomb; and giving one sidelong sweep with his steering oar, Ahab whirled the craft aside from this tremendous apparition. Then, calling upon Fedallah to change places with him, he went forward to the bows, and seizing Perth's harpoon, commanded his crew to grasp their oars and stand by to stern.

Now, by reason of this timely spinning round the boat upon its axis, its bow, by anticipation, was made to face the whale's head while yet under water. But as if perceiving this stratagem, Moby Dick, with that malicious intelligence ascribed to him, sidelingly transplanted himself, as it were, in an instant, shooting his pleated head lengthwise beneath the boat.

Through and through; through every plank and each rib, it thrilled for an instant, the whale obliquely lying on his back, in the manner of a biting shark, slowly and feelingly taking its bows full within his mouth, so that the long, narrow, scrolled lower jaw curled high up into the open air, and one of the teeth caught in a rowlock. The bluish pearl-white of the inside of the jaw was within six inches of Ahab's head, and reached higher than that. In this attitude the White Whale now shook the slight cedar as a mildly cruel cat her mouse. With unastonished eyes Fedallah gazed, and crossed his arms; but the tiger-yellow crew were tumbling over each other's heads to gain the uttermost stern.

And now, while both elastic gunwales were springing in and out, as the whale dallied with the doomed craft in this devilish way; and from his body being submerged beneath the boat, he could not be darted at from the bows, for the bows were almost inside of him, as it were; and while the other boats involuntarily paused, as before a quick crisis impossible to withstand, then it was that monomaniac Ahab, furious with this tantalizing vicinity of his foe, which placed him all alive and helpless in the very jaws he hated; frenzied with all this, he seized the long bone with his naked hands, and wildly strove to wrench it from its gripe. As now he thus vainly strove, the jaw slipped from him; the frail gunwales bent in, collapsed, and snapped, as both jaws, like an enormous shears, sliding further aft, bit the craft completely in twain, and locked themselves fast again in the sea, midway between the two floating wrecks. These floated aside, the broken ends drooping, the crew at the stern-wreck clinging to the gunwales, and striving to hold fast to the oars to lash them across.

At that preluding moment, ere the boat was yet snapped, Ahab, the first to perceive the whale's intent, by the crafty upraising of his head, a movement that loosed his hold for the time; at that moment his hand had made one final effort to push the boat out of the bite.

But only slipping further into the whale's mouth, and tilting over sideways as it slipped, the boat had shaken off his hold on the jaw; spilled him out of it, as he leaned to the push; and so he fell flat-faced upon the sea.

Ripplingly withdrawing from his prey, Moby Dick now lay at a little distance, vertically thrusting his oblong white head up and down in the billows; and at the same time slowly revolving his whole spindled body; so that when his vast wrinkled forehead rose—some twenty or more feet out of the water—the now rising swells, with all their confluent waves, dazzlingly broke against it; vindictively tossing their shivered spray still higher into the air.¹ So, in a gale, the but half baffled Channel billows only recoil from the base of the Eddystone, triumphantly to overleap its summit with their scud.

But soon resuming his horizontal attitude, Moby Dick swam swiftly round and round the wrecked crew; sideways churning the water in his vengeful wake, as if lashing himself up to still another and more deadly assault. The sight of the splintered boat seemed to madden him, as the blood of grapes and mulberries cast before Antiochus's elephants in the book of Maccabees. Meanwhile Ahab half smothered in the foam of the whale's insolent tail, and too much of a cripple to swim,—though he could still keep afloat, even in the heart of such a whirlpool as that; helpless Ahab's head was seen, like a tossed bubble which the least chance shock might burst. From the boat's fragmentary stern, Fedallah incuriously and mildly eyed him; the clinging crew, at the other drifting end, could not succor him; more than enough was it for them to look to themselves. For so revolvingly appalling was the White Whale's aspect, and so planetarily swift the ever-contracting circles he made, that he seemed horizontally swooping upon them. And though the other boats, unharmed, still hovered hard by; still they dared not pull into the eddy to strike, lest that should be the signal for the instant destruction of the jeopardized castaways, Ahab and all; nor in that case could they themselves hope to escape. With straining eyes, then, they remained on the outer edge of the direful zone, whose centre had now become the old man's head.

¹This motion is peculiar to the sperm whale. It receives its designation (pitchpoling) from its being likened to that preliminary up-and-down poise of the whale-lance, in the exercise called pitchpoling, previously described. By this motion the whale must best and comprehensively view whatever objects may be encircling him.

Meantime, from the beginning all this had been descried from the ship's mastheads; and squaring her yards, she had borne down upon the scene; and was now so nigh, that Ahab in the water hailed her;—"Sail on the"—but that moment a breaking sea dashed on him from Moby Dick, and whelmed him for the time. But struggling out of it again, and chancing to rise on a towering crest, he shouted,—“Sail on the whale!—Drive him off!”

The *Pequod's* prows were pointed; and breaking up the charmed circle, she effectually parted the white whale from his victim. As he sullenly swam off, the boats flew to the rescue.

Dragged into Stubb's boat with bloodshot, blinded eyes, the white brine caking in his wrinkles; the long tension of Ahab's bodily strength did crack, and helplessly he yielded to his body's doom for a time, lying all crushed in the bottom of Stubb's boat, like one trodden underfoot of herds of elephants. Far inland, nameless wails came from him, as desolate sounds from out ravines.

But this intensity of his physical prostration did but so much the more abbreviate it. In an instant's compass, great hearts sometimes condense to one deep pang, the sum total of those shallow pains kindly diffused through feebler men's whole lives. And so, such hearts, though summary in each one suffering; still, if the gods decree it, in their lifetime aggregate a whole age of woe, wholly made up of instantaneous intensities; for even in their pointless centres, those noble natures contain the entire circumferences of inferior souls.

“The harpoon,” said Ahab, half-way rising, and draggingly leaning on one bended arm—“is it safe?”

“Aye, sir, for it was not darted; this is it,” said Stubb, showing it.

“Lay it before me;—any missing men?”

“One, two, three, four, five;—there were five oars, sir, and here are five men.”

“That's good.—Help me, man; I wish to stand. So, so, I see him! there! there! going to leeward still; what a leaping spout!—Hands off from me! The eternal sap runs up in Ahab's bones again! Set the sail; out oars; the helm!”

It is often the case that when a boat is stove, its crew, being picked up by another boat, help to work that second boat; and the chase is thus continued with what is called double-banked oars. It was thus now. But the added power of the boat did not equal the added power

of the whale, for he seemed to have treble-banked his every fin; swimming with a velocity which plainly showed, that if now, under these circumstances, pushed on, the chase would prove an indefinitely prolonged, if not a hopeless one; nor could any crew endure for so long a period, such an unintermitted, intense straining at the oar; a thing barely tolerable only in some one brief vicissitude. The ship itself, then, as it sometimes happens, offered the most promising intermediate means of overtaking the chase. Accordingly, the boats now made for her, and were soon swayed up to their cranes—the two parts of the wrecked boats having been previously secured by her—and then hoisting everything to her side, and stacking her canvas high up, and sideways outstretching it with stunsails, like the double-jointed wings of an albatross; the *Pequod* bore down in the leeward wake of Moby Dick. At the well-known, methodic intervals, the whale's glittering spout was regularly announced from the manned mast-heads; and when he would be reported as just gone down, Ahab would take the time, and then pacing the deck, binnacle-watch in hand, so soon as the last second of the allotted hour expired, his voice was heard.—“Whose is the doubloon now? D'ye see him?” and if the reply was No, sir! straightway he commanded them to lift him to his perch. In this way the day wore on; Ahab, now aloft and motionless; anon, unrestingly pacing the planks.

As he was thus walking, uttering no sound, except to hail the men aloft, or to bid them hoist a sail still higher, or to spread one to a still greater breadth—thus to and fro pacing, beneath his slouched hat, at every turn he passed his own wrecked boat, which had been dropped upon the quarter-deck, and lay there reversed; broken bow to shattered stern. At last he paused before it; and as in an already overclouded sky fresh troops of clouds will sometimes sail across, so over the old man's face there now stole some such added gloom as this.

Stubb saw him pause; and perhaps intending, not vainly, though, to evince his own unabated fortitude, and thus keep up a valiant place in his Captain's mind, he advanced, and eyeing the wreck exclaimed—“The thistle the ass refused; it pricked his mouth too keenly, sir, ha! ha!”

“What soulless thing is this that laughs before a wreck? Man, man! did I not know thee brave as fearless fire (and as mechanical)

I could swear thou wert a poltroon. Groan nor laugh should be heard before a wreck."

"Aye, sir," said Starbuck drawing near, "'tis a solemn sight; an omen, and an ill one."

"Omen? omen?—the dictionary! If the gods think to speak outright to man, they will honorably speak outright; not shake their heads, and give an old wives' darkling hint.—Begone! Ye two are the opposite poles of one thing; Starbuck is Stubb reversed, and Stubb is Starbuck; and ye two are all mankind; and Ahab stands alone among the millions of the peopled earth, nor gods nor men his neighbors! Cold, cold—I shiver!—How now? Aloft there! D'ye see him? Sing out for every spout, though he spout ten times a second!"

The day was nearly done; only the hem of his golden robe was rustling. Soon it was almost dark, but the lookout men still remained unset.

"Can't see the spout now, sir;—too dark!"—cried a voice from the air.

"How heading when last seen?"

"As before, sir,—straight to leeward."

"Good! he will travel slower now 'tis night. Down royals and topgallant stunsails, Mr. Starbuck. We must not run over him before morning; he's making a passage now, and may heave-to a while. Helm there! keep her full before the wind!—Aloft! come down!—Mr. Stubb, send a fresh hand to the fore-masthead, and see it manned till morning."—Then advancing towards the doubloon in the mainmast—"Men, this gold is mine, for I earned it; but I shall let it abide here till the White Whale is dead; and then, whosoever of ye first raises him, upon the day he shall be killed, this gold is that man's; and if on that day I shall again raise him, then, ten times its sum shall be divided among all of ye! Away now! the deck is thine, sir."

And so saying, he placed himself half-way within the scuttle, and slouching his hat, stood there till dawn, except when at intervals rousing himself to see how the night wore on.

At daybreak, the three mastheads were punctually manned afresh.

"D'ye see him?" cried Ahab, after allowing a little space for the light to spread.

"See nothing, sir."

"Turn up all hands and make sail! he travels faster than I thought for;—the topgallantsails!—aye, they should have been kept on her all night. But no matter—'tis but resting for the rush."

Here be it said, that this pertinacious pursuit of one particular whale, continued through day into night, and through night into day, is a thing by no means unprecedented in the South Sea fishery. For such is the wonderful skill, prescience of experience, and invincible confidence acquired by some great natural geniuses among the Nantucket commanders; that from the simple observation of a whale when last descried, they will, under certain given circumstances, pretty accurately foretell both the direction in which he will continue to swim for a time, while out of sight, as well as his probable rate of progression during that period. And, in these cases, somewhat as a pilot, when about losing sight of a coast, whose general trending he well knows, and which he desires shortly to return to again, but at some further point; like as this pilot stands by his compass, and takes the precise bearing of the cape at present visible, in order the more certainly to hit aright the remote, unseen headland, eventually to be visited: so does the fisherman, at his compass, with the whale; for after being chased, and diligently marked, through several hours of daylight, then, when night obscures the fish, the creature's future wake through the darkness is almost as established to the sagacious mind of the hunter, as the pilot's coast is to him. So that to this hunter's wondrous skill, the proverbial evanescence of a thing writ in water, a wake, is to all desired purposes well-nigh as reliable as the steadfast land. And as the mighty iron leviathan of the modern railway is so familiarly known in its every pace, that, with watches in their hands, men time his rate as doctors that of a baby's pulse; and lightly say of it, the up train or the down train will reach such or such a spot, at such or such an hour; even so, almost, there are occasions when these Nantucketers time that other leviathan of the deep, according to the observed humor of his speed; and say to themselves, so many hours hence this whale will have gone two hundred miles, will have about reached this or that degree of latitude or longitude. But to render this acuteness at all success-

ful in the end, the wind and the sea must be the whaleman's allies; for of what present avail to the becalmed or wind-bound mariner is the skill that assures him he is exactly ninety-three leagues and a quarter from his port? Inferable from these statements, are many collateral subtile matters touching the chase of whales.

The ship tore on; leaving such a furrow in the sea as when a cannon-ball, missent, becomes a ploughshare and turns up the level field.

"By salt and hemp!" cried Stubb, "but this swift motion of the deck creeps up one's legs and tingles at the heart. This ship and I are two brave fellows!—Ha! ha! Some one take me up, and launch me, spine-wise, on the sea,—for by live-oaks! my spine's a keel. Ha, ha! we go the gait that leaves no dust behind!"

"There she blows—she blows!—she blows!—right ahead!" was now the masthead cry.

"Aye, aye!" cried Stubb, "I knew it—ye can't escape—blow on and split your spout, O whale! the mad fiend himself is after ye! blow your trump—blister your lungs!—Ahab will dam off your blood, as a miller shuts his water-gate upon the stream!"

And Stubb did but speak out for well-nigh all that crew. The frenzies of the chase had by this time worked them bubblingly up, like old wine worked anew. Whatever pale fears and forebodings some of them might have felt before; these were not only now kept out of sight through the growing awe of Ahab, but they were broken up, and on all sides routed, as timid prairie hares that scatter before the bounding bison. The hand of Fate had snatched all their souls; and by the stirring perils of the previous day; the rack of the past night's suspense; the fixed, unfearing, blind, reckless way in which their wild craft went plunging towards its flying mark; by all these things, their hearts were bowled along. The wind that made great bellies of their sails, and rushed the vessel on by arms invisible as irresistible; this seemed the symbol of that unseen agency which so enslaved them to the race.

They were one man, not thirty. For as the one ship that held them all; though it was put together of all contrasting things—oak, and maple, and pine wood; iron, and pitch, and hemp—yet all these ran into each other in the one concrete hull, which shot on its way, both balanced and directed by the long central keel; even so, all

the individualities of the crew, this man's valor, that man's fear; guilt and guiltiness, all varieties were welded into oneness, and were all directed to that fatal goal which Ahab their one lord and keel did point to.

The rigging lived. The mastheads, like the tops of tall palms, were outspreadingly tufted with arms and legs. Clinging to a spar with one hand, some reached forth the other with impatient wavings; others, shading their eyes from the vivid sunlight, sat far out on the rocking yards; all the spars in full bearing of mortals, ready and ripe for their fate. Ah! how they still strove through that infinite blueness to seek out the thing that might destroy them!

"Why sing ye not out for him, if ye see him?" cried Ahab, when, after the lapse of some minutes since the first cry, no more had been heard. "Sway me up, men; ye have been deceived; not Moby Dick casts one odd jet that way, and then disappears."

It was even so; in their headlong eagerness, the men had mistaken some other thing for the whale-spout, as the event itself soon proved; for hardly had Ahab reached his perch; hardly was the rope belayed to its pin on deck, when he struck the key-note to an orchestra, that made the air vibrate as with the combined discharges of rifles. The triumphant halloo of thirty buckskin lungs was heard, as—much nearer to the ship than the place of the imaginary jet, less than a mile ahead—Moby Dick bodily burst into view! For not by any calm and indolent spoutings; not by the peaceable gush of that mystic fountain in his head, did the White Whale now reveal his vicinity; but by the far more wondrous phenomenon of breaching. Rising with his utmost velocity from the furthest depths, the Sperm Whale thus booms his entire bulk into the pure element of air, and piling up a mountain of dazzling foam, shows his place to the distance of seven miles and more. In those moments, the torn, enraged waves he shakes off, seem his mane; in some cases, this breaching is his act of defiance.

"There she breaches! there she breaches!" was the cry, as in his immeasurable bravadoes the White Whale tossed himself salmon-like to Heaven. So suddenly seen in the blue plain of the sea, and relieved against the still bluer margin of the sky, the spray that he raised, for the moment, intolerably glittered and glared like a glacier; and stood there gradually fading and fading away from its first

sparkling intensity, to the dim mistiness of an advancing shower in a vale.

"Aye, breach your last to the sun, Moby Dick!" cried Ahab; "thy hour and thy harpoon are at hand!—Down! down all of ye, but one man at the fore. The boats!—stand by!"

Unmindful of the tedious rope-ladders of the shrouds, the men, like shooting stars, slid to the deck, by the isolated backstays and halyards; while Ahab, less dartingly, but still rapidly was dropped from his perch.

"Lower away," he cried, so soon as he had reached his boat—a spare one, rigged the afternoon previous. "Mr. Starbuck, the ship is thine—keep away from the boats, but keep near them. Lower, all!"

As if to strike a quick terror into them, by this time being the first assailant himself, Moby Dick had turned, and was now coming for the three crews. Ahab's boat was central; and cheering his men, he told them he would take the whale head-and-head,—that is, pull straight up to his forehead,—a not uncommon thing; for when within a certain limit, such a course excludes the coming onset from the whale's sidelong vision. But ere that close limit was gained, and while yet all three boats were plain as the ship's three masts to his eye; the White Whale churning himself into furious speed, almost in an instant as it were, rushing among the boats with open jaws, and a lashing tail, offered appalling battle on every side; and heedless of the irons darted at him from every boat, seemed only intent on annihilating each separate plank of which those boats were made. But skilfully manœuvred, incessantly wheeling like trained chargers in the field; the boats for a while eluded him; though, at times, but by a plank's breadth; while all the time, Ahab's unearthly slogan tore every other cry but his to shreds.

But at last in his untraceable evolutions, the White Whale so crossed and recrossed, and in a thousand ways entangled the slack of the three lines now fast to him, that they foreshortened, and, of themselves, warped the devoted boats towards the planted irons in him; though now for a moment the whale drew aside a little, as if to rally for a more tremendous charge. Seizing that opportunity, Ahab first paid out more line: and then was rapidly hauling and jerking

in upon it again—hoping that way to disencumber it of some snarls—when lo!—a sight more savage than the embattled teeth of sharks!

Caught and twisted—corkscrewed in the mazes of the line, loose harpoons and lances, with all their bristling barbs and points, came flashing and dripping up to the chocks in the bows of Ahab's boat. Only one thing could be done. Seizing the boat-knife, he critically reached within—through—and then, without—the rays of steel; dragged in the line beyond, passed it, inboard, to the bowsman, and then, twice sundering the rope near the chocks—dropped the intercepted fagot of steel into the sea; and was all fast again. That instant, the White Whale made a sudden rush among the remaining tangles of the other lines; by so doing, irresistibly dragged the more involved boats of Stubb and Flask towards his flukes; dashed them together like two rolling husks on a surf-beaten beach, and then, diving down into the sea, disappeared in a boiling maelstrom, in which, for a space, the odorous cedar chips of the wrecks danced round and round, like the grated nutmeg in a swiftly stirred bowl of punch.

While the two crews were yet circling in the waters, reaching out after the revolving line-tubs, oars, and other floating furniture, while aslope little Flask bobbed up and down like an empty vial, twitching his legs upwards to escape the dreaded jaws of sharks; and Stubb was lustily singing out for some one to ladle him up; and while the old man's line—now parting—admitted of his pulling into the creamy pool to rescue whom he could;—in that wild simultaneousness of a thousand concreted perils,—Ahab's yet unstricken boat seemed drawn up towards Heaven by invisible wires,—as, arrow-like, shooting perpendicularly from the sea, the White Whale dashed his broad forehead against its bottom, and sent it, turning over and over, into the air; till it fell again—gunwale downwards—and Ahab and his men struggled out from under it, like seals from a seaside cave.

The first uprising momentum of the whale—modifying its direction as he struck the surface—involuntarily launched him along it, to a little distance from the centre of the destruction he had made; and with his back to it, he now lay for a moment slowly feeling with his flukes from side to side; and whenever a stray oar, bit of plank, the least chip or crumb of the boats touched his skin, his tail swiftly drew back, and came sideways smiting the sea. But soon, as if satis-

fied that his work for that time was done, he pushed his pleated forehead through the ocean, and trailing after him the intertangled lines, continued his leeward way at a traveller's methodic pace.

As before, the attentive ship having descried the whole fight, again came bearing down to the rescue, and dropping a boat, picked up the floating mariners, tubs, oars, and whatever else could be caught at, and safely landed them on her decks. Some sprained shoulders, wrists, and ankles; livid contusions; wrenched harpoons and lances; inextricable intricacies of rope! shattered oars and planks; all these were there; but no fatal or even serious ill seemed to have befallen any one. As with Fedallah the day before, so Ahab was now found grimly clinging to his boat's broken half, which afforded a comparatively easy float; nor did it so exhaust him as the previous day's mishap.

But when he was helped to the deck, all eyes were fastened upon him; as instead of standing by himself he still half-hung upon the shoulder of Starbuck, who had thus far been the foremost to assist him. His ivory leg had been snapped off, leaving but one short sharp splinter.

"Aye, aye, Starbuck, 'tis sweet to lean sometimes, be the leaner who he will; and would old Ahab had leaned oftener than he has."

"The ferrule has not stood, sir," said the carpenter, now coming up; "I put good work into that leg."

"But no bones broken, sir, I hope," said Stubb with true concern.

"Aye! and all splintered to pieces, Stubb!—d'ye see it.—But even with a broken bone, old Ahab is untouched; and I account no living bone of mine one jot more me, than this dead one that's lost. Nor white whale, nor man, nor fiend, can so much as graze old Ahab in his own proper and inaccessible being. Can any lead touch yonder floor, any mast scrape yonder roof?—Aloft there! which way?"

"Dead to leeward, sir."

"Up helm, then; pile on the sail again, ship-keepers! down the rest of the spare boats and rig them—Mr. Starbuck away, and muster the boat's crews."

"Let me first help thee towards the bulwarks, sir."

"Oh, oh, oh! how this splinter gores me now! Accursed fate!

that the unconquerable captain in the soul should have such a craven mate!"

"Sir?"

"My body, man, not thee. Give me something for a cane—there, that shivered lance will do. Muster the men. Surely I have not seen him yet. By heaven it cannot be!—missing?—quick! call them all."

The old man's hinted thought was true. Upon mustering the company, the Parsee was not there.

"The Parsee!" cried Stubb—"he must have been caught in ——"

"The black vomit wrench thee!—run all of ye above, aloft, cabin, forecabin—find him—not gone—not gone!"

But quickly they returned to him with the tidings that the Parsee was nowhere to be found.

"Aye, sir," said Stubb—"caught among the tangles of your line—I thought I saw him dragging under."

"My line! my line? Gone?—gone? What means that little word?—What death-knell rings in it, that old Ahab shakes as if he were the belfry? The harpoon, too!—toss over the litter there,—d'ye see it?—the forged iron, men, the white whale's—no, no, no,—blistered fool! this hand did dart it!—'tis in the fish!—Aloft there! Keep him nailed—quick!—all hands to the rigging of the boats—collect the oars—harpooners! the irons, the irons!—hoist the royals higher—a pull on all the sheets!—helm there! steady, steady for your life! I'll ten times girdle the unmeasured globe; yea and dive straight through it, but I'll slay him yet!"

"Great God! but for one single instant show thyself," cried Starbuck; "never, never wilt thou capture him, old man—In Jesus' name no more of this, that's worse than devil's madness. Two days chased; twice stove to splinters; thy very leg once more snatched from under thee; thy evil shadow gone—all good angels mobbing thee with warnings;—what more wouldst thou have?—Shall we keep chasing this murderous fish till he swamps the last man? Shall we be dragged by him to the bottom of the sea? Shall we be towed by him to the infernal world? Oh, oh,—Impiety and blasphemy to hunt him more!"

"Starbuck, of late I've felt strangely moved to thee; ever since that hour we both saw—thou know'st what, in one another's eyes.

But in this matter of the whale, be the front of thy face to me as the palm of this hand—a lipless, unfeatured blank. Ahab is for ever Ahab, man. This whole act's immutably decreed. 'Twas rehearsed by thee and me a billion years before this ocean rolled. Fool! I am the Fates' lieutenant; I act under orders. Look thou, underling! that thou obeyst mine.—Stand round me, men. Ye see an old man cut down to the stump; leaning on a shivered lance; propped up on a lonely foot. 'Tis Ahab—his body's part; but Ahab's soul's a centipede, that moves upon a hundred legs. I feel strained, half-stranded, as ropes that tow dismasted frigates in a gale; and I may look so. But ere I break, ye'll hear me crack; and till ye hear *that*, know that Ahab's hawser tows his purpose yet. Believe ye, men, in the things called omens? Then laugh aloud, and cry encore! For ere they drown, drowning things will twice rise to the surface; then rise again, to sink for evermore. So with Moby Dick—two days he's floated—to-morrow will be the third. Aye, men, he'll rise once more,—but only to spout his last! D'ye feel brave, men, brave?"

"As fearless fire," cried Stubb.

"And as mechanical," muttered Ahab. Then as the men went forward, he muttered on: "The things called omens! And yesterday I talked the same to Starbuck there, concerning my broken boat. Oh! how valiantly I seek to drive out of others' hearts what's clinched so fast in mine!—The Parsee—the Parsee!—gone, gone? and he was to go before:—but still was to be seen again ere I could perish—How's that?—There's a riddle now might baffle all the lawyers backed by the ghosts of the whole line of judges:—like a hawk's beak it pecks my brain. *I'll, I'll* solve it, though!"

When dusk descended, the whale was still in sight to leeward.

So once more the sail was shortened, and everything passed nearly as on the previous night; only, the sound of hammers, and the hum of the grindstone was heard till nearly daylight, as the men toiled by lanterns in the complete and careful rigging of the spare boats and sharpening their fresh weapons for the morrow. Meantime, of the broken keel of Ahab's wrecked craft the carpenter made him another leg; while still as on the night before, slouched Ahab stood fixed within his scuttle; his hid, heliotrope glance anticipating gone backward on its dial; sat due eastward for the earliest sun.

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The morning of the third day dawned fair and fresh, and once more the solitary night-man at the fore-masthead was relieved by crowds of the daylight lookouts, who dotted every mast and almost every spar.

"D'ye see him?" cried Ahab; but the whale was not yet in sight.

"In his infallible wake, though; but follow that wake, that's all. Helm there; steady, as thou goest, and hast been going. What a lovely day again! were it a new-made world, and made for a summer-house to the angels, and this morning the first of its throwing open to them, a fairer day could not dawn upon that world. Here's food for thought, had Ahab time to think; but Ahab never thinks; he only feels, feels, feels; *that's* tingling enough for mortal man! to think's audacity. God only has that right and privilege. Thinking is, or ought to be, a coolness and a calmness; and our poor hearts throb, and our poor brains beat too much for that. And yet, I've sometimes thought my brain was very calm—frozen calm, this old skull cracks so, like a glass in which the contents turned to ice, and shiver it. And still this hair is growing now; this moment growing, and heat must breed it; but no, it's like that sort of common grass that will grow anywhere, between the earthly clefts of Greenland ice or in Vesuvius lava. How the wild winds blow it; they whip it about me as the torn shreds of split sails lash the tossed ship they cling to. A vile wind that has no doubt blown ere this through prison corridors and cells, and wards of hospitals, and ventilated them, and now comes blowing hither as innocent as fleeces. Out upon it!—it's tainted. Were I the wind, I'd blow no more on such a wicked, miserable world. I'd crawl somewhere to a cave, and slink there. And yet, 'tis a noble and heroic thing, the wind! who ever conquered it? In every fight it has the last and bitterest blow. Run tilting at it, and you but run through it. Ha! a coward wind that strikes stark naked men, but will not stand to receive a single blow. Even Ahab is a braver thing—a nobler thing than *that*. Would now the wind but had a body; but all the things that most exasperate and outrage mortal man, all these things are bodiless, but only bodiless as objects, not as agents. There's a most special, a most cunning, oh, a most malicious difference! And yet, I say again, and swear it now, that there's something all glorious and gracious in the wind. These warm Trade Winds, at least, that in the clear heavens blow straight on, in strong

and steadfast, vigorous mildness; and veer not from their mark, however the baser currents of the sea may turn and tack, and mightiest Mississippies of the land swift and swerve about, uncertain where to go at last. And by the eternal Poles! these same Trades that so directly blow my good ship on; these Trades, or something like them—something so unchangeable, and full as strong, blow my keeled soul along! To it! Aloft there! What d’ye see?”

“Nothing, sir.”

“Nothing! and noon at hand! The doubloon goes a-begging! See the sun! Aye, aye, it must be so. I’ve over-sailed him. How, got the start? Aye, he’s chasing *me* now; not I, *him*—that’s bad; I might have known it, too. Fool! the lines—the harpoons he’s towing. Aye, aye, I have run him by last night. About! about! Come down, all of ye, but the regular lookouts! Man the braces!”

Steering as she had done, the wind had been somewhat on the *Pequod’s* quarter, so that now being pointed in the reverse direction, the braced ship sailed hard upon the breeze as she recharged the cream in her own white wake.

“Against the wind he now steers for the open jaw,” murmured Starbuck to himself, as he coiled the new-hauled main-brace upon the rail. “God keep us, but already my bones feel damp within me, and from the inside wet my flesh. I misdoubt me that I disobey my God in obeying him!”

“Stand by to sway me up!” cried Ahab, advancing to the hempen basket. “We should meet him soon.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” and straightway Starbuck did Ahab’s bidding, and once more Ahab swung on high.

A whole hour now passed; gold-beaten out to ages. Time itself now held long breaths with keen suspense. But at last, some three points off the weather bow, Ahab descried the spout again, and instantly from the three mastheads three shrieks went up as if the tongues of fire had voiced it.

“Forehead to forehead I meet thee, this third time, Moby Dick! On deck there!—brace sharper up; crowd her into the wind’s eye. He’s too far off to lower yet, Mr. Starbuck. The sails shake! Stand over that helmsman with a top-maul! So, so; he travels fast, and I must down. But let me have one more good round look aloft here at the sea; there’s time for that. An old, old sight, and yet some-

how so young; aye, and not changed a wink since I first saw it, a boy, from the sand-hills of Nantucket! The same!—the same!—the same to Noah as to me. There's a soft shower to leeward. Such lovely leewardings! They must lead somewhere—to something else than common land, more palmy than the palms. Leeward! the white whale goes that way; look to windward, then; the better if the bitterer quarter. But good-bye, good-bye, old masthead! What's this?—green? aye, tiny mosses in these warped cracks. No such green weather stains on Ahab's head! There's the difference now between man's old age and matter's. But aye, old mast, we both grow old together; sound in our hulls, though, are we not, my ship? Aye, minus a leg, that's all. By heaven this dead wood has the better of my live flesh every way. I can't compare with it; and I've known some ships made of dead trees outlast the lives of men made of the most vital stuff of vital fathers. What's that he said? he should still go before me, my pilot; and yet to be seen again? But where? Will I have eyes at the bottom of the sea, supposing I descend those endless stairs? and all night I've been sailing from him, wherever he did sink to. Aye, aye, like many more thou told'st direful truth as touching thyself, O Parsee; but, Ahab, there thy shot fell short. Good-bye, masthead—keep a good eye upon the whale, the while I'm gone. We'll talk to-morrow, nay, to-night, when the white whale lies down there, tied by head and tail."

He gave the word; and still gazing round him, was steadily lowered through the cloven blue air to the deck.

In due time the boats were lowered; but as standing in his shallop's stern, Ahab just hovered upon the point of the descent, he waved to the mate,—who held one of the tackle-ropes on deck—and bade him pause.

"Starbuck!"

"Sir?"

"For the third time my soul's ship starts upon this voyage, Starbuck."

"Aye, sir, thou wilt have it so."

"Some ships sail from their ports, and ever afterwards are missing, Starbuck!"

"Truth, sir; saddest truth."

"Some men die at ebb tide; some at low water; some at the full of the flood;—and I feel now like a billow that's all one crested comb, Starbuck. I am old;—shake hands with me, man."

Their hands met; their eyes fastened; Starbuck's tears the glue.

"Oh, my captain, my captain!—noble heart—go not—go not!—see, it's a brave man that weeps; how great the agony of the persuasion then!"

"Lower away!"—cried Ahab, tossing the mate's arm from him. "Stand by the crew!"

In an instant the boat was pulling round close under the stern.

"The sharks! the sharks!" cried a voice from the low cabin-window there; "O master, my master, come back!"

But Ahab heard nothing; for his own voice was high-lifted then; and the boat leaped on.

Yet the voice spake true; for scarce had he pushed from the ship, when numbers of sharks, seemingly rising from out the dark waters beneath the hull, maliciously snapped at the blades of the oars, every time they dipped in the water; and in this way accompanied the boat with their bites. It is a thing not uncommonly happening to the whale-boats in those swarming seas; the sharks at times apparently following them in the same prescient way that vultures hover over the banners of marching regiments in the east. But these were the first sharks that had been observed by the *Pequod* since the White Whale had been first descried; and whether it was that Ahab's crew were all such tiger-yellow barbarians, and therefore their flesh more musky to the senses of the sharks—a matter sometimes well known to affect them,—however it was, they seemed to follow that one boat without molesting the others.

"Heart of wrought steel!" murmured Starbuck gazing over the side, and following with his eyes the receding boat—"canst thou yet ring boldly to that sight?—lowering thy keel among ravening sharks, and followed by them, open-mouthed to the chase; and this the critical third day?—For when three days flow together in one continuous intense pursuit; be sure the first is the morning, the second the noon, and the third the evening and the end of that thing—be that end what it may. Oh! my God! what is this that shoots through me, and leaves me so deadly calm, yet expectant,—fixed at the top of a shudder! Future things swim before me, as in empty outlines

and skeletons; all the past is somehow grown dim. Mary, girl! thou fadest in pale glories behind me; boy! I seem to see but thy eyes grown wondrous blue. Strangest problems of life seem clearing; but clouds sweep between—Is my journey's end coming? My legs feel faint; like his who has footed it all day. Feel thy heart,—beats it yet? Stir thyself, Starbuck!—stave it off—move, move! speak aloud!—Masthead there! See ye my boy's hand on the hill?—Crazed;—aloft there!—keep thy keenest eye upon the boats;—mark well the whale!—Ho! again!—drive off that hawk! see! he pecks—he tears the vane”—pointing to the red flag flying at the main-truck—“Ha! he soars away with it!—Where's the old man now? see'st thou that sight, oh, Ahab!—shudder, shudder!”

The boats had not gone very far, when by a signal from the mast-heads—a downward pointed arm, Ahab knew that the whale had sounded; but intending to be near him at the next rising, he held on his way a little sideways from the vessel; the becharmed crew maintaining the profoundest silence, as the head-beat waves hammered and hammered against the opposing bow.

“Drive, drive in your nails, oh ye waves! to their uttermost heads drive them in! ye but strike a thing without a lid; and no coffin and no hearse can be mine:—and hemp only can kill me! Ha! ha!”

Suddenly the waters around them slowly swelled in broad circles; then quickly upheaved, as if sideways sliding from a submerged berg of ice, swiftly rising to the surface. A low rumbling sound was heard; a subterraneous hum; and then all held their breaths, as bedraggled with trailing ropes, and harpoons, and lances, a vast form shot lengthwise, but obliquely from the sea. Shrouded in a thin drooping veil of mist, it hovered for a moment in the rainbowed air; and then fell swamping back into the deep. Crushed thirty feet upwards, the waters flashed for an instant like heaps of fountains, then brokenly sank in a shower of flakes, leaving the circling surface creamed like new milk round the marble trunk of the whale.

“Give way!” cried Ahab to the oarsmen, and the boats darted forward to the attack; but maddened by yesterday's fresh irons that corroded in him, Moby Dick seemed combinedly possessed by all the angels that fell from heaven. The wide tiers of welded tendons overspreading his broad white forehead, beneath the transparent skin, looked knitted together; as head on, he came churning his tail

among the boats; and once more flailed them apart; spilling out the irons and lances from the two mates' boats, and dashing in one side of the upper part of their bows, but leaving Ahab's almost without a scar.

While Daggoo and Queequeg were stopping the strained planks; and as the whale swimming out from them, turned, and showed one entire flank as he shot by them again; at that moment a quick cry went up. Lashed round and round to the fish's back; pinioned in the turns upon turns in which, during the past night, the whale had reeled the involutions of the lines around him, the half torn body of the Parsee was seen; his sable raiment frayed to shreds; his distended eyes turned full upon old Ahab.

The harpoon dropped from his hand.

"Befooled, befooled!"—drawing in a long lean breath—"Aye, Parsee! I see thee again.—Aye, and thou goest before; and this, *this* then is the hearse that thou didst promise. But I hold thee to the last letter of thy word. Where is the second hearse? Away, mates, to the ship! those boats are useless now; repair them if ye can in time, and return to me; if not, Ahab is enough to die—Down, men! the first thing that but offers to jump from this boat I stand in, that thing I harpoon. Ye are not other men, but my arms and my legs; and so obey me.—Where's the whale? gone down again?"

But he looked too nigh the boat; for as if bent upon escaping with the corpse he bore, and as if the particular place of the last encounter had been but a stage in his leeward voyage, Moby Dick was now again steadily swimming forward; and had almost passed the ship,—which thus far had been sailing in the contrary direction to him, though for the present her headway had been stopped. He seemed swimming with his utmost velocity, and now only intent upon pursuing his own straight path in the sea.

"Oh! Ahab," cried Starbuck, "not too late is it, even now, the third day, to desist. See! Moby Dick seeks thee not. It is thou, thou, that madly seekest him!"

Setting sail to the rising wind, the lonely boat was swiftly impelled to leeward, by both oars and canvas. And at last when Ahab was sliding by the vessel, so near as plainly to distinguish Starbuck's face as he leaned over the rail, he hailed him to turn the vessel about, and follow him, not too swiftly, at a judicious interval. Glancing

upwards he saw Tashtego, Queequeg, and Daggoo, eagerly mounting to the three mastheads; while the oarsmen were rocking in the two staved boats which had just been hoisted on the side, and were busily at work in repairing them. One after the other, through the port-holes, as he sped, he also caught flying glimpses of Stubb and Flask, busying themselves on deck among bundles of new irons and lances. As he saw all this; as he heard the hammers in the broken boats; far other hammers seemed driving a nail into his heart. But he rallied. And now marking that the vane or flag was gone from the main-masthead, he shouted to Tashtego, who had just gained that perch, to descend again for another flag, and a hammer and nails, and so nail it to the mast.

Whether fagged by the three days' running chase, and the resistance to his swimming in the knotted hamper he bore; or whether it was some latent deceitfulness and malice in him; whichever was true, the White Whale's way now began to abate, as it seemed, from the boat so rapidly nearing him once more; though indeed the whale's last start had not been so long a one as before. And still as Ahab glided over the waves the unpitying sharks accompanied him; and so pertinaciously stuck to the boat; and so continually bit at the plying oars, that the blades became jagged and crunched, and left small splinters in the sea, at almost every dip.

"Heed them not! those teeth but give new rowlocks to your oars. Pull on! 'tis the better rest, the shark's jaw than the yielding water."

"But at every bite, sir, the thin blades grow smaller and smaller!"

"They will last long enough! pull on!—But who can tell"—he muttered—"whether these sharks swim to feast on the whale or on Ahab?—But pull on! Aye, all alive, now—we near him. The helm! take the helm! let me pass,"—and so saying, two of the oarsmen helped him forward to the bows of the still flying boat.

At length as the craft was cast to one side, and ran ranging along with the White Whale's flank, he seemed strangely oblivious of its advance—as the whale sometimes will—and Ahab was fairly within the smoky mountain mist, which, thrown off from the whale's spout, curled round his great Monadnock hump; he was even thus close to him; when, with body arched back, and both arms lengthwise high-lifted to the poise, he darted his fierce iron, and his far fiercer curse into the hated whale. As both steel and curse sank to

the socket, as if sucked into a morass, Moby Dick sideways writhed; spasmodically rolled his nigh flank against the bow, and, without staving a hole in it, so suddenly canted the boat over, that had it not been for the elevated part of the gunwale to which he then clung, Ahab would once more have been tossed into the sea. As it was, three of the oarsmen—who foreknew not the precise instant of the dart, and were therefore unprepared for its effects—these were flung out; but so fell, that, in an instant two of them clutched the gunwale again, and rising to its level on a combing wave, hurled themselves bodily inboard again; the third man helplessly dropping astern, but still afloat and swimming.

Almost simultaneously, with a mighty volition of ungraduate, instantaneous swiftness, the White Whale darted through the weltering sea. But when Ahab cried out to the steersmen to take new turns with the line, and hold it so; and commanded the crew to turn round on their seats, and tow the boat up to the mark; the moment the treacherous line felt that double strain and tug, it snapped in the empty air!

“What breaks in me? Some sinew cracks!—’tis whole again; oars! oars! Burst in upon him!”

Hearing the tremendous rush of the sea-crashing boat, the whale wheeled round to present his blank forehead at bay; but in that evolution, catching sight of the nearing black hull of the ship; seemingly seeing in it the source of all his persecutions; bethinking it—it may be—a larger and nobler foe; of a sudden, he bore down upon its advancing prow, smiting his jaws amid fiery showers of foam.

Ahab staggered, his hand smote his forehead. “I grow blind; hands! stretch out before me that I may yet grope my way. Is’t night?”

“The whale! The ship!” cried the cringing oarsmen.

“Oars! oars! Slope downwards to thy depths, O sea, that ere it be for ever too late, Ahab may slide this last, last time upon his mark! I see: the ship! the ship! Dash on, my men! will ye not save my ship?”

But as the oarsmen violently forced their boat through the sledge-hammering seas, the before whale-smitten bow-ends of two planks burst through, and in an instant almost, the temporary disabled boat

lay nearly level with the waves; its half-wading, splashing crew, trying hard to stop the gap and bail out the pouring water.

Meantime, for that one beholding instant, Tashtego's masthead hammer remained suspended in his hand; and the red flag, half-wrapping him as with a plaid, then streamed itself straight out from him, as his own forward-flowing heart; while Starbuck and Stubb, standing upon the bowsprit beneath, caught sight of the down-coming monster just as soon as he.

"The whale, the whale! Up helm, up helm! Oh, all ye sweet powers of air, now hug me close! Let not Starbuck die, if die he must, in a woman's fainting fit. Up helm, I say—ye fools, the jaw! the jaw! Is this the end of all my bursting prayers? all my lifelong fidelities? Oh, Ahab, Ahab, lo, thy work. Steady! helmsman, steady. Nay, nay! Up helm again! He turns to meet us! Oh, his unappeasable brow drives on towards one, whose duty tells him he cannot depart. My God, stand by me now!"

"Stand not by me, but stand under me, whoever you are that will now help Stubb; for Stubb, too, sticks here. I grin at thee, thou grinning whale! Who ever helped Stubb, or kept Stubb awake, but Stubb's own unwinking eye? And now poor Stubb goes to bed upon a mattress that is all too soft; would it were stuffed with brushwood! I grin at thee, thou grinning whale! Look ye, sun, moon, and stars! I call ye assassins of as good a fellow as ever spouted up his ghost. For all that, I would yet ring glasses with thee, would ye but hand the cup! Oh, oh! oh, oh! thou grinning whale, but there'll be plenty of gulping soon! Why fly ye not, O Ahab! For me, off shoes and jacket to it; let Stubb die in his drawers! A most mouldy and over-salted death, though;—cherries! cherries! cherries! Oh, Flask, for one red cherry ere we die!"

"Cherries? I only wish that we were where they grow. Oh, Stubb, I hope my poor mother's drawn my part-pay ere this; if not, few coppers will now come to her, for the voyage is up."

From the ship's bows, nearly all the seamen now hung inactive; hammers, bits of planks, lances, and harpoons, mechanically retained in their hands, just as they had darted from their various employments; all their enchanted eyes intent upon the whale, which from side to side strangely vibrating his predestinating head, sent a broad band of overspreading semicircular foam before him as he rushed.

Retribution, swift vengeance, eternal malice were in his whole aspect, and spite of all that mortal man could do, the solid white buttress of his forehead smote the ship's starboard bow, till men and timbers reeled. Some fell flat upon their faces. Like dislodged trucks, the heads of the harpooneers aloft shook on their bull-like necks. Through the breach, they heard the waters pour, as mountain torrents down a flume.

"The ship! The hearse!—the second hearse!" cried Ahab from the boat; "its wood could only be American!"

Diving beneath the settling ship, the whale ran quivering along its keel; but turning under water, swiftly shot to the surface again, far off the other bow, but within a few yards of Ahab's boat, where, for a time, he lay quiescent.

"I turn my body from the sun. What ho, Tashtego! let me hear thy hammer. Oh! ye three unsundered spires of mine; thou uncracked keel; and only god-bullied hull; thou firm deck, and haughty helm, and Pole-pointed prow,—death-glorious ship! must ye then perish, and without me? Am I cut off from the last fond pride of meanest shipwrecked captains? Oh, lonely death on lonely life! Oh, now I feel my topmost greatness lies in my topmost grief. Ho, ho! from all your furthest bounds, pour ye now in, ye bold billows of my whole foregone life, and top this one piled comber of my death! Towards thee I roll, thou all-destroying but unconquering whale; to the last I grapple with thee; from hell's heart I stab at thee; for hate's sake I spit my last breath at thee. Sink all coffins and all hearses to one common pool! and since neither can be mine, let me then tow to pieces, while still chasing thee, though tied to thee, thou damned whale! *Thus*, I give up the spear!"

The harpoon was darted; the stricken whale flew forward; with igniting velocity the line ran through the groove;—ran foul. Ahab stooped to clear it; he did clear it; but the flying turn caught him round the neck, and voicelessly as Turkish mutes bowstring their victim, he was shot out of the boat, ere the crew knew he was gone. Next instant, the heavy eye-splice in the rope's final end flew out of the stark-empty tub, knocked down an oarsman, and smiting the sea, disappeared in its depths.

For an instant, the tranced boat's crew stood still; then turned. "The ship? Great God, where is the ship?" Soon they through

dim, bewildering mediums saw her sidelong fading phantom, as in the gaseous Fata Morgana; only the uppermost masts out of water; while fixed by infatuation, or fidelity, or fate, to their once lofty perches, the pagan harpooneers still maintained their sinking look-outs on the sea. And now, concentric circles seized the lone boat itself, and all its crew, and each floating oar, and every lance-pole, and spinning, animate and inanimate, all round and round in one vortex, carried the smallest chip of the *Pequod* out of sight.

But as the last whelmings intermixingly poured themselves over the sunken head of the Indian at the mainmast, leaving a few inches of the erect spar yet visible, together with long streaming yards of the flag, which calmly undulated, with ironical coincidings, over the destroying billows they almost touched;—at that instant, a red arm and a hammer hovered backwardly uplifted in the open air, in the act of nailing the flag faster and yet faster to the subsiding spar. A sky-hawk that tauntingly had followed the main-truck downwards from its natural home among the stars, pecking at the flag, and incommoding Tashtego there; this bird now chanced to intercept its broad fluttering wing between the hammer and the wood; and simultaneously feeling that ethereal thrill, the submerged savage beneath, in his death-gasp, kept his hammer frozen there; and so the bird of heaven, with archangelic shrieks, and his imperial beak thrust upwards, and his whole captive form folded in the flag of Ahab, went down with his ship, which, like Satan, would not sink to hell till she had dragged a living part of heaven along with her, and helmeted herself with it.

Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf; a sullen white surf beat against its steep sides; then all collapsed, and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago.

THE SEA

By BARRY CORNWALL

HE seal the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh, how I love!) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

I've lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!



KIDD THE PIRATE

By WASHINGTON IRVING

IN OLD times, just after the territory of the New Netherlands had been wrested from the hands of their High Mightinesses, the Lords States-General of Holland, by King Charles the Second, and while it was as yet in an unquiet state, the province was a great resort of random adventurers, loose livers, and all that class of haphazard fellows who live by their wits, and dislike the old fashioned restraint of law and gospel. Among these, the foremost were the buccaneers. These were rovers of the deep, who perhaps in time of war had been educated in those schools of piracy, the privateers; but having once tasted the sweets of plunder, had ever retained a hankering after it. There is but a slight step from the privateersman to the pirate; both fight for the love of plunder; only that the latter is the bravest, as he dares both the enemy and the gallows.

But in whatever school they had been taught, the buccaneers that kept about the English colonies were daring fellows, and made sad work in times of peace among the Spanish merchantmen. The easy access to the harbor of the Manhattoes, the number of hiding places about its waters, and the laxity of its scarcely organized government, made it a great rendezvous of the pirates; where they might dispose of their booty, and concert new depredations. As they brought home with them wealthy lading of all kinds, the luxuries of the tropics, and the sumptuous spoils of the Spanish provinces, and disposed of them with the proverbial carelessness of freebooters, they were welcome visitors to the thrifty traders of the Manhattoes. Crews of these desperadoes, therefore, the runagates of every country and every clime, might be seen swaggering in open day about the streets of the little burgh, elbowing its quiet mynheers; trafficking away their rich outlandish plunder at half or quarter price to the

wary merchants; and then squandering their prize-money in taverns, drinking, gambling, singing, swearing, shouting, and astounding the neighborhood with midnight brawl and ruffian revelry.

At length these excesses rose to such a height as to become a scandal to the provinces, and to call loudly for the interposition of government. Measures were accordingly taken to put a stop to the widely extended evil, and to ferret this vermin brood out of the colonies.

Among the agents employed to execute this purpose was the notorious Captain Kidd. He had long been an equivocal character; one of those nondescript animals of the ocean that are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. He was somewhat of a trader, something more of a smuggler, with a considerable dash of the picaroon. He had traded for many years among the pirates, in a little rakish mosquito-built vessel, that could run into all kinds of waters. He knew all their haunts and lurking-places; was always hooking about on mysterious voyages, and was as busy as a Mother Cary's chicken in a storm.

This nondescript personage was pitched upon by the government as the very man to hunt the pirates by sea, upon the good old maxim of "setting a rogue to catch a rogue"; or as otters are sometimes used to catch their cousins-german, the fish.

Kidd accordingly sailed for New York, in 1695, in a gallant vessel called the *Adventure Galley*, well armed and duly commissioned. On arriving at his old haunts, however, he shipped his crew on new terms; enlisted a number of his old comrades, lads of the knife and the pistol; and then set sail for the East. Instead of cruising against pirates, he turned pirate himself; steered to the Madeiras, to Bonavista, and Madagascar, and cruised about the entrance to the Red Sea. Here, among other maritime robberies, he captured a rich Quedah merchantman, manned by Moors, though commanded by an Englishman. Kidd would fain have passed this off for a worthy exploit, as being a kind of crusade against the infidels; but government had long since lost all relish for such Christian triumphs.

After roaming the seas, trafficking his prizes, and changing from ship to ship, Kidd had the hardihood to return to Boston, laden with booty, with a crew of swaggering companions at his heels.

Times, however, were changed. The buccaneers could no longer show a whisker in the colonies with impunity. The new Governor, Lord Bellamont, had signalized himself by his zeal in extirpating these offenders; and was doubly exasperated against Kidd, having been instrumental in appointing him to the trust which he had betrayed. No sooner, therefore, did he show himself in Boston, than the alarm was given of his reappearance, and measures were taken to arrest this cutpurse of the ocean. The daring character which Kidd had acquired, however, and the desperate fellows who followed like bull-dogs at his heels, caused a little delay in his arrest. He took advantage of this, it is said, to bury the greater part of his treasures, and then carried a high head about the streets of Boston. He even attempted to defend himself when arrested, but was secured and thrown into prison, with his followers. Such was the formidable character of this pirate and his crew, that it was thought advisable to dispatch a frigate to bring them to England. Great exertions were made to screen him from justice, but in vain; he and his comrades were tried, condemned, and hanged at Execution Dock in London. Kidd died hard, for the rope with which he was first tied up broke with his weight, and he tumbled to the ground. He was tied up a second time, and more effectually; hence came, doubtless, the story of Kidd's having a charmed life, and that he had to be twice hanged.

Such is the main outline of Kidd's history; but it has given birth to an innumerable progeny of traditions. The report of his having buried great treasures of gold and jewels before his arrest, set the brains of all the good people along the coast in a ferment. There were rumors on rumors of great sums of money found here and there, sometimes in one part of the country, sometimes in another; of coins with Moorish inscriptions, doubtless the spoils of his eastern prizes, but which the common people looked upon with superstitious awe, regarding the Moorish letters as diabolical or magical characters.

Some reported the treasure to have been buried in solitary, unsettled places, about Plymouth and Cape Cod; but by degrees various other parts, not only on the eastern coast, but along the shores of the Sound, and even of Manhattan and Long Island, were gilded by these rumors. In fact, the rigorous measures of Lord Bellamont spread sudden consternation among the buccaneers in every part

of the provinces: they secreted their money and jewels in lonely out-of-the-way places, about the wild shores of the rivers and sea-coast, and dispersed themselves over the face of the country. The hand of justice prevented many of them from ever returning to regain their buried treasures, which remained, and remain probably to this day, objects of enterprise for the money-digger.

This is the cause of those frequent reports of trees and rocks bearing mysterious marks, supposed to indicate the spots where treasures lay hidden; and many have been the ransackings after the pirate's booty. In all the stories which once abounded of these enterprises the devil played a conspicuous part. Either he was conciliated by ceremonies and invocations, or some solemn compact was made with him. Still he was ever prone to play the money-diggers some slippery trick. Some would dig so far as to come to an iron chest, when some baffling circumstance was sure to take place. Either the earth would fall in and fill up the pit, or some direful noise or apparition would frighten the party from the place: sometimes the devil himself would appear, and bear off the prize when within their very grasp; and if they revisited the place the next day, not a trace would be found of their labors of the preceding night.

All these rumors, however, were extremely vague, and for a long time tantalized, without gratifying, my curiosity. There is nothing in this world but truth that I care for. I sought among all my favorite sources of authentic information, the oldest inhabitants, and particularly the old Dutch wives of the province; but though I flatter myself that I am better versed than most men in the curious history of my native province, yet for a long time my inquiries were unattended with any substantial result.

At length it happened that, one calm day in the latter part of summer, I was relaxing myself from the toils of severe study, by a day's amusement in fishing in those waters which had been the favorite resort of my boyhood. I was in company with several worthy burghers of my native city, among whom were more than one illustrious member of the corporation, whose names, did I dare to mention them, would do honor to my humble page. Our sport was indifferent. The fish did not bite freely, and we frequently changed our fishing-ground without bettering our luck. We were

at length anchored close under a ledge of rocky coast, on the eastern side of the island of Manhattan. It was a still, warm day. The stream whirled and dimpled by us, without a wave or even a ripple; and everything was so calm and quiet, that it was almost startling when the kingfisher would pitch himself from the branch of some high tree, and after suspending himself for a moment in the air, to take his aim, would souse into the smooth water after his prey. While we were lolling in our boat, half drowsy with the warm stillness of the day, and the dulness of our sport, one of our party, a worthy alderman, was overtaken by a slumber, and, as he dozed, suffered the sinker of his drop-line to lie upon the bottom of the river. On waking, he found he had caught something of importance from the weight. On drawing it to the surface, we were much surprised to find it a long pistol of very curious and outlandish fashion, which, from its rusted condition, and its stock being worm-eaten and covered with barnacles, appeared to have lain a long time under water. The unexpected appearance of this document of warfare occasioned much speculation among my pacific companions. One supposed it to have fallen there during the Revolutionary War; another, from the peculiarity of its fashion, attributed it to the voyagers in the earliest days of the settlement; perchance to the renowned Adriaen Block, who explored the Sound, and discovered Block Island, since so noted for its cheese. But a third, after regarding it for some time, pronounced it to be of veritable Spanish workmanship.

"I'll warrant," said he, "if this pistol could talk, it would tell strange stories of hard fights among the Spanish Dons. I've no doubt but it is a relic of the buccaneers of old times,—who knows but it belonged to Kidd himself?"

"Ah! that Kidd was a resolute fellow," cried an old iron-faced Cape-Cod whaler.—"There's a fine old song about him, all to the tune of —"

My name is Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed;—

and then it tells about how he gained the devil's good graces by burying the Bible:—

I'd a Bible in my hand,
As I sailed, as I sailed
And I sunk it in the sand,
As I sailed.—

“Odsfish, If I thought this pistol had belonged to Kidd, I should set great store by it, for curiosity's sake. By the way, I recollect a story about a fellow who once dug up Kidd's buried money, which was written by a neighbor of mine, and which I learnt by heart. As the fish don't bite just now, I'll tell it to you, by way of passing away the time.”—And so saying, he gave us the following narration.

THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER

A few miles from Boston in Massachusetts, there is a deep inlet, winding several miles into the interior of the country from Charles Bay, and terminating in a thickly-wooded swamp or morass. On one side of this inlet is a beautiful dark grove; on the opposite side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge into a high ridge, on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size. Under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, there was a great amount of treasure buried by Kidd the pirate. The inlet allowed a facility to bring the money in a boat secretly and at night to the very foot of the hill; the elevation of the place permitted a good lookout to be kept that no one was at hand; while the remarkable trees formed good landmarks by which the place might easily be found again. The old stories add, moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding of the money, and took it under his guardianship; but this, it is well known, he always does with buried treasure, particularly when it has been ill-gotten. Be that as it may, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth; being shortly after seized at Boston, sent out to England, and there hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1727, just at the time that earthquakes were prevalent in New England, and shook many tall sinners down to their knees, there lived near this place a meagre, miserly fellow, of the name of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself: They were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on, she hid away; a hen could not

cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new-laid egg. Her husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property. They lived in a forlorn-looking house that stood alone, and had an air of starvation. A few straggling savin-trees, emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney; no traveller stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron, stalked about a field, where a thin carpet of moss, scarcely covering the ragged beds of pudding-stone, tantalized and balked his hunger; and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence, look piteously at the passer-by, and seem to petition deliverance from this land of famine.

The house and its inmates had altogether a bad name. Tom's wife was a tall termagant, fierce of temper, loud of tongue, and strong of arm. Her voice was often heard in wordy warfare with her husband; and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not confined to words. No one ventured, however, to interfere between them. The lonely wayfarer shrunk within himself at the horrid clamor and clapper-clawing; eyed the den of discord askance; and hurried on his way, rejoicing, if a bachelor, in his celibacy.

One day that Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighborhood, he took what he considered a short cut homeward, through the swamp. Like most shorts cuts, it was an ill-chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pines and hemlocks, some of them ninety feet high, which made it dark at noonday, and a retreat for all the owls of the neighborhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses, where the green surface often betrayed the traveller into a gulf of black, smothering mud: there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abodes of the tadpole, the bull-frog, and the water-snake; where the trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half-drowned, half-rotting, looking like alligators sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest; stepping from tuft to tuft of rushes and roots, which afforded precarious footholds among deep sloughs; or pacing carefully, like a cat, along the prostrate trunks of trees; startled now

and then by the sudden screaming of the bittern, or the quacking of a wild duck rising on the wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a firm piece of ground, which ran out like a peninsula into the deep bosom of the swamp. It had been one of the strongholds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists. Here they had thrown up a kind of fort, which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the old Indian fort but a few embankments, gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and already overgrown in part by oaks and other forest trees, the foliage of which formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of the swamp.

It was late in the dusk of evening when Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there awhile to rest himself. Any one but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely, melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it, from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars; when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here, and made sacrifices to the evil spirit.

Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind. He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree-toad, and delving with his walking-staff into a mound of black mould at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mould, and lo! a cloven skull, with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this death-blow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave it a kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice. Tom lifted up his eyes, and beheld a great black man seated directly opposite him, on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither heard nor seen any one approach; and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither negro nor Indian. It is true he was dressed in

a rude half Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round his body; but his face was neither black nor copper-color, but swarthy and dingy, and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions, and bore an axe on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing on my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds!" said Tom, with a sneer, "no more your grounds than mine; they belong to Deacon Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be d——d," said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to those of his neighbors. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody is faring."

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten to the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through, so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody, an eminent man, who had waxed wealthy by driving shrewd bargains with the Indians. He now looked around, and found most of the tall trees marked with the name of some great man of the colony, and all more or less scored by the axe. The one on which he had been seated, and which had evidently just been hewn down, bore the name of Crowninshield; and he recollected a mighty rich man of that name, who made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black man, with a growl of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter."

"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of a prior claim," said the other. "This woodland belonged to me long before one of your white-faced race put foot upon the soil."

"And pray, who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom.

"Oh, I go by various names. I am the Wild Huntsman in some countries; the Black Miner in others. In this neighborhood I am known by the name of the Black Woodsman. I am he to whom the red man consecrated this spot, and in honor of whom they now and then roasted a white man, by way of sweet-smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecutions of Quakers and Anabaptists; I am the great patron and prompter of slave-dealers, and the grand-master of the Salem witches."

"The upshot of all which is, that, if I mistake not," said Tom, sturdily, "you are he commonly called Old Scratch."

"The same, at your service!" replied the black man, with a half civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according to the old story; though it has almost too familiar an air to be credited. One would think that to meet with such a singular personage, in this wild, lonely place, would have shaken any man's nerves; but Tom was a hard-minded fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a termagant wife, that he did not even fear the devil.

It is said that after this commencement they had a long and earnest conversation together, as Tom returned homeward. The black man told him of great sums of money buried by Kidd the pirate, under the oak-trees on the high ridge, not far from the morass. All these were under his command, and protected by his power, so that none could find them but such as propitiated his favor. These he offered to place within Tom Walker's reach, having conceived an especial kindness for him; but they were to be had only on certain conditions. What these conditions were may be easily surmised, though Tom never disclosed them publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think of them, and he was not a man to stick at trifles when money was in view. When they had reached the edge of the swamp, the stranger paused. "What proof have I that all you have been telling me is true?" said Tom. "There's my signature," said the black man, pressing his finger on Tom's forehead. So saying, he turned off among the thickets of the swamp, and seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, down, into the earth, until nothing but his head and shoulders could be seen, and so on, until he totally disappeared.

When Tom reached home, he found the black print of a finger burnt, as it were, into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate.

The first news his wife had to tell him was the sudden death of Absalom Crowninshield, the rich buccaneer. It was announced in the papers with the usual flourish, that "A great man had fallen in Israel."

Tom recollected the tree which his black friend had just hewn down, and which was ready for burning. "Let the freebooter roast," said Tom, "who cares!" He now felt convinced that all he had heard and seen was no illusion.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence; but as this was an uneasy secret, he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged her husband to comply with the black mans terms, and secure what would make them wealthy for life. However Tom might have felt disposed to sell himself to the devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so he flatly refused, out of the mere spirit of contradiction. Many and bitter were the quarrels they had on the subject; but the more she talked, the more resolute was Tom not to be damned to please her.

At length she determined to drive the bargain on her own account and if she succeeded, to keep all the gain to herself. Being of the same fearless temper as her husband, she set off for the old Indian fort towards the close of a summer's day. She was many hours absent. When she came back, she was reserved and sullen in her replies. She spoke something of a black man, whom she had met about twilight hewing at the root of a tall tree. He was sulky, however, and would not come to terms: she was to go again with a propitiatory offering, but what it was she forbore to say.

The next evening she set off again for the swamp, with her apron heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her, but in vain; midnight came, but she did not make her appearance: morning, noon, night returned, but still she did not come. Tom now grew uneasy for her safety, especially as he found she had carried off in her apron the silver tea-pot and spoons, and every portable article of value. Another night elapsed, another morning came; but no wife. In a word, she was never heard of more.

What was her real fate nobody knows, in consequence of so many pretending to know. It is one of those facts which have become confounded by a variety of historians. Some asserted that she lost her way among the tangled mazes of the swamp, and sank into some pit or slough; others, more uncharitable, hinted that she had eloped with the household booty, and made off to some other province; while others surmised that the tempter had decoyed her into a dismal quagmire, on the top of which her hat was found lying. In confirmation of this, it was said a great black man, with an axe on his shoulder, was seen late that very evening coming out of the swamp, carrying a bundle tied in a checked apron, with an air of surly triumph.

The most current and probable story, however, observes that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and his property, that he set out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During a long summer's afternoon he searched about the gloomy place, but no wife was to be seen. He called her name repeatedly, but she was nowhere to be heard. The bittern alone responded to his voice, as he flew screaming by; or the bull-frog croaked dolefully from a neighboring pool. At length, it is said, just in the brown hour of twilight, when the owls began to hoot, and the bats to flit about, his attention was attracted by the clamor of carrion crows hovering about a cypress-tree. He looked up, and beheld a bundle tied to a checked apron, and hanging in the branches of a tree, with a great vulture perched hard by, as if keeping watch upon it. He leaped with joy; for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain the household valuables.

"Let us get hold of the property," said he, consolingly to himself, "and we will endeavor to do without the woman."

As he scrambled up the tree, the vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off, screaming, into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the checked apron, but, woeful sight! found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it!

Such, according to this most authentic old story, was all that was to be found of Tom's wife. She had probably attempted to deal with the black man as she had been accustomed to deal with her husband; but though a female scold is generally considered a match for the devil, yet in this instance she appears to have had the worst of it.

She must have died game, however; for it is said Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and found handfuls of hair, that looked as if they had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodman. Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders, as he looked at the signs of a fierce clapper-clawing. "Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it!"

Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property, with the loss of his wife, for he was a man of fortitude. He even felt something like gratitude towards the black woodman, who, he considered, had done him a kindness. He sought, therefore, to cultivate a further acquaintance with him, but for some time without success; the old black-legs played shy, for whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling for: he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his game.

At length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to anything rather than not gain the promised treasure, he met the black man one evening in his usual woodman's dress, with his axe on his shoulder, sauntering along the swamp, and humming a tune. He affected to receive Tom's advances with great indifference, made brief replies, and went on humming his tune.

By degrees, however, Tom brought him to business, and they began to haggle about the terms on which the former was to have the pirate's treasure. There was one condition which need not be mentioned, being generally understood in all cases where the devil grants favors; but there were others about which, though of less importance, he was inflexibly obstinate. He insisted that the money found through his means should be employed in his service. He proposed, therefore, that Tom should employ it in the black traffic; that is to say, that he should fit out a slave-ship. This, however, Tom resolutely refused: he was bad enough in all conscience; but the devil himself could not tempt him to turn slave-trader.

Finding Tom so squeamish on this point, he did not insist upon it, but proposed, instead, that he should turn usurer; the devil being extremely anxious for the increase of usurers, looking upon them as his peculiar people.

To this no objections were made, for it was just to Tom's taste.

"You shall open a broker's shop in Boston next month," said the black man.

"I'll do it to-morrow, if you wish," said Tom Walker.

"You shall lend money at two per cent a month."

"Egad, I'll charge four!" replied Tom Walker.

"You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive the merchants to bankruptcy——"

"I'll drive them to the d——l," cried Tom Walker.

"You are the usurer for my money!" said black-legs with delight. "When will you want the rhino?"

"This very night."

"Done!" said the devil.

"Done!" said Tom Walker.—So they shook hands and struck a bargain.

A few days' time saw Tom Walker seated behind his desk in a counting-house in Boston.

His reputation for a ready-moneyed man, who would lend money out for a good consideration, soon spread abroad. Everybody remembers the time of Governor Belcher, when money was particularly scarce. It was a time of paper credit. The country had been deluged with government bills, the famous Land Bank had been established; there had been a rage for speculating; the people had run mad with schemes for new settlements; for building cities in the wilderness; land-jobbers went about with maps of grants, and townships, and Eldorados, lying nobody knew where, but which everybody was ready to purchase. In a word, the great speculating fever which breaks out every now and then in the country, had raged to an alarming degree, and everybody was dreaming of making sudden fortunes from nothing. As usual the fever had subsided; the dream had gone off, and the imaginary fortunes with it; the patients were left in doleful plight, and the whole country resounded with the consequent cry of "hard times."

At this propitious time of public distress did Tom Walker set up as usurer in Boston. His door was soon thronged by customers. The needy and adventurous; the gambling speculator; the dreaming land-jobber; the thriftless tradesman; the merchant with cracked credit; in short, every one driven to raise money by desperate means and desperate sacrifices, hurried to Tom Walker.

Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy, and acted like a "friend in need"; that is to say, he always exacted good pay and good security. In proportion to the distress of the applicant was the hardness of his terms. He accumulated bonds and mortgages; gradually squeezed his customers closer and closer; and sent them at length, dry as a sponge, from his door.

In this way he made money hand over hand, became a rich and mighty man, and exalted his cocked hat upon 'Change. He built himself, as usual, a vast house, out of ostentation; but left the greater part of it unfinished and unfurnished, out of parsimony. He even set up a carriage in the fulness of his vainglory, though he nearly starved the horses which drew it; and as the ungreased wheels groaned and screeched on the axletrees, you would have thought you heard the souls of the poor debtors he was squeezing.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about those of the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and set his wits to work to cheat him out of the conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent church-goer. He prayed loudly and strenuously, as if heaven were to be taken by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell when he had sinned most during the week, by the clamor of his Sunday devotion. The quiet Christians, who had been modestly and steadfastly traveling Zionward, were struck with self-reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new-made convert. Tom was as rigid in religious as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor and censurer of his neighbors, and seemed to think every sin entered up to their account became a credit on his own side of the page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecution of Quakers and Anabaptists. In a word, Tom's zeal became as notorious as his riches.

Still, in spite of all this strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil, after all, would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried a small Bible in his coat-pocket. He had also a great folio Bible on his counting-house desk, and would frequently be found reading it when people called on business; on such occasions he would lay

his green spectacles in the book, to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say that Tom grew a little crack-brained in his old days, and that, fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost; because he supposed that at the last day the world would be turned upside down; in which case he should find his horse standing ready for mounting, and he was determined at the worst to give his old friend a run for it. This, however, is probably a mere old wives' fable. If he really did take such a precaution, it was totally superfluous; at least so says the authentic old legend; which closes his story in the following manner.

One hot summer afternoon in the dog-days, just as a terrible black thunder-gust was coming up, Tom sat in his counting-house, in his white linen cap and India silk morning-gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he would complete the ruin of an unlucky land-speculator for whom he had professed the greatest friendship. The poor land-jobber begged him to grant a few months' indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated, and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined, and brought upon the parish," said the land-jobber. "Charity begins at home," replied Tom; "I must take care of myself in these hard times."

"You have made so much money out of me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety. "The devil take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing!"

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street-door. He stepped out to see who was there. A black man was holding a black horse, which neighed and stamped with impatience.

"Tom, you're come for," said the black fellow, gruffly. Tom shrank back, but too late. He had left his little Bible at the bottom of his coat-pocket, and his big Bible on the desk buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose: never was sinner taken more unawares. The black man whisked him like a child into the saddle, gave the horse the lash, and away he galloped, with Tom on his back, in the midst of the thunder-storm. The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears, and stared after him from the windows. Away went Tom Walker, dashing down the streets; his white cap bobbing

up and down; his morning-gown fluttering in the wind, and his steed striking fire out of the pavement at every bound. When the clerks turned to look for the black man, he had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman, who lived on the border of the swamp, reported that in the height of the thunder-gust he had heard a great clattering of hoofs and a howling along the road, and running to the window caught sight of a figure, such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like mad across the fields, over the hills, and down into the black hemlock swamp towards the old Indian fort; and that shortly after a thunder-bolt falling in that direction seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze.

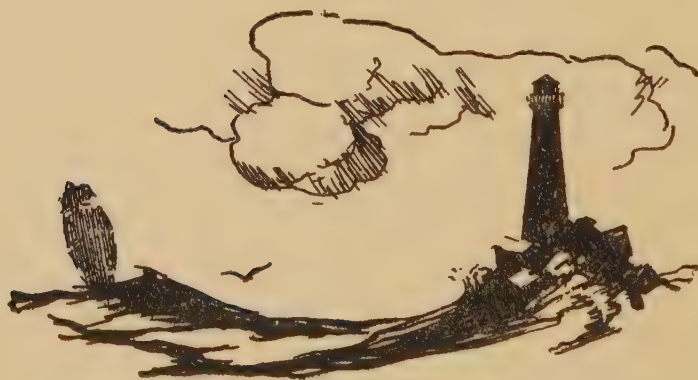
The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, but had been so much accustomed to witches and goblins, and tricks of the devil, in all kinds of shapes, from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror-struck as might have been expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers, all his bonds and mortgages were found reduced to cinders. In place of gold and silver, his iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his half-starved horses, and the very next day his great house took fire and was burnt to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill-gotten wealth. Let all griping money-brokers lay this story to heart. The truth of it is not to be doubted. The very hole under the oak-trees, whence he dug Kidd's money, is to be seen to this day; and the neighboring swamp and old Indian fort are often haunted on stormy nights by a figure on horseback, in morning-gown and white cap, which is doubtless the troubled spirit of the usurer. In fact, the story has resolved itself into a proverb, and is the origin of that popular saying, so prevalent throughout New England, of "The Devil and Tom Walker."

Such, as nearly as I can recollect, was the purport of the tale told by the Cape-Cod whaler. There were divers trivial particulars which I have omitted, and which whiled away the morning very pleasantly, until the time of tide favorable to fishing being passed,

it was proposed to land, and refresh ourselves under the trees, till the noontide heat should have abated.

We accordingly landed on a delectable part of the island of Manhattan, in that shady and embowered tract formerly under the domain of the ancient family of the Hardenbrooks. It was a spot well known to me in the course of the aquatic expeditions of my boyhood. Not far from where we landed there was an old Dutch family vault, constructed in the side of a bank, which had been an object of great awe and fable among my schoolboy associates. We had peeped into it during one of our coasting voyages, and been startled by the sight of mouldering coffins and musty bones within; but what had given it the most fearful interest in our eyes, was its being in some way connected with the pirate wreck which lay rotting among the rocks of Hell-gate. There were stories also of smuggling connected with it, particularly relating to a time when this retired spot was owned by a noted burgher, called Ready Money Provost; a man of whom it was whispered that he had many mysterious dealings with parts beyond the seas. All these things, however, had been jumbled together in our minds in that vague way in which such themes are mingled up in the tales of boyhood.



OUTWARD BOUND ON THE CACHALOT

By FRANK T. BULLEN

★  T THE age of eighteen, after a sea-experience of six years from the time when I dodged about London streets, a ragged Arab, with wits sharpened by the constant fight for food, I found myself roaming the streets of New Bedford, Massachusetts. How I came to be there, of all places in the world, does not concern this story at all, so I am not going to trouble my readers with it; enough to say that I *was* there, and mighty anxious to get away. Sailor Jack is always hankering for shore when he is at sea, but when he is "outward bound"—that is, when his money is all gone—he is like a cat in the rain there.

So as *my* money was all gone, I was hungry for a ship; and when a long, keen-looking man with a goat-like beard, and mouth stained with dry tobacco-juice, hailed me one afternoon at the street corner, I answered very promptly, scenting a berth. "Lookin' fer a ship, stranger?" said he. "Yes; do you want a hand?" said I, anxiously. He made a funny little sound something like a pony's whinny, then answered, "Wall, I should surmise that I want between fifty and sixty hands, ef yew kin lay me onto 'em; but, kem along, every dleep's a drop, an' yew seem likely enough." With that he turned and led the way until we reached a building, around which was gathered one of the most nondescript crowds I had ever seen. There certainly did not appear to be a sailor among them. Not so much by their rig, though that is not a great deal to go by, but by their actions and speech. One thing they all had in common, tobacco chewing; but as nearly every male I met with in America did that, it was not much to be noticed. I had hardly done reckoning them up when two or three bustling men came out and shepherded us all energetically into a long, low room, where some form of agreement

was read out to us. Sailors are naturally and usually careless about the nature of the "articles" they sign, their chief anxiety being to get to sea, and under somebody's charge. But had I been ever so anxious to know what I was going to sign this time, I could not, for the language might as well have been Chinese for all I understood of it. However, I signed and passed on, engaged to go I knew not where, in some ship I did not know even the name of, in which I was to receive I did not know how much, or how little, for my labour, nor how long I was going to be away. "What a young fool!" I hear somebody say. I quite agree, but there were a good many more in that ship, as in most ships that I have ever sailed in.

From the time we signed the articles, we were never left to ourselves. Truculent-looking men accompanied us to our several boarding-houses, paid our debts for us, finally bringing us by boat to a ship lying out in the bay. As we passed under her stern, I read the name *Cachalot*, of New Bedford; but as soon as we ranged alongside, I realized that I was booked for the sailor's horror—a cruise in a whaler. Badly as I wanted to get to sea, I had not bargained for this, and would have run some risks to get ashore again; but they took no chances, so we were all soon aboard. Before going forward, I took a comprehensive glance around, and saw that I was on board of a vessel belonging to a type which has almost disappeared off the face of the waters. A more perfect contrast to the trim-built English clipper-ships that I had been accustomed to I could hardly imagine. She was one of a class characterized by sailors as "built by the mile, and cut off in lengths as you want 'em," bow and stern almost alike, masts standing straight as broomsticks, and bowsprit soaring upwards at an angle of about forty-five degrees. She was as old-fashioned in her rig as in her hull; but I must not go into the technical differences between rigs, for fear of making myself tedious. Right in the centre of the deck, occupying a space of about ten feet by eight, was a square erection of brickwork, upon which my wondering gaze rested longest, for I had not the slightest idea what it could be. But I was rudely roused from my meditations by the harsh voice of one of the officers, who shouted, "Naow then, git below an' stow yer dunnage, 'n look lively up agin." I took the broad hint, and shouldering my traps, hurried forward to the fo'lk'sle, which was below deck. Tumbling down the steep ladder, I entered

the gloomy den which was to be for so long my home, finding it fairly packed with my shipmates. A motley crowd they were. I had been used in English ships to considerable variety of nationality; but here were gathered, not only the representatives of five or six nations, but 'long-shoremen of all kinds, half of whom had hardly ever set eyes on a ship before! The whole space was undivided by partition, but I saw at once that black men and white had separated themselves, the blacks taking the port side and the whites the star-board. Finding a vacant bunk by the dim glimmer of the ancient teapot lamp that hung amidships, giving out as much smoke as light, I hurriedly shifted my coat for a "jumper" or blouse, put on an old cap, and climbed into the fresh air again. For a double reason, even my seasoned head was feeling bad with the villainous reek of the place, and I did not want any of those hard-featured officers on deck to have any cause to complain of my "hanging back." On board ship, especially American ships, the first requisite for a sailor who wants to be treated properly is to "show willing," any suspicion of slackness being noted immediately, and the backward one marked accordingly. I had hardly reached the deck when I was confronted by a negro, the biggest I ever saw in my life. He looked me up and down for a moment, then opening his ebony features in a wide smile, he said, "Great snakes! why, here's a sailor man for sure! Guess that's so, ain't it, Johnny?" I said "yes" very curtly, for I hardly liked his patronizing air; but he snapped me up short with "yes, *sir*, when yew speak to me, yew blank limejuicer. I'se de fourf mate ob dis yar ship, en my name's Mistah Jones, 'n yew jest freeze on to dat ar, ef yew want ter lib long 'n' die happy. See, sonny." I *saw*, and answered promptly, "I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't know." "Ob cawse yew didn't know, dat's all right, little Britisher; naow jest skip aloft 'n' loose dat fore-taupsle." "Aye, aye, sir," I answered cheerily, springing at once into the fore-rigging and up the ratlines like a monkey, but not too fast to hear him chuckle, "Dat's a smart kiddy, I bet." I had the big sail loose in double quick time, and sung out "All gone, the fore-taupsle," before any of the other sails were adrift. "Loose the to-gantsle and staysles" came up from below in a voice like thunder, and I bounded up higher to my task. On deck I could see a crowd at the windlass heaving up anchor. I said to myself, "They don't waste any time getting this packet away."

Evidently they were not anxious to test any of the crew's swimming powers. They were wise, for had she remained at anchor that night I verily believe some of the poor wretches would have tried to escape.

The anchor came aweigh, the sails were sheeted home, and I returned on deck to find the ship gathering way for the heads, fairly started on her long voyage.

What a bear-garden the deck was, to be sure! The black portion of the crew—Portuguese natives from the Western and Canary Islands—were doing their work all right in a clumsy fashion; but the farmers, and bakers, and draymen were being driven about mercilessly amid a perfect hurricane of profanity and blows. And right here I must say that, accustomed as I had always been to bad language all my life, what I now heard was a revelation to me. I would not, if I could, attempt to give a sample of it, but it must be understood that it was incessant throughout the voyage. No order could be given without it, under the impression, apparently, that the more curses the more speed.

Before nightfall we were fairly out to sea, and the ceremony of dividing the crew into watches was gone through. I found myself in the chief mate's or "port" watch (they called it "larboard," a term I had never heard used before, it having long been obsolete in merchant ships), though the huge negro fourth mate seemed none too well pleased that I was not under his command, his being the starboard watch under the second mate.

As night fell, the condition of the "greenies," or non-sailor portion of the crew, was pitiable. Helpless from sea-sickness, not knowing where to go or what to do, bullied relentlessly by the ruthless petty officers—well, I never felt so sorry for a lot of men in my life. Glad enough I was to get below into the fo'lk'sle for supper, and a brief rest and respite from that cruelty on deck. A bit of salt junk and a piece of bread, *i.e.* biscuit, flinty as a pantile, with a pot of something sweetened with "longlick" (molasses), made an apology for a meal, and I turned in. In a very few minutes oblivion came, making me as happy as any man can be in this world.

The hideous noise always considered necessary in those ships when calling the watch, roused me effectively at midnight, "eight bells." I hurried on deck, fully aware that no leisurely ten minutes would be allowed here. "Lay aft the watch," saluted me as I

emerged into the keen, strong air, quickening my pace accordingly to where the mate stood waiting to muster his men. As soon as he saw me, he said, "Can you steer?" in a mocking tone; but when I quietly answered, "Yes, sir," his look of astonishment was delightful to see. He choked it down, however, and merely telling me to take the wheel, turned forrard roaring frantically for his watch. I had no time to chuckle over what I knew was in store for him, getting those poor greenies collected from their several holes and corners, for on taking the wheel I found a machine under my hands such as I never even heard of before.

The wheel was fixed upon the tiller in such a manner that the whole concern travelled backwards and forwards across the deck in the maddest kind of way. For the first quarter of an hour, in spite of the September chill, the sweat poured off me in streams. And the course—well, it was not steering, it was sculling; the old bum-boat was wobbling all around like a drunken tailor with two left legs. I fairly shook with apprehension lest the mate should come and look in the compass. I had been accustomed to hard words if I did not steer within half a point each way; but here was a "gadget" that worked me to death, the result being a wake like a letter S. Gradually I got the hang of the thing, becoming easier in my mind on my own account. Even that was not an unmixed blessing, for I had now some leisure to listen to the goings-on around the deck.

Such brutality I never witnessed before. On board of English ships (except men-of-war) there is practically no discipline, which is bad, but this sort of thing was maddening. I knew how desperately ill all those poor wretches were, how helpless and awkward they would be if quite hale and hearty; but there was absolutely no pity for them, the officers seemed to be incapable of any feelings of compassion whatever. My heart sank within me as I thought of what lay before me, although I did not fear that their treatment would also be mine, since I was at least able to do my duty, and willing to work hard to keep out of trouble. Then I began to wonder what sort of voyage I was in for, how long it would last, and what my earnings were likely to be, none of which things I had the faintest idea of.

Fortunately, I was alone in the world. No one, as far as I knew, cared a straw what became of me; so that I was spared any worry

on that head. And I had also a very definite and well-established trust in God, which I can now look back and see was as fully justified as I then believed it to be. So, as I could not shut my ears to the cruelties being carried on, nor banish thought by hard work, I looked up to the stately stars, thinking of things not to be talked about without being suspected of cant. So swiftly passed the time that when four bells struck (two o'clock) I could hardly believe my ears.

I was relieved by one of the Portuguese, and went forward to witness a curious scene. Seven stalwart men were being compelled to march up and down on that tumbling deck, men who had never before trodden anything less solid than the earth.

The third mate, a waspish, spiteful little Yankee with a face like an angry cat, strolled about among them, a strand of rope-yarns in his hand, which he wielded constantly, regardless where he struck a man. They fell about, sometimes four or five at once, and his blows flew thick and fast, yet he never seemed to weary of his ill-doing. It made me quite sick, and I longed to be aft at the wheel again. Catching sight of me standing irresolute as to what I had better do, he ordered me on the "look-out," a tiny platform between the "knight heads," just where the bowsprit joins the ship. Gladly I obeyed him, and perched up there looking over the wide sea, the time passed quickly away until eight bells (four o'clock) terminated my watch. I must pass rapidly over the condition of things in the fo'lk'sle, where all the greenies that were allowed below, were groaning in misery from the stifling atmosphere which made their sickness so much worse, while even that dreadful place was preferable to what awaited them on deck. There was a rainbow-coloured halo round the flame of the lamp, showing how very bad the air was; but in spite of that I turned in and slept soundly till seven bells roused us to breakfast.

American ships generally have an excellent name for the way they feed their crews, but the whalers are a notable exception to that good rule. The food was really worse than that on board any English ship I have ever sailed in, so scanty also in quantity that it kept all the foremast hands at starvation point. But grumbling was dangerous, so I gulped down the dirty mixture mis-named coffee, ate a few fragments of biscuit, and filled up (?) with a smoke, as many better men are doing this morning. As the bell struck I hurried on deck—not one moment too soon—for as I stepped out of the scuttle

I saw the third mate coming forward with a glitter in his eye that boded no good to laggards.

Before going any farther I must apologize for using so many capital I's, but up till the present I had been the only available white member of the crew forrard.

The decks were scrubbed spotlessly clean, and everything was neat and tidy as on board a man-of-war, contrary to all usual notions of the condition of a whaler. The mate was in a state of high activity, so I soon found myself very busily engaged in getting up whale-lines, harpoons, and all the varied equipment for the pursuit of whales. The number of officers carried would have been a good crew for the ship, the complete afterguard comprising captain, four mates, four harpooners or boat-steerers, carpenter, cooper, steward and cook. All these worthies were on deck and working with might and main at the preparations, so that the incompetence of the crowd forrard was little hindrance. I was pounced upon by "Mistah" Jones, the fourth mate, whom I heard addressed familiarly as "Goliath" and "Anak" by his brother officers, and ordered to assist him in rigging the "crow's-nest" at the main royal-mast head. It was a simple affair. There were a pair of cross-trees fitted to the mast, upon which was secured a tiny platform about a foot wide on each side of the mast, while above this foothold a couple of padded hoops like a pair of giant spectacles were secured at a little higher than a man's waist. When all was fast one could creep up on the platform, through the hoop, and resting his arms upon the latter, stand comfortably and gaze around, no matter how vigorously the old barky plunged and kicked beneath him. From that lofty aerie I had a comprehensive view of the vessel. She was about 350 tons and full ship-rigged, that is to say, she carried square sails on all three masts. Her deck was flush fore and aft, the only obstructions being the brick-built "try-works" in the waist, the galley, and cabin skylight right aft by the taff-rail. Her bulwarks were set thickly round with clumsy looking wooden cranes, from which depended five boats. Two more boats were secured bottom up upon a gallows aft, so she seemed to be well supplied in that direction. "Mistah" Jones, finding I did not presume upon his condescension, gradually unbent and furnished me with many interesting facts about the officers. Captain Slocum, he said, was "de debbil hisself, so jess yew keep yer lamps

trim' fer him, sonny, taint helthy ter rile him." The first officer, or *the mate* as he is always called *par excellence*, was an older man than the captain, but a good seaman, a good whaleman, *and* a gentleman. Which combination I found to be a fact, although hard to believe possible at the time. The second mate was a Portuguese about forty years of age, with a face like one of Vandyke's cavaliers, but as I now learned, a perfect fiend when angered. He also was a first-class whaleman, but an indifferent seaman. The third mate was nothing much but bad temper—not much sailor, nor much whaler, generally in hot water with the skipper, who hated him because he was an "owner's man." "An' de fourf mate," wound up the narrator, straightening his huge bulk, "am de bes' man in de ship, and de bigges'. Dey ain't no whalemen in Noo Bedford caynt teach *me* nuffin, en ef it comes ter man-handlin'; w'y I jes' pick 'em two't a time 'n' crack 'em togerrerr like so, see!" and he smote the palms of his great paws against each other, while I nodded complete assent.

The weather being fine, with a steady N.E. wind blowing, so that the sails required no attention, work proceeded steadily all the morning. The oars were sorted, examined for flaws, and placed in the boats; the whale-line, manilla rope like yellow silk, 1½ inch round, was brought on deck, stretched and coiled down with the greatest care into tubs, holding, some 200 fathoms, and others 100 fathoms each. New harpoons were fitted to poles of rough but heavy wood, without any attempt at neatness, but every attention to strength. The shape of these weapons was not, as is generally thought, that of an arrow, but rather like an arrow with one huge barb, the upper part of which curved out from the shaft. The whole of the barb turned on a stout pivot of steel, but was kept in line with the shaft by a tiny wooden peg which passed through barb and shaft, being then cut off smoothly on both sides. The point of the harpoon had at one side a wedge-shaped edge, ground to razor keenness, the other side was flat. The shaft, about thirty inches long, was of the best malleable iron, so soft that it would tie into a knot and straighten out again without fracture. Three harpoons, or "irons" as they were always called, were placed in each boat, fitted one above the other in the starboard bow, the first for use being always one unused before. Opposite to them in the boat were fitted three lances for the purpose of *killing* whales, the harpoons being only the means by

which the boat was attached to a fish, and quite useless to inflict a fatal wound. These lances were slender spears of malleable iron about four feet long, with oval or heart-shaped points of fine steel about two inches broad, their edges kept keen as a surgeon's lancet. By means of a socket at the other end they were attached to neat handles, or "lance-poles," about as long again, the whole weapon being thus about eight feet in length, and furnished with a light line, or "lance-warp," for the purpose of drawing it back again when it had been darted at a whale.

Each boat was fitted with a centre-board, or sliding keel, which was drawn up, when not in use, into a case standing in the boat's middle, very much in the way. But the American whalers regard these clumsy contrivances as indispensable, so there's an end on't. The other furniture of a boat comprised five oars of varying lengths from sixteen to nine feet, one great steering oar of nineteen feet, a mast and two sails of great area for so small a craft, spritsail shape; two tubs of whale-line containing together 1,800 feet, a keg of drinking water, and another long narrow one with a few biscuits, a lantern, candles and matches therein; a bucket and "piggin" for baling, a small spade, a flag or "wheft," a shoulder bomb-gun and ammunition, two knives and two small axes. A rudder hung outside by the stern.

With all this gear, although snugly stowed, a boat looked so loaded that I could not help wondering how six men would be able to work in her; but like most "deep-water" sailors, I knew very little about boating. I was going to learn.

All this work and bustle of preparation was so rapidly carried on, and so interesting, that before supper-time everything was in readiness to commence operations, the time having gone so swiftly that I could hardly believe the bell when it sounded four times, six o'clock.

During all the bustle of warlike preparation that had been going on, the greenhorns had not suffered from inattention on the part of those appointed to look after them. Happily for them, the wind blew steadily, and the weather, thanks to the balmy influence of the Gulf Stream, was quite mild and genial. The ship was undoubtedly lively, as all good sea-boats are, but her motions were by no means so detestable to a sea-sick man as those of a driving steamer. So, in

spite of their treatment, perhaps because of it, some of the poor fellows were beginning to take hold of things "man-fashion," although of course sea legs they had none, their getting about being indeed a pilgrimage of pain. Some of them were beginning to try the dreadful "grub" (I cannot libel "food" by using it in such a connection), thereby showing that their interest in life, even such a life as was now before them, was returning. They had all been allotted places in the various boats, intermixed with the seasoned Portuguese in such a way that the officer and harpooner in charge would not be dependent upon them entirely in case of a sudden emergency. Every endeavour was undoubtedly made to instruct them in their duties, albeit the teachers were all too apt to beat their information in with anything that came to hand, and persuasion found no place in their methods.

The reports I had always heard of the laziness prevailing on board whale-ships were now abundantly falsified. From dawn to dark work went on without cessation. Everything was rubbed and scrubbed and scoured until no speck or soil could be found; indeed, no gentleman's yacht or man-of-war is kept more spotlessly clean than was the *Cachalot*.

A regular and severe routine of labour was kept up; and, what was most galling to me, instead of a regular four hours' watch on and off, night and day, all hands were kept on deck the whole day long, doing quite unnecessary tasks, apparently with the object of preventing too much leisure and consequent brooding over their unhappy lot. One result of this continual drive and tear was that all these landsmen became rapidly imbued with the virtues of cleanliness, which was extended to the den in which we lived, or I verily believe sickness would have soon thinned us out.

On the fourth day after leaving port we were all busy as usual except the four men in the "crow's-nests," when a sudden cry of "Porps! porps!" brought everything to a standstill. A large school of porpoises had just joined us, in their usual clownish fashion, rolling and tumbling around the bows as the old bark wallowed along, surrounded by a wide ellipse of snowy foam. All work was instantly suspended, and active preparations made for securing a few of these frolicsome fellows. A "block," or pulley, was hung out at the bowsprit end, a whale-line passed through it and "bent" (fast-

ened) on to a harpoon. Another line with a running "bowline," or slip-noose, was also passed out to the bowsprit end, being held there by one man in readiness. Then one of the harpooners ran out along the back-ropes, which keep the jib-boom down, taking his stand beneath the bowsprit with the harpoon ready. Presently he raised his iron and followed the track of a rising porpoise with its point until the creature broke water. At the same instant the weapon left his grasp, apparently without any force behind it; but we on deck, holding the line, soon found that our excited hauling lifted a big vibrating body clean out of the smother beneath. "'Vast hauling!" shouted the mate, while as the porpoise hung dangling, the harpooner slipped the ready bowline over his body, gently closing its grip round the "small" by the broad tail. Then we hauled on the nooseline, slackening away the harpoon, and in a minute had our prize on deck. He was dragged away at once and the operation repeated. Again and again we hauled them in, until the fore part of the deck was alive with the kicking, writhing sea-pigs, at least twenty of them. I had seen an occasional porpoise caught at sea before, but never more than one at a time. Here, however, was a wholesale catch. At last one of the harpooned ones plunged so furiously while being hauled up that he literally tore himself off the iron, falling, streaming with blood, back into the sea.

Away went all the school after him, tearing at him with their long well-toothed jaws, some of them leaping high in the air in their eagerness to get their due share of the cannibal feast. Our fishing was over for that time. Meanwhile one of the harpooners had brought out a number of knives, with which all hands were soon busy skinning the blubber from the bodies. Porpoises have no skin, that is hide, the blubber or coating of lard which encases them being covered by a black substance as thin as tissue paper. The porpoise hide of the boot maker is really leather, made from the skin of the *Beluga*, or "white whale," which is found only in the far north. The cover was removed from the "try-works" amidships, revealing two gigantic pots set in a frame of brickwork side by side, capable of holding 200 gallons each. Such a cooking apparatus as might have graced a Brobdingnagian kitchen. Beneath the pots was the very simplest of furnaces, hardly as elaborate as the familiar copper-hole sacred to washing day. Square funnels of sheet-iron were loosely fitted to

the flues, more as a protection against the oil boiling over into the fire than to carry away the smoke, of which from the peculiar nature of the fuel there was very little. At one side of the try-works was a large wooden vessel, or "hopper," to contain the raw blubber; at the other, a copper cistern or cooler of about 300 gallons capacity, into which the prepared oil was baled to cool off, preliminary to its being poured into the casks. Beneath the furnaces was a space as large as the whole area of the try-works, about a foot deep, which, when the fires were lighted, was filled with water to prevent the deck from burning.

It may be imagined that the blubber from our twenty porpoises made but a poor show in one of the pots; nevertheless, we got a barrel of very excellent oil from them. The fires were fed with "scrap," or pieces of blubber from which the oil had been boiled, some of which had been reserved from the previous voyage. They burnt with a fierce and steady blaze, leaving but a trace of ash. I was then informed by one of the harpooners that no other fuel was ever used for boiling blubber at any time, there being always amply sufficient for the purpose.

The most interesting part of the whole business, though, to us poor half-starved wretches, was the plentiful supply of fresh meat. Porpoise beef is, when decently cooked, fairly good eating to a landsman; judge, then, what it must have been to us. Of course the tit-bits, such as the liver, kidneys, brains, etc., could not possibly fall to our lot; but we did not complain, we were too thankful to get something eatable, and enough of it. Moreover, although few sailors in English ships know it, porpoise beef improves vastly by keeping, getting tenderer every day the longer it hangs, until at last it becomes as tasty a viand as one could wish to dine upon. It was a good job for us that this *was* the case, for while the porpoises lasted the "harness casks," or salt beef receptacles, were kept locked; so if any man had felt unable to eat porpoise—well, there was no compulsion, he could go hungry.

We were now in the haunts of the Sperm Whale, or "Cachalot," a brilliant lookout being continually kept for any signs of their appearing. One officer and a foremast hand were continually on watch during the day in the main crow's-nest, one harpooner and a seaman in the fore one. A bounty of ten pounds of tobacco was offered to



CAPTAIN BARRY ORDERED THEM TO HAUL DOWN THEIR COLORS, WHICH, NOT BEING COMPLIED WITH, A WARM ENGAGEMENT IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED

whoever should first report a whale, should it be secured, consequently there were no sleeping eyes up there. Of course none of those who were inexperienced stood much chance against the eagle-eyed Portuguese; but all tried their best, in the hope of perhaps winning some little favour from their hard taskmasters. Every evening at sunset it was "all hands shorten sail," the constant drill rapidly teaching even these clumsy landsmen how to find their way aloft, and do something else besides hold on to anything like grim death when they got there.

At last, one beautiful day, the boats were lowered and manned, and away went the greenies on their first practical lesson in the business of the voyage. As before noticed, there were two greenies in each boat, they being so arranged that whenever one of them "caught a crab," which of course was about every other stroke, his failure made little difference to the boat's progress. They learned very fast under the terrible imprecations and storm of blows from the iron-fisted and iron-hearted officers, so that before the day was out the skipper was satisfied of our ability to deal with a "fish" should he be lucky enough to "raise" one. I was, in virtue of my experience, placed at the after-oar in the mate's boat, where it was my duty to attend to the "main sheet" when the sail was set, where also I had the benefit of the lightest oar except the small one used by the harpooner in the bow.

The very next day after our first exhaustive boat drill, a school of "Black Fish" was reported from aloft, and with great glee the officers prepared for what they considered a rattling day's fun.

The Black Fish (*Phocæna Sp.*) is a small toothed whale, not at all unlike a miniature cachalot, except that its head is rounded at the front, while its jaw is not long and straight, but bowed. It is as frolicsome as the porpoise, gambolling about in schools of from twenty to fifty or more, as if really delighted to be alive. Its average size is from ten to twenty feet long, and seven or eight feet in girth, weight from one to three tons. Blubber about three inches thick, while the head is almost all oil, so that a good rich specimen will make between one and two barrels of oil of medium quality.

The school we were now in sight of was of middling size and about average weight of individuals, and the officers esteemed it a

fortunate circumstance that we should happen across them as a sort of preliminary to our tackling the monarchs of the deep.

All the new harpoons were unshipped from the boats, and a couple of extra "second" irons, as those that have been used are called, were put into each boat for use if wanted. The sails were also left on board. We lowered and left the ship, pulling right towards the school, the noise they were making in their fun effectually preventing them from hearing our approach. It is etiquette to allow the mate's boat first place, unless his crew is so weak as to be unable to hold their own; but as the mate always has first pick of the men this seldom happens. So, as usual, we were first, and soon I heard the order given, "Stand up, Louey, and let 'em have it!" Sure enough, here we were right among them. Louis let drive, "fastening" a whopper about twenty feet long. The injured animal plunged madly forward, accompanied by his fellows, while Louis calmly bent another iron to a "short warp," or piece of whale-line, the loose end of which he made a bowline with round the main line which was fast to the "fish." Then he fastened another "fish," and the queer sight was seen of these two monsters each trying to flee in opposite directions, while the second one ranged about alarmingly as his "bridle" ran along the main line. Another one was secured in the same way, then the game was indeed great. The school had by this time taken the alarm and cleared out, but the other boats were all fast to fish, so that didn't matter. Now, at the rate our "game" were going, it would evidently be a long while before they died, although, being so much smaller than a whale proper, a harpoon will often kill them at a stroke. Yet they were now so tangled or "snarled erp," as the mate said, that it was no easy matter to lance them without great danger of cutting the line. However, we hauled up as close to them as we dared, and the harpooner got a good blow in, which gave the biggest of the three "Jesse," as he said, though why "Jesse" was a stumper. Anyhow, it killed him promptly, while almost directly after another one saved further trouble by passing in his own checks. But he sank at the same time, drawing the first one down with him, so that we were in considerable danger of having to cut them adrift or be swamped. The "wheft" was waved thrice as an urgent signal to the ship to come to our assistance with all speed, but in the meantime our interest lay in the surviving Black Fish

keeping alive. Should *he* die, and, as was most probable, sink, we should certainly have to cut and lose the lot, tools included.

We waited in grim silence while the ship came up, so slowly, apparently, that she hardly seemed to move, but really at a good pace of about four knots an hour, which for her was not at all bad. She got alongside of us at last, and we passed up the bight of our line, our fish all safe, very much pleased with ourselves, especially when we found that the other boats had only five between the three of them.

The fish secured to the ship, all the boats were hoisted except one, which remained alongside to sling the bodies. During our absence the ship-keepers had been busy rigging one of the cutting falls, an immense four-fold tackle from the main lowermast-head, of four-inch rope through great double blocks, large as those used at dock-yards for lifting ships' masts and boilers. Chain-slings were passed around the carcasses, which gripped the animal at the "small," being prevented from slipping off by the broad spread of the tail. The end of the "fall," or tackle-rope, was then taken to the windlass, and we hove away cheerily, lifting the monsters right on deck. A mountainous pile they made. A short spell was allowed, when the whole eight were on board, for dinner; then all hands turned to again to "french" the blubber, and prepare for trying-out. This was a heavy job, keeping all hands busy until it was quite dark, the latter part of the work being carried on by the light of a "cresset," the flames of which were fed with "scrap," which blazed brilliantly, throwing a big glare over all the ship. The last of the carcasses was launched overboard by about eight o'clock that evening, but not before some vast junks of beef had been cut off and hung up in the rigging for our food supply.

The try-works were started again, "trying-out" going on busily all night, watch and watch taking their turn at keeping the pots supplied with minced blubber. The work was heavy, while the energetic way in which it was carried on made us all glad to take what rest was allowed us, which was scanty enough, as usual.

By nightfall the next day the ship had resumed her normal appearance, and we were a ton and a quarter of oil to the good. Black Fish oil is of medium quality, but I learned that, according to the rule of "roguery in all trades," it was the custom to mix quantities

such as we had just obtained with better class whale-oil, and thus get a much higher price than it was really worth.

Up until this time we had no sort of an idea as to where our first objective might be, but from scraps of conversation I had overheard among the harpooners, I gathered that we were making for the Cape Verde Islands or the Azores, in the vicinity of which a good number of moderate-sized sperm whales are often to be found. In fact, these islands have long been a nursery for whale-fishers, because the cachalot loves their steep-to shores, and the hardy natives, whenever and wherever they can muster a boat and a little gear, are always ready to sally forth and attack the unwary whale that ventures within their ken. Consequently more than half of the total crews of the American whaling fleet are composed of these islanders. Many of them have risen to the position of captain, and still more are officers and harpooners; but though undoubtedly brave and enterprising, they are cruel and treacherous, and in positions of authority over men of Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon origin, are apt to treat their subordinates with great cruelty.

Nautical routine in its essential details is much the same in all ships, whether naval, merchant, or whaling vessels. But while in the ordinary merchantman there are decidedly "no more cats than can catch mice," hardly, indeed, sufficient for all the mousing that should be done, in men-of-war and whale-ships the number of hands carried, being far more than are wanted for everyday work, must needs be kept at unnecessary duties in order that they may not grow lazy and discontented.

For instance, in the *Cachalot* we carried a crew of thirty-seven all told, of which twenty-four were men before the mast, or common seamen, our tonnage being under 400 tons. Many a splendid clipper-ship carrying an enormous spread of canvas on four masts, and not overloaded with 2500 tons of cargo on board, carries twenty-eight or thirty all told, or even less than that. As far as we were concerned, the result of this was that our landsmen got so thoroughly drilled, that within a week of leaving port they hardly knew themselves for the clumsy clodhoppers they at first appeared to be.

We had now been eight days out, and in our leisurely way were making fair progress across the Atlantic, having had nothing, so far, but steady breezes and fine weather. As it was late autumn—the

first week in October—I rather wondered at this, for even in my brief experience I had learned to dread a “fall” voyage across the “Western Ocean.”

Gradually the face of the sky changed, and the feel of the air, from balmy and genial, became raw and cheerless. The little wave tops broke short off and blew backwards, apparently against the wind, while the old vessel had an uneasy, unnatural motion, caused by a long, new swell rolling athwart the existing set of the sea. Then the wind became fitful and changeable, backing half round the compass, and veering forward again as much in an hour, until at last in one tremendous squall it settled in the N.W. for a businesslike blow. Unlike the hurried merchantman who must needs “hang on” till the last minute, only shortening the sail when absolutely compelled to do so, and at the first sign of the gales relenting, piling it on again, we were all snug long before the storm burst upon us, and now rode comfortably under the tiniest of storm staysails.

We were evidently in for a fair specimen of Western Ocean weather, but the clumsy-looking, old-fashioned *Cachalot* made no more fuss over it than one of the long-winged sea-birds that floated around, intent only upon snapping up any stray scraps that might escape from us. Higher rose the wind, heavier rolled the sea, yet never a drop of water did we ship, nor did anything about the deck betoken what a heavy gale was blowing. During the worst of the weather, and just after the wind had shifted back into the N.E., making an uglier cross sea than ever get up, along comes an immense four-masted iron ship homeward bound. She was staggering under a veritable mountain of canvas, fairly burying her bows in the foam at every forward drive, and actually wetting the clews of the upper topsails in the smothering masses of spray, that every few minutes almost hid her hull from sight.

It was a splendid picture; but—for the time—I felt glad I was not on board of her. In a very few minutes she was out of our ken, followed by the admiration of all. Then came, from the other direction, a huge steamship, taking no more notice of the gale than as if it were calm. Straight through the sea she rushed, dividing the mighty rollers to the heart, and often bestriding three seas at once, the centre one spreading its many tons of foaming water fore and aft, so that from every orifice spouted the seething brine. Compared

with these greyhounds of the wave, we resembled nothing so much as some old lightship bobbing serenely around, as if part and parcel of the mid-Atlantic.

Our greenies were getting so well seasoned by this time that even this rough weather did not knock any of them over, and from that time forward they had no more trouble from sea-sickness.

The gale gradually blew itself out, leaving behind only a long and very heavy swell to denote the deep-reaching disturbance that the ocean had endured. And now we were within the range of the Sargasso Weed, that mysterious *fucus* that makes the ocean look like some vast hayfield, and keeps the sea from rising, no matter how high the wind. It fell a dead calm, and the harpooners amused themselves by dredging up great masses of the weed, and turning out the many strange creatures abiding therein. What a world of wonderful life the weed is, to be sure! In it the flying fish spawn and the tiny cuttle-fish breed, both of them preparing bounteous provision for the larger denizens of the deep that have no other food. Myriads of tiny crabs and innumerable specimens of less-known shell-fish, small fish of species as yet unclassified in any work on natural history, with jellyfish of every conceivable and inconceivable shape, form part of this great and populous country in the sea. At one haul there was brought on board a mass of flying-fish spawn, about ten pounds in weight, looking like nothing so much as a pile of ripe white currants, and clinging together in a very similar manner.

Such masses of ova I had often seen cast up among the outlying rocks on the shores of the Caribbean Sea, when as a shipwrecked lad I wandered idly about unburying turtle eggs from their snug beds in the warm sand, and chasing the many-hued coral fish from one hiding place to another.

While loitering in these smooth waters, waiting for the laggard wind, up came a shoal of dolphin, ready as at all times to attach themselves for awhile to the ship. Nothing is more singular than the manner in which deep-sea fish will accompany a vessel that is not going too fast—sometimes for days at a time. Most convenient too, and providing hungry Jack with many a fresh mess he would otherwise have missed. Of all these friendly fish, none is better known than the “dolphin,” as from long usage sailors persist in call-

ing them, and will doubtless do so until the end of the chapter. For the true dolphin (*Delphinidæ*) is not a fish at all, but a mammal—a warm-blooded creature that suckles its young, and in its most familiar form is known to most people as the porpoise. The sailor's "dolphin," on the other hand, is a veritable fish, with vertical tail fin instead of the horizontal one which distinguishes all the whale family, scales and gills.

It is well known to literature, under its sea-name, for its marvellous brilliancy of colour, and there are few objects more dazzling than a dolphin leaping out of a calm sea into the sunshine. The beauty of a dying dolphin, however, though sanctioned by many generations of writers, is a delusion, all the glory of the fish departing as soon as he is withdrawn from his native element.

But this habit of digression grows upon one, and I must do my best to check it, or I shall never get through my task.

To resume then: when this school of dolphin (I can't for the life of me call them *Coryphæna hippuris*) came alongside, a rush was made for the "granes"—a sort of five-pronged trident, if I may be allowed a baby bull. It was universally agreed among the fishermen that trying a hook and line was only waste of time and provocative of profanity, since every sailor knows that all the deep-water big fish require a living or apparently living bait. The fish, however, sheered off, and would not be tempted within reach of that deadly fork by any lure. Then did I cover myself with glory. For he who can fish cleverly and luckily may be sure of fairly good times in a whaler, although he may be no great things at any other work. I had a line of my own, and begging one of the small fish that had been hauled up in the Gulf weed, I got permission to go aft and fish over the taffrail. The little fish was carefully secured on the hook, the point of which just protruded near his tail. Then I lowered him into the calm blue waters beneath, and paid out line very gently, until my bait was a silvery spot about a hundred feet astern. Only a very short time, and my hopes rose as I saw one bright gleam after another glide past the keel, heading aft. Then came a gentle drawing at the line, which I suffered to slip slowly through my fingers until I judged it time to try whether I was right or wrong. A long hard pull, and my heart beat fast as I felt the thrill along the line that fishermen love. None of your high art here, but haul

in hand over hand, the line being strong enough to land a 250 pound fish. Up he came, the beauty, all silver and scarlet and blue, five feet long if an inch, and weighing 35 pounds. Well, such a lot of astonished men I never saw. They could hardly believe their eyes. That such a daring innovation should be successful was hardly to be believed, even with the vigorous evidence before them. Even grim Captain Slocum came to look, and turned upon me as I thought a less lowering brow than usual, while Mr. Count, the mate, fairly chuckled again at the thought of how the little Britisher had wiped the eyes of these veteran fishermen. The captive was cut open, and two recent flying-fish found in his maw, which were utilized for new bait, with the result that there was a cheerful noise of hissing and spluttering in the galley soon after, and a mess of fish for all hands.

Shortly afterwards a fresh breeze sprang up, which proved to be the beginning of the N.E. trades, and fairly guaranteed us against any very bad weather for some time to come.

Somehow or other it had leaked out that we were to cruise the Cape Verde Islands for a spell before working south, and the knowledge seemed to have quite an enlivening effect upon our Portuguese shipmates.

Most of them belonged there, and although there was but the faintest prospect of their getting ashore upon any pretext whatever, the possibility of seeing their island homes again seemed to quite transform them. Hitherto they had been very moody and exclusive, never associating with us on the white side, or attempting to be at all familiar. A mutual atmosphere of suspicion, in fact, seemed to pervade our quarters, making things already uncomfortable enough, still more so. Now, however, they fraternized with us, and in a variety of uncouth ways made havoc of the English tongue, as they tried to impress us with the beauty, fertility and general incomparability of their beloved Cape Verdes. Of the eleven white men besides myself in the forecastle, there were a middle-aged German baker, who had bolted from Buffalo; two Hungarians, who looked like noblemen disguised—in dirt; two slab-sided Yankees of about 22 from farms in Vermont; a drayman from New York; a French Canadian from the neighbourhood of Quebec; two Italians from Genoa; and two nondescripts that I never found out the origin

of. Imagine, then, the babel of sound, and think—but no, it is impossible to think, what sort of a jargon was compounded of all these varying elements of language.

One fortunate thing, there was peace below. Indeed, the spirit seemed completely taken out of all of them, and by some devilish ingenuity the afterguard had been able to sow distrust between them all, while treating them like dogs, so that the miseries of their life were never openly discussed. My position among them gave me at times some uneasiness. Though I tried to be helpful to all, and was full of sympathy for their undeserved sufferings, I could not but feel that they would have been more than human had they not envied me my immunity from the kicks and blows they all shared so impartially. However, there was no help for it, so I went on as cheerily as I could.

A peculiarity of all these vessels, as I afterwards learned, was that no stated allowance of anything was made. Even the water was not served out to us, but was kept in a great scuttle-butt by the cabin door, to which every one who needed a drink had to go, and from which none might be carried away. No water was allowed for washing except from the sea; and every one knows, or should know, that neither flesh nor clothes can be cleansed with that. Of course when rain fell we might have a good wash, if it was night and no other work was toward; but we were not allowed to store any for washing purposes. Another curious but absolutely necessary custom prevailed in consequence of the short commons under which we lived. When the portion of meat was brought down in its wooden kid, or tub, at dinner-time, it was duly divided as fairly as possible into as many parts as there were mouths. Then one man turned his back upon the carver, who, holding up each portion, called out, "Who's this for?" Whatever name was mentioned by the arbitrator, that man owning it received the piece, and had perforce to be satisfied therewith. Thus justice was done to all in the only way possible, and without any friction whatever.

As some of us were without clothes except what we stood upright in, when we joined, the "slop chest" was opened, and every applicant received from the steward what Captain Slocum thought fit to let him have, being debited with the cost against such wages as he might afterwards earn. The clothes were certainly of fairly good quality, if the price was high, and exactly suited to our require-

ments. Soap, matches, and tobacco were likewise supplied on the same terms, but at higher prices than I had ever heard of before for these necessities. After much careful inquiry I ascertained what, in the event of a successful voyage, we were likely to earn. Each of us were on the two hundredth "lay" or share at \$200 per tun, which meant that for every two hundred barrels of oil taken on board, we were entitled to one, which we must sell to the ship at the rate of £40 per tun or £4 per barrel. Truly a magnificent outlook for young men bound to such a business for three or four years.



FARRAGUT AND THE WEST INDIA PIRATES

By JOHN R. SPEARS

ONE of the most interesting episodes in the history of American commerce is that of our war with the Spanish West Indian pirates from 1819 to 1826. And yet our writers of school histories do not mention the war, and other historians have failed to set forth the one feature of it best worth consideration.

In our naval histories these piratical aggressions are said to have been merely the outgrowth of the spoliations committed by the French at the end of the eighteenth century. But the fact is that while some of the French pirates of the eighteenth century may have been found among the later gangs, the piracies that brought on the war were the direct outgrowth of the work of sundry predatory ships fitted out in the United States and England to prey, under the flags of the Spanish-American insurgents, upon Spanish commerce.

During the War of 1812, many American privateers were commissioned to cruise in search of British merchantmen, and some of them were so successful that the owners became very wealthy. Their success, instead of satisfying them, did but stimulate a number to greater exertions. This was also true of the officers of other privateers. In fact it created a form of greed that became, when the war ended, not unlike the hunger of wolves. These privateersmen looked around for an opportunity to continue their predatory work and they found it awaiting them.

Beginning in 1810, a number of Spanish-American colonies had thrown off the yoke of Spain. At the end of 1815, the insurgent leaders had succeeded so well that several ports on the Spanish main were found under their control. To these ports came the plunder-hungry privateersmen who had failed to get rich during the War of 1812 and with them were some who had captured much British

property and were yet eager for more. Commissions were there easily obtained and then the ships went cruising against Spanish commerce. The pirates of Barataria, under Pierre and Jean Lafitte, had already done some plundering before the War of 1812 ended, but the number of armed vessels of the kind was greatly augmented after the war.

The laws of the United States explicitly declared these cruisers to be pirates, and they were pirates in other points of view, as well. The commissions were often issued by men not legally competent to do so; the vessels gave no bonds for the indemnity of ships that might be wrongfully captured; the prizes were not taken before any court of admiralty for judicial examination. In short there was no restraint on the captain of such a cruiser stronger than his own conscience, or the fear that he might bring some naval ship, belonging to a power other than Spain, in chase of him.

For a time these privateers marketed a part of their plunder in the United States, but the ships captured from the Spaniards were more difficult to handle. Some of these were sold in the United States also, but Spanish consuls were prompt to appeal to the courts in behalf of the original owners, and it was there made plain that the privateers were without standing before any just judge.

To overcome the difficulty thus arising, the pirates established (1816-1817) a resort on the island where Galveston, Texas, now stands, and went through the forms of organizing a new republic whereof their community was to be the capital. A similar resort was created on Amelia Island (Fernandina), Florida, and it was called the capital of the Two Floridas Republic. A court of admiralty was established at each place first of all, and to these courts came the predatory cruisers with their captures.

That these privateers in some cases were remarkably successful is a matter of record in the "American State Papers." Havana and Santiago, Cuba, were blockaded for days at a time, even when Spanish naval ships of superior force were lying within. The cruisers also hovered off Cadiz, and the various ports of the Spanish main under Spanish control. They even sailed as far as Manila and captured prey on the waters where Dewey won fame in later years. Millions of dollars' worth of Spanish cargoes were taken. But while some of these predaceous vessels enriched their owners, a much

greater number failed to secure a single Spanish cargo. With the crews they carried, some kind of plunder had to be secured, or a mutiny would sweep the officers over the rail. This is not to say that a mutiny was necessary to induce the average captain to seek plunder wherever it could be found, for with few exceptions the officers were more greedy than their men.

No flag could protect a ship at that time and in those waters, but American commerce suffered from the depredations more than that of any other nation. The Wait edition of "State Papers and Public Documents" contains several tales of American ships that were robbed by American-owned privateers. Niles's Register supplements these with many others. Perhaps the most notable instance of an attack upon an American merchantman was the capture of the schooner *Evening Post* by the brig *Brutus*, Captain Jolly, who sailed under the Venezuelan flag. For the capture of the *Evening Post* led directly to the death of Commodore Perry as told further on.

The depredations committed by these American and English privateers under Spanish-American insurgent flags, in time compelled the authorities at Washington to send our naval ships to cruise in West Indian waters for the protection of American commerce. Neither the French nor the Spanish pirates of the preceding century were even remotely involved when, on November 5, 1819, the naval schooner *Lynx*, commanded by Lieutenant J. R. Madison, appeared off Lafitte's resort on Galveston Island and began sounding the channel preliminary to an attack. This work of the *Lynx* was due solely to the depredations of the privateers that had made Galveston harbor their home port. But Lafitte, by hanging one of his gang who had been stealing slaves in Louisiana, warded off the attack, and continued to hold his place as a pirate's "fence" for many years. The sloop of war *Congress* and the brig *Boxer* were also cruising in the Gulf of Mexico to restrain these pirates under insurgent flags at the time the *Lynx* went to Galveston Island.

Meanwhile a still more important expedition had been fitted out. On March 29, 1819, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, then recently home from his cruise in the Mediterranean, was sent with a squadron of three vessels to the Caribbean Sea, with orders to sweep the pirates from those waters; but first of all he was to go up the Orinoco, and visit Bolivar to obtain a list of privateers that had been commissioned

under the Venezuelan flag, and to demand compensation for their attacks on American merchantmen. Perry went up the river, as directed, but he died of a fever in consequence of the trip—the first notable loss of life in the campaign.

It is to be noted further that the Act of March 3, 1819, was especially designed to meet the exigencies of such a case. The President was "requested" to employ the navy in protecting commerce by sending into port as good prize all armed vessels that might attempt "piratical aggression, search, restraint, depredation or seizure," upon American merchantmen, or "any other vessels." The plain meaning of the act was that American men-o'-war were to protect the commerce of all nations including Spain's. The courtesy of the Colombian armed brig toward the captain of the merchantman on which he found Midshipman Farragut was, very likely, inspired by this act.

Finding that such ships as the navy already possessed were unfit for pirate hunting because of their great draft of water, Congress, by the act of May 15, 1820, appropriated \$60,000 for building "any number of small vessels of war (not exceeding five)." These were named *Porpoise*, *Alligator*, *Dolphin*, *Shark* and *Grampus*, and ranged in size from 177 to 198 tons. They carried ten guns in broadside batteries and a long pivot gun amidships, mounted on a kind of disappearing carriage that could be lowered to the deck when not in use and raised above the bulwarks' level in time of battle. The last of the five was launched in August, 1821. The work had been done deliberately, but after the last launching, it was hastened because an American merchantman was plundered, at about that date, just south of Chesapeake Bay.

By the time these five schooners were put in commission, however, the situation had changed. When the Spanish-American privateers first went hunting Spanish merchantmen, the sympathy of the American people was with them. Their successful battles were applauded everywhere. But by the increasing number of piratical acts committed by them on American as well as European shipping, they forfeited almost all the favor our people had earlier exhibited for them.

This sympathy, however, had endured too long. The loyal Spanish knew very well the hailing ports of the privateers, and they knew too that the American people were, or had been, favorable to the

piratical crews. The Spanish minister kept the State Department at Washington very busy reading his complaints, and while he complained the prejudices of his countrymen grew. When the Spanish-American cruisers began capturing American merchantmen the Spanish of the Cuban ports openly taunted the Americans resident there. "It is so much for so much" was a common expression when the capture of an American ship was reported—meaning, "it serves you right for allowing those pirates to fit out in your ports."

This state of public mind having been attained in Havana, it was but a short step easily taken to the manning of piratical vessels that should seek vengeance on American commerce for the injuries received from the American-owned privateers, and at the same time make good profits on the transaction. The measures of the American government for the destruction of the Spanish-American pirates, such as the building of the five schooners named, were taken much too late to save it from the indignation of the loyal Spanish. In fact, because the earlier acts of our Government to this end were inadequate, the Spaniards were the more deeply angered by what was done at Washington.

The work of the Spanish vengeance-seeking pirates soon startled the world. Their armed boats and vessels appeared, in 1821, off all the coasts of Cuba. When on October 16th, of that year, the United States war brig *Enterprise* arrived at Cape San Antonio, at the western end of Cuba, in search of lawless privateers under Spanish-American insurgent flags, she found a gang of Spanish pirates there, together with one American and two British vessels and the cargo of another American vessel, which they had captured. The plunder was taken by the *Enterprise*, but the pirates escaped. On November 8th, following, the *Porpoise* found another cargo of plunder there, and seized it, but the pirates got away as before. On December 21st the *Enterprise* returned to the cape and captured a fine schooner that the pirates had fitted out for cruising. This was thought to be a serious blow to them, but when the *Porpoise* came again a little more than two weeks later (January 7, 1822), the pirates were found afloat with six smart schooners. These were all captured, and five of them were burned, but the gang was by no means broken up, for they were backed by rich merchants who made their headquarters at Regla, on Havana Bay, within sight of the palace of the Captain-General, the

Governor of Cuba, and there they openly fitted out pirate schooners and small boats for the capture of American merchantmen.

Because of the activity and ferocity of these Spanish pirates (they murdered and tortured many of their prisoners in a shocking fashion), the whole available strength of the American navy was concentrated in Cuban waters in 1822. Even the big square riggers *Macedonian*, *Congress*, *John Adams* and *Cyane* went cruising there, the whole force being under command of Commodore James Biddle. Biddle had some correspondence with the Captain-General (Don Nicholas Mahy), that is still interesting, because the Don said unmistakably, though with much politeness and diplomatic circumlocution, "We have done at least as much to restrain our pirates as you have done to restrain yours."

Neither by diplomatic correspondence nor by actual war was Biddle able to accomplish anything of consequence. Thirty pirate vessels, big and little, were captured; five merchantmen that had been taken by the pirates were released; but so secure did they feel in the support received from the Spanish authorities that when a gang of them were attacked (November 9, 1822), in Cardenas Bay by Lieutenant William Howard Allen, commanding the schooner *Alligator*, they made a fight in which Allen and four of his men were killed, and several others were wounded. In fact, the work of the navy during 1822 served only to increase the ferocity of the pirates, and President Monroe was impelled to send a special message to Congress, saying that there was needed a "peculiar kind of force . . . effectually to suppress" them.

This "peculiar force" when procured, included a side-wheel steamer that was purchased in New York. She was renamed the *Sea Gull*, and was the first steamer to see actual service in the American navy. The sloop of war *Peacock*, the schooner *Shark*, the store-ship *Decoy*, and eight smart little Chesapeake Bay schooners, each drawing no more than seven feet of water and carrying three guns, one of which was a "long Tom," were added to the squadron. And then to perfect the scouring of the shoal-water harbors, five big barges or rowboats, each propelled by twenty oars and fit to carry forty men, were built to order and sent along. The total number of vessels added to the navy especially to suppress piracy was thus brought up to twenty.



THE SHIP, SHATTERED AND HARDLY MORE THAN A HULL, FELL INTO A
TROUGH OF THE SEA

To command this fleet the Secretary of the Navy selected Commodore David Porter; and David Glasgow Farragut, who had meantime passed his examinations for promotion, but was yet a midshipman, was assigned to one of the newly purchased schooners—the *Greyhound*, commanded by Lieutenant Commandant John Porter.

In the course of a banquet tendered the officers of the fleet by the citizens of Norfolk, where the vessels were assembled, Commodore Porter declared that the rallying cry of his men should be "Remember Allen." The expedition sailed from the Chesapeake on February 14, 1823. Commodore Porter had the sloop of war *Peacock* for his flagship, the steamer *Sea Gull* for use in calm weather, nine shoal draft schooners for patrolling the coasts and giving convoy, and the five big barges for scouring the shoaler waters, besides the store-ship *Decoy*. On March 2d, the fleet reached St. Thomas, and sailed thence to the vicinity of San Juan, Porto Rico.

Off San Juan the fleet hove to and the schooner *Greyhound*, Lieutenant Commandant Porter (with Farragut as deck officer), was sent into harbor with a letter to Governor Miguel de la Torre asking for an official list of the privateers that had been authorized to cruise from Porto Rico, and for a set of blank papers such as had been filled out for these cruisers in order that all lawful privateers overhauled by the fleet might be recognized.

This request was made because, during the previous year (1822), a half dozen privateers had been commissioned in Porto Rico, and sent cruising, ostensibly for vessels bound to or from a 1,200 mile strip of the Spanish mainland that had been declared under blockade but was not actually blockaded even by one ship. These privateers had taken every American vessel that came within their range, regardless of the port of departure or destination. One of them (the *Palmyra*, alias *Pancheta*) had fired on the American war schooner *Grampus* (August 15, 1822), had been badly damaged and was then sent to Charleston, S. C., for adjudication. Because the *Palmyra* had a commission she was released, in spite of the fact that she had robbed American vessels on lawful cruises. The Spanish of Porto Rico, and notably those of San Juan, where the *Palmyra* belonged, took this release as an admission that she had been fully justified in her attacks on American commerce, and were eager to avenge the drubbing she had received from the *Grampus*.

The opportunity to obtain such a revenge as they desired came after Porter sent the *Greyhound* into San Juan on March 4th. The "Naval Affairs" volumes of the "American State Papers" contain the correspondence in connection with this affair, and it is there conclusively shown that the Spanish authorities deliberately planned to fire on the first American vessel to follow the *Greyhound* into port, and they did so. The vessel was the little schooner *Fox*, commanded by Lieutenant Commandant William H. Cocke, who had been Farragut's friend and counselor on the *John Adams* in New York harbor, late in the year 1814.

As the *Fox* reached in toward the fort (March 5), five guns loaded with solid shot and scrap iron were fired at her, and Cocke was struck in the shoulder. He died ten minutes later. The gunner who fired this shot saw that his aim had been good, and shouted exultantly that he had avenged the *Palmyra*.

As Porter wrote to Governor Torre, it was "an act of most unpardonable cruelty and barbarity," done "by the hand of a dastard whose aim was the more sure from a confidence in his own safety and the defenceless condition of his object."

A number of effusive letters were written by the Governor, but Porter got neither a list of licensed privateers nor a set of the papers he had asked for. Accordingly, the American fleet was divided and one part was sent to examine the south coasts of San Domingo, Haiti and Cuba, while the commodore himself with the other part hunted along the north coasts.

This search was made in the most thorough manner, especially on the Cuban coasts, but nowhere was a pirate found. For the Captain-General of Cuba, Don Nicholas Mahy, had sent to all ports notice of the approach of the American fleet.

In writing in his diary about his cruise in the *Greyhound*, Farragut notes that but few of the American officers of the fleet had ever sailed in a schooner-rigged vessel. They left the Chesapeake in a northeast gale. Lieutenant John Porter, commanding the *Greyhound*, carried sail in a way that ran his vessel out of sight of the squadron very quickly and was but little short of driving her under the waves. As she labored along, Farragut, who was officer of the deck, and had had experience in driving the schooner *Shark* across the Mediterranean, called Porter's attention to the fact that the

Greyhound did not "rise to the sea," but Porter who was sitting well aft replied: "If she can't carry the sail, let her drag it." It was great sport for a captain to outsail a squadron, as the *Greyhound* did. But at eight o'clock Porter went below, leaving Farragut to handle her as he pleased. She was then put under a foresail, "when she scudded through the gale like a duck."

Before again joining the fleet, the *Greyhound* met a British squadron, and a brig carrying twenty guns sent to intercept the American ship, fired a gun to bring her to the wind. Porter merely called his crew to quarters and kept on. At that the brig fired another shot and Porter said to the gunner in command of the pivot gun:

"Fire, but don't hit her."

The gunner obeyed. He did not hit her but he sent the shot only a few feet above the heads of the officers on the brig's poop deck. The *Greyhound* had her colors flying and no American naval officer would take orders from a foreigner after the War of 1812. This reply to his second shot satisfied the British captain. "None but a Yankee would have done that," he said. He had now arrived within hail, and after asking for the nationality of the *Greyhound*, made a proper apology.

In the meantime the crews of brig and schooner were "furious." The English captain, hearing that Porter was sick, sent a boat with some fruit. As the cockswain of the boat passed it over the *Greyhound's* rail he said:

"Here is some fruit for the shot you sent us."

To this the Yankee boatswain's mate who received it replied:

"We are always ready to fight or eat with you."

And a careful consideration will convince any student of American history that this boatswain's mate expressed a sentiment not unknown among American naval men ever since that day.

After cruising along the Cuban coasts the fleet gathered at Key West, where a naval station had been established the previous year. A deal of shifting among the crews followed in order to make a still more thorough search for the pirates. Commander Lawrence Kearney, who had already done excellent work on the Cuban coast with the brig *Enterprise*, took command of the little *Greyhound*, and with the *Beagle*, commanded by Lieutenant J. C. Newton, explored the southern shores of Cuba. The numerous islands there

were carefully searched but no pirates were found until Cape Cruz was reached—July 21, 1823.

At this point Kearney and Newton went ashore partly to look for signs of pirates and partly in search of game. A man crossed their path, and one of the sailors was going to shoot him, but was stopped by Kearney. The sailor said he knew "by his rig" that the fellow was a pirate, and the party therefore returned to the boat. When they prepared to pull off to the schooners the ruffians opened fire with muskets from the brush. The sailors returned the fire, aiming at the smoke (forms could not be seen in the bushes), but no one was hurt on either side.

In order to exterminate this gang a landing party under command of Acting-Lieutenant Farragut was ordered ashore at three o'clock next morning. The party numbered seventeen, including two acting-lieutenants. The *Greyhound* was to warp in close to the beach in order to cover them, and once landed they were to keep back in the brush, out of sight of the vessels, and march toward the higher land near the point of the cape.

On landing, Farragut found himself on a long narrow island. To make headway on their course it was necessary for the men to hew a path through the brush with their cutlasses. After a time they arrived at the end of the island and saw that an unfordable strait lay between them and the rocky cape. They were therefore obliged to show themselves on the beach. When they appeared the crew of the *Greyhound* were about to fire on them, for they were covered with mud and looked like natives, rather than sailors in uniforms. But Kearney saw Farragut's epaulette in time, and then sent boats to ferry the party across the channel.

The crews of these boats, on seeing the party so fully covered with mud, dropped discipline for the moment, to laugh heartily at their ridiculous appearance. It is pleasant to note that Farragut enjoyed the scene as much as any one.

Captain Kearney, after transporting Farragut's party to the mainland, pulled boldly alongshore until close under the bluffs of the cape when the pirates opened fire on him with a four pounder and so great a number of muskets that he was obliged to retreat. Then, after ordering Farragut to work through the brush to the rear of the pirate stronghold, Kearney returned to the *Greyhound* and with

sweeps drove her and the *Beagle* within range when he opened fire with the great guns.

In the meantime the task assigned to Farragut was proving to be one of the most laborious of his life. The bushes were thickly covered with thorns and well intermingled with cacti. The ground was covered with sharp rocks and bits of iron ore that cut the shoes from the feet of the men with most painful rapidity, and every inch of the way had to be opened by stroke of cutlass. Worse yet the sun had climbed well up, and the heat of the motionless air had become intense. One officer was overcome and fainted, while several of the sailors were greatly exhausted.

When half a mile from the beach a tremendous clatter was heard in the thicket behind the toiling party, and after listening a moment, Farragut became convinced that a large number of pirates were coming to attack him. He therefore made a most stirring speech to his command, and then charged the enemy, only to find that it was a great host of land crabs migrating through the brush.

A little later they heard the schooners firing on the pirate stronghold, and with renewed energy worked on only to find, upon reaching the more open country near the cape, that the enemy were already in flight. They chased the retreating pirates as well as they could. "Now and then a fellow would be seen in full run, and apparently fall down and disappear from view"—crawling through the brush. Only two were taken, and they were "old and decrepit beings." Farragut captured a big black monkey that bit him through the arm, "but had to surrender at discretion."

The pirate haunt consisted of one large, well-thatched house and three smaller ones that were well concealed from view—structures made of poles and covered with palm leaves. Near by were "numerous deep and intricate caves," as Kearney says in his report. The settlement was defended by a "4-pounder, two swivels mounted on the heights" and numerous muskets and blunderbusses. In the caves were found considerable plunder including goods with English labels on them "but of no value." One woman and several children were among the outlaws. The houses were burned and the guns were carried away.

The party also destroyed a quantity of fishing tackle and all the boats but one, which was given to the "old and decrepit" prisoners,

who were allowed to go, even though they had lighted signal fires to announce the approach of the Americans.

On returning to Key West for provisions, Farragut was transferred to the steamer—the *Sea Gull*—of which he was made the executive officer. Commodore Porter was using her as his flagship, while searching the Cuban coast, and was willing to give Farragut an opportunity to learn how to handle what was then a wondrous innovation—a steam war vessel.

But a great and fearsome peril was now hanging over the fleet. When the *Sea Gull* returned to Key West with Farragut, he found the yellow fever raging there. Of twenty-five officers who had been attacked at this time, twenty-three died, and Farragut says that the enlisted men had suffered in the same proportion. During 1823 and 1824, taken together, a half of the officers and men employed in the fleet were stricken with the disease, and one-fourth of the entire force died of it.

Though he might have obtained a transfer to another station at any time, Farragut faced the yellow fever on the West India coasts for two years and a half; for there, and nowhere else in the world, he had a chance to smell burning gunpowder—to see active service. It is interesting, now, to recall the fact that the men who were cruising nearest the beach suffered most from the fever. The surgeons supposed that this was due to the influence of the “night air,” but Farragut noted that “night air” was not injurious in all cases. He says:

“On board the *Greyhound* we all slept on deck. For myself I never owned a bed during my two years and a half in the West Indies, but lay down to rest wherever I found the most comfortable berth.”

Yet Farragut escaped the dread disease until he was ordered north near the end of the pirate war. Among the twenty-five officers stricken with the fever, when it first came to the fleet, was the commodore himself. He was one of the two that recovered, although he was so much debilitated that he went north in the *Sea Gull*, taking Farragut with him. But the latter soon returned to the West Indies and was sent on a cruise that was extended to St. Kitts and St. Bartholomew.

On reaching the Florida Keys after this cruise Farragut found a schooner, loaded with brick, bound for the Mississippi, and ob-

tained leave of absence for one month to visit his relatives in Louisiana. This schooner, as the diary notes, carried the first cargo of brick used in building Fort Jackson which was designed, as no one could foresee, for the defense of New Orleans against Farragut and his men nearly forty years later. Commodore Daniel T. Patterson was in command at New Orleans when Farragut arrived there, and a letter written by him on May 20, 1824, contains this sentence:

"We have been gratified by the visit of young Farragut, of whom we have formed a high opinion."

The young man returned to the fleet just in time to obtain an independent command. The captain of the *Ferret* was going north, and Commodore Porter had established the rule that the passed midshipmen should be chosen for command in the order of the dates of their warrants. Farragut's warrant had an earlier date than any other midshipman within reach, but Porter for a time hesitated lest he be accused of partiality in giving his ward the schooner. Like many a young man afloat since his day, Farragut found that an influential father, even though an adopted one, might be an impediment to his advancement. However, Fleet Captain W. B. Finch interceded and Farragut got the schooner—"another important event in my life," he writes. It was his first naval ship. He was then twenty-three years old.

Going to sea within a few hours, Farragut entered upon the search for pirates with the eagerness of a youth most ambitious to accomplish something; but the previous work of the fleet had been so thorough that they no longer went afloat, save at night and in row-boats when they saw a merchantman becalmed offshore, though they were not wholly suppressed until 1825. However, the young captain found employment in convoying merchantmen "through the Gulf and as high as the Double-Headed Shot Keys," and in handling his crank little schooner in the squalls that frequently swept those waters.

"It required great vigilance, but it was an admirable school for a young officer," he wrote afterward, "and I realized its benefits all my life. I have never felt afraid to run a ship since, generally finding it a pleasant excitement."

During this period we get one glimpse of the young midshipman in a personal encounter with two men supposed to be pirates. In

arranging for convoys, Farragut had frequently to go ashore at the ports to consult with the merchants and captains. In this way he became well-known personally to the alongshore people. Accordingly when he was sitting on his hotel veranda, in Havana, one evening, two men took seats near him, where they abused the whole American nation in general, and then insulted Farragut personally. It was tolerably certain that they were "looking for trouble"; and whether they were or not, they found it.

As it happened, the two were sitting close to a stout iron railing that guarded the front edge of the veranda. Noting this fact, Farragut left his seat, grabbed the two men by the throats, jerked them from their chairs, and whirling them around backed them over the rail and held them with their heads down toward the pavement until they begged him to let them go. It was a striking exhibition of the young officer's strength and skill as an athlete, and of his courage as well; for every member of the piratical gangs carried a knife. In fact, Farragut was soon warned that the pirates would waylay and murder him, if he were found ashore at night, thereafter. But they apparently had had enough of fighting with him, hand to hand, for he came and went as usual, and was never again molested in any way.

It appears from what he told his son (Captain Loyall Farragut of New York, from whom the above story was obtained), that he learned to know some of the pirates by sight. There was one in particular, named Domingo, whom he mentions in his diary as a man who had "something chivalric" about him. In 1823 or 1824, a schooner was built in Baltimore, which under the name of *Pilot*, became noted for her speed. She was put in the Havana trade, where she attracted much attention among seafaring people. To secure this schooner for piratical uses Domingo gathered a crew, and awaiting her approach, went off in a rowboat one night and captured her within gunshot of the Morro. In addition to a rich cargo, the *Pilot* carried a great amount of mail for the naval men under Commodore Porter. Domingo carefully preserved this and sent it all to Porter's fleet, "with a message in which he said that the Yankees were a gallant set of fellows, and he had no wish to keep them out of their letters; but that he would retain the miniature of Lieutenant G.'s

wife, in case he should meet the original. He thought if she looked like the picture he should make love to her."

Later, while cruising in the *Pilot*, Domingo fell in with two of the big barges manned by the Yankee sailors. These chased him ashore, shot him through the arm, killed one of his men, and retook the schooner. Farragut afterward saw Domingo loafing around the mole in Havana with his arm in a sling waiting for another chance to go afloat.

On leaving Nassau, Farragut sailed under orders for Washington, and when within sight of that city was stricken with the yellow fever. He recovered in due time, but remained in delicate health for several months. Moreover, his eyes troubled him through the lingering effects of the sunstroke received in Tunis. In consequence the *Ferret* was placed under the command of Lieutenant Charles H. Bell, who capsized her off the north coast of Cuba, and lost many of her crew.

The fact that another took the schooner seems to have made a deep impression on Farragut, for he says in connection with the event:

"I had always to contend with the burden first imposed on me by Commodore Porter's saying that I was 'too young for promotion.' Although that remark was made just after the action of the *Essex*, I never appeared to get any older in the eyes of the government, or my commander, and consequently had to contend, inch by inch, as opportunities presented, with men of riper age and apparently more entitled to the places sought."

This reference to the competition "with men of riper age" is explained by an examination of the old naval registers. Boys who were older, and who had had much better schooling than the backwoods Farragut, came into the navy just before and during the War of 1812. Their warrants were of later date than his by years, but where he failed to pass his first examination for promotion, they succeeded. No less than ninety-eight midshipmen who entered the navy after Farragut, received the lieutenant's commission ahead of him. Moreover, in the register where his name appears for the first time as a lieutenant, twenty-one names stand ahead of his with their commissions of the same date, and nearly all of the twenty-one entered the navy after him.

In his experience in battle, and in his ability to handle men and ships, Farragut was undoubtedly superior to nearly every one of those promoted over him, as we can easily see now. Few officers of the American navy have had such an experience in this regard as Farragut. It is a most interesting fact for the reason that he was never soured by his ill-fortune. He never lost pluck or ambition, and he worked all the harder to fit himself to embrace the opportunities to which he ever looked forward.

With the attack of yellow fever Farragut's service in the West Indies came to an end, although he was nominally attached to the fleet some months longer.

However one other incident of the war should be related here, briefly. On the night of October 23, 1824, pirates from the little village of Foxardo, in the east end of Porto Rico, landed at St. Thomas and robbed the store of two American citizens of a large quantity of goods which were carried to Foxardo. Lieutenant Charles T. Platt, commanding the schooner *Beagle*, sailed to that place, landed and asked the Alcalde and other officials to help him recover the property. But they, being in partnership with the pirates, not only refused to do so, but imprisoned the lieutenant and otherwise grossly insulted him. On November 12th, this matter was reported to Commodore Porter, who went to Foxardo with a competent force and compelled the Alcalde to make a proper apology to Lieutenant Platt.

This act did more to make the Spanish of Porto Rico respect the American navy than anything ever done in that region theretofore. As documents in the case show, every American naval officer who landed in the island thereafter was treated with marked courtesy and consideration. But when the Spanish minister complained at Washington, Porter was ordered home, and was tried by a court-martial that declared his conduct "censurable." The blood of Lieutenant William H. Cocke, deliberately shot to death at San Juan, was forgotten, and Porter, unable to endure such treatment, resigned his commission, August 18, 1826.

When Jackson became President he offered to restore Porter to his place, but the latter declined to return to an association with officers who could censure a man for showing an excessive regard for

the honor of the Nation and the naval service. Afterward Porter was sent to represent the United States at Constantinople, where he remained until his death on March 28, 1843. His body was brought home and buried in Woodlands Cemetery, West Philadelphia.

Farragut was a witness before the court that tried Porter but his testimony was not important, for he was not in any way connected with the Foxardo affair.

THE END



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